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THE

LIFE

OF

JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ.

BY

THOMAS AMORY, GENT.

A NEW EDITION.

20363

VOL. II.



LONDON:

SEPTIMUS PROWETT, 23, OLD BOND STREET.

MDCCCXXV.


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THE LIFE

OF

JOHN BUNCLE, ESQ.

Nec Vixit Male, qui Natus Moriensque fefellit.

THUS was my head employed, while I smoked a pipe after supper, and I determined to return to ORTON'S mansion, after I had found a way out of Stanemore; but the previous question was, how I should get out of the place I was in, without going back, as there appeared no passage onwards. I tried every angle the next morning, to no purpose, and in vain attempted some hills that were too steep for the horses. Down then I went again to the bottom of the black and narrow glen afore-mentioned, and with lights observed the rumbling deep river. It appeared more frightful than the first time I saw it, and there was no venturing into it. This troubled me not a little, as the water was not above eight yards broad, and there was an ascending glen

on the other side of it, that appeared to rise into a fine woody country. It was not half the length of that we had descended, nor near so steep; it began to widen at the distance of a hundred yards from the water, so as to shew, at the summit, a fine plain encompassed with a sweep of forest. We could see the sun shining there. The view in contrast was quite charming.

For some time I stood in this perplexed condition by the water side, and could not tell what to do, when one of the lads came running to me, to let me know, that as he carefully examined the sides of the glen we came down, he discovered to the left, about fourscore yards above the river, a pass wide enough for one horse to go through, and he believed it was a way out. This was reviving news, and upon going into it, I found that it went straight on among the mountains, like a rent, or open crack, for three hundred yards, and then turned to the left for about fifty more, when it winded a little, and began to extend wider and wider every yard, till it brought us by several turnings to the beginning of a fine valley, where we again found the river we had seen in the bottom of the deep glen, and perceived that it ended in a great water, and went off in some subterranean way. The mountains were almost close to this fine water, on either hand, for near half a mile, and

made a delightful rural scene. We could see the river, as we looked up it, come tumbling on for a great way between the steep rocky precipices; and the broad bright lake it formed between vast frowning mountains, with wood and lawns in it, at the end of the vale, were altogether a view most charming. This made me more highly value Orton-Lodge.

There is a cave there likewise, that adds great beauty to the place, and in charms and wonders, exceeds the grot of Tunis, a few miles east of Carthage, directly under Cape-Bonn, formerly called the promontory of Mercury, where Æneas sheltered after the storm*; and St. Donat's Cave† in Gla-

* Dr. Shaw, in his *Travels*, shews that the cave near Cape Bonn was the grot which Virgil describes in the following manner:

" Defessi Æneadæ, quæ proxima, litora cursu
Contendunt petere, et Lybiæ vertuntur ad oras.
Est in secessu longo locus: insula portum
Efficit objectu laterum, quibus omnis ab alto
Frangitur inque sinus scindit sese unda reductos.
Hinc atque hinc vastæ rupes, geminique minantur
In cœlum scopuli. Quorum sub vertice latè
Æquora tuta silent. Tum sylvis scena coruscis
Desuper, horrentique atrum nemus imminet umbra.
Fronte sub adversa scopulis pendentibus antrum
Intus aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo;
Nympharum domos."

† See Note page 6.

morganshire, which is much more beautiful than the African grot described in the first *Æneid*.

The weary Trojans ply their shatter'd oars
To nearest land, and make the Lybian shores. D.

The Trojans, weary'd with the storms, explore
The nearest land, and reach the Lybian shore. P.

Within a long recess there lies a bay,
An island shades it from the rolling sea,
And forms a port secure for ships to ride,
Broke by the jutting land on either side:
In double streams the briny waters glide. D.

Far in a deep recess, her jutting sides
An isle projects, to break the rolling tides
And forms a port, where, curling from the sea
The waves steal back, and wind into a bay. P.

Betwixt two rows of rocks, a sylvan scene
Appears above, and groves for ever green. D.

On either side, sublime in air, arise
Two tow'ring rocks, whose summits brave the skies;
Low at their feet the sleeping ocean lies:
Crown'd with a gloomy shade of waving woods,
Their awful brows hang nodding o'er the floods. P.

A grot is form'd beneath, with mossy seats
To rest the Nereids, and exclude the heats:
Down through the crannies of the living walls
The crystal streams descend in murm'ring falls. D.

The cave in Stanemore is in the bottom of a perpendicular mountain of a vast height, the east side

Oppos'd to these, a secret grotto stands,
The haunt of Nereids, fram'd by nature's hands;
Where polish'd seats appear of living stone,
And limpid rills, that tinkle as they run. P.

There lies a harbour far within the land,
Commodious form'd by an opposing isle:
Which breaking as a mound the furious waves,
They run divided, calmer then unite.
On each side rocks, and two with steepy height
Aspiring touch the clouds, safe at whose feet
The waters far and near pacific sleep.
Distant from these a sylvan scene, beyond,
To bound the prospect, woods with horrent shade.
Op'ning to view, beneath the hanging rocks
A cave; within, a fountain pure; and seats
Form'd from the living stone; the cool recess
Of nymphs. S.

This grot within a mountain over-shaded with trees, and lying open to the sea, with a cliff on each side, and not far from Carthage, answers so well to the Nympharum domus of Virgil *, that I think we need not doubt of

* The kingdom of Tunis in the west of Barbary in Afric, was once the celebrated republic of Carthage. The city of Carthage was about four miles from the spot

of the lake, and four yards from the shore. The entrance is a grand sweep, high and broad as the

its being the cave into which the gallant Æneas led the gracious queen: but that it ever was a quarry, and that pillars were made by the workmen to support the roof, as Dr. Shaw says, does not seem to be the case. The whole grot, which goes in thirty-six fathoms under the hill, its arches, and pillars were undoubtedly by the hand of nature; like many others I have seen. So it appeared to me. I could not see the least sign of a labouring hand in this cave.

† St. Donat's Cave, by the vulgar called Reynard's Church, in Glamorganshire, is one hundred and sixty feet in length, the breadth forty-three, and the height thirty-four. Every spring tide fills it with water, and has smoothed it to perfection. At the upper end of it, there is a grand seat, arched into the stone, and near it a

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the city of Tunis now stands on. Many ruins of it are still remaining. This glorious city, was twenty-three miles round, and built near an hundred years before Rome, was taken and utterly raised by young Africanus, that is, Scipio Æmilianus, before Christ 146 years. It had disputed with Rome for the empire of the world, for the space of 118 years. The most beautiful village in the world, called Marsa, now stands in the western point of ancient Carthage, and from thence it is a fine walk to Dido's Cave under Cape-Bonn.

grot, that is, in breadth fifty two feet, in height fifty nine. It is an hundred and forty seven feet long. The stone of it is extremely beautiful; of a yellow and redish colour, bright and glittering, and beautifully variegated with arched and undulated veins of various tinges. I broke off a piece of it, and found it a congeries of plates of spar, stained with a fine mixture of colours. It is a species of the alabaster, called *Marmor Onychites*, on account of its tabulated zones, resembling those of the onyx, and is very little inferior to the Ægyptian alabaster. This Stanemore stone is far beyond the Cornish and Derbyshire alabaster. The caverns there are but incrusted with a sparry substance, as I have found upon various examinations; and, as is evident to every eye that sees the workmen making the elegant vases and chimney-columns we have of the alabaster of those

falling-spring of fresh water drops into a cistern it has made. The rushing tides have made good seats in the sides of the rock, and from them you have a view of the channel, which is seven leagues. Every ship that sails to and from Bristol, is seen, and the mountains of Somersetshire bound the prospect that way. The cliff over the cave is almost double the height of the grot, and to the very edge of the precipice, the cattle come to graze, to avoid the insects, who will not approach the sea-breezes. The whole is a charming scene.

counties; whereas in Stanemore this alabaster consists of strata of sparry substance, though somewhat coarser than this kind of Ægyptian stone.

The top of the cave is a bold arch, finished beyond all that art could do, and the floor as smooth as it is possible to make the stone. At the far end of the grot, there are a dozen rows of seats like benches, that rise one above another. The uppermost will hold but two people, on each of the others a dozen may sit with ease; they make the place look as if it was the assembly room, or council chamber of the water-nymphs. There was no water dropping from the roof of this cave; but in a thousand places, where moss had agreeably covered the walls, it crept through the sides, and formed streams that ran softly over the ground, and had worn it smooth. It brought to my remembrance some very poetical lines in *Lucretius* :—

" Noctivagi Sylvestria templa tenebant
Nympharum, quibus exibant humore fluenta
Lubrica, proluvie larga lavere humida Saxa,
Humida Saxa super viridi stillantia musco
Et partim piano scatere atque erumpere campo."

" And then by night they took their rest in caves,
Where little streams roll on with silent waves;

They bubble through the stones, and softly creep,
As fearful to disturb the nymphs that sleep.
The moss spread o'er the marbles, seems to weep."

This was exactly the case of the water in this fine cave. In the lowest harmony, it gently fell over the slanting floor, and has Oldham has it—

"Away the streams did with such softness creep,
As 'twere by their own murmurs lull'd asleep."

Such was the delightful spot I at last discovered, when I thought I was come to the *ne plus ultra*, that is, had gone on till I could go no farther; and now seeing how my way lay, I departed from Orton-Lodge betimes the next morning, June 19th, leaving my lad O'Fin to keep possession of the place till I returned, and with the other boy went through the lawns in the wood I have mentioned at the end of the vale. This brought me to a range of mountains most frightful to behold, and to the top of them, with great toil, we made a shift to climb, and from thence descended through many perils to a bottom between the hills we had come down, and some mountains that stood at a small distance from them. This low ground trended north and north-west for an hour, and then turned north-east for three hours more, a

very bad way; stony and wet, and some stiff pieces of road: but the bottoms brought us at last into a large and spacious plain, that was surrounded with hills, whose tops and sides were covered with antient trees and lofty groves, and some mountains whose heads were above the clouds. Flowers and clover, and other herbs, adorned the ground, and it was watered with many never-drying streams. The plain seemed a vast amphitheatre, by nature formed; and variety and disposition refreshed the eyes whatever way they turned.

In the very centre of this ground, I found a house and gardens that charmed me very much. The mansion had a rusticity and wildness in its aspect, beyond any thing I had seen, and looked like a mass of materials jumbled together without order or design. There was no appearance of rule in any part, and where a kind of proportion was to be seen, it seemed as a start into truth, by the inadvertent head of blind chance. It was the most Gothic, whimsical, four-fronted thing, without, that ever my eyes beheld; and within, the most convenient, comfortable dwelling I have seen.

This edifice, which looks more like a small Gothic cathedral, than a house, stands in the middle of large gardens, which are not only very fine, but uncommon, and different from all the gardens I have been

in. There is no more rule observed in them, than in the house; but the plantations of trees, and plots of flowers, the raised hills, the artificial vallies, the streams that water these vales, and the large pieces of water, and lakes, they have brought in, and formed, are inexpressibly charming and fine. Wild and natural they seem, and are a beautiful imitation of the most beautiful scenes of nature. The wilderness, the openings, the parterres, the gardens, the streams, the lakes, the cascades, the valleys, and the rising grounds, in the most various disposition, and as if art had little, or no hand in the designs, have an admirable effect upon the eye.

The passages from valley to valley, between the hills they have made, are not by formal straight walks, but by windings in various ways, which are decorated with little grotto's, and diversified in the manner of laying out the ground: the streams and canals sometimes serpent, and sometimes spread away. Rocks artfully placed, seem to push the waters off, and on the banks are seeming wild productions of flowers. As the hills and risings are sprinkled with flowery trees, so are these banks with all the sweets that grow. Small boats are on the running streams, and over them in many places, are winding bridges of wood, most ingeniously and finely made. These streams which they have from

the mountains, supply the larger pieces of water; and in the largest of those lakes they had raised a rock, in the most natural manner. On this is a summer-house of great beauty. It is the reverse of the mansion, and has every charm that pure architecture could give it. It is large enough for a small family.

When I came up to this seat, which the owners of it call Ulubræ, some gentlemen, who were in the gardens, saw me, and saved me the trouble of asking admission, by inviting me in with the greatest civility; but they seemed under a vast surprise at my arrival; and much more so, when I gave them an account of the way I had travelled. It appeared almost incredible. They had not a notion of such a journey. They told me I was in Yorkshire now, and had been so, when I ascended the high mountains that are some miles behind the hills that surround their house; but they did not imagine there was any travelling over those mountains, and the alps upon alps beyond them, to Brugh under Stanemore. The way, they said, was very bad from their house to Eggleston, or Bowes, on account of hills, waters, and wet bottoms; it was worse to travel northward to Bishoprick; and scarce passable to the north-east to Cumberland. What then must it be to journey as I had done over the northern fells

of Westmorland, and the bad part of Yorkshire-Stanemore I had passed.

It was a terrible way, I replied, and what I often despaired of coming through, even at the hazard of my life. Frequently we were locked in by chains of precipices, and thought we should never find a pass: some of the mountains were so steep, that it was with the greatest difficulty we could lead the horses up and down them: and many rivers were so rapid, and rocky at bottom, that we were often in danger of being lost; beside, if fortune had not conducted us to the habitations of people we little expected to find, we might have perished for want of food, as my servant could not bring from Brugh provisions sufficient for so long and uncertain a way. All these difficulties I saw very soon; in less than a day's ride to the north from the Bell-inn on the southern-edge of Stanemore; a little lone public-house, that lies half-way the turnpike-road, on the left hand, as the traveller goes from Bowes to Brugh, Penrith, and Carlisle; but friendship and curiosity were too many for all the obstacles in the way, and in hopes of finding a beloved friend, who lives somewhere towards the northern edge of Yorkshire or Westmorland, or on the neighbouring confines of Bishoprick, or Cumberland; and that I might see a part of England, which even the borderers on it are

strangers to, and of which Camden had not an idea;* I went on, and have had success thus far. The journey has been worth my pains. I have beheld the most delightful scenes, and met with very extraordinary things: and should I find my friend at last, my labours will be highly rewarded indeed.

The gentlemen I was talking to, seemed to wonder very much at me and my discourse; and as the rest of the society by this time came into the parlour, they introduced me to them, and then related what I had said. They all allowed it was very ex-

* I have already observed [vol. i. p. 284], that Camden, and every other describer of England, had not the least notion of Stanemore, that is, the north fells of Westmorland, and the northern mountains of Richmondshire: and as to the people who live on the borders of Stanemore, I could not find so much as one man in Richmond, Greta-bridge, Bowes, and Brugh, that had been any length of way up the mountains. When I asked RAILTON, the quaker, a very knowing man, who keeps the George at Bowes, what sort of a country Stanemore was? He answered, It is, after a few miles riding more wild and mountainy than the highlands of Scotland, and impassable: nay, my landlord at Eggleston, some miles within Stanemore, knew nothing of the mountains upon mountains that are far beyond his house.

traordinary, and requested I would oblige them with some particulars that occurred. I did so immediately, and told them, among other things, of my reception at Burcot-Lodge, and of the skeleton of JOHN ORTON which I found in the cottage on the side of a woody hill. I let them know the goods and conveniences I saw there, and that I was so pleased with the beauties of the place, the little mansion, the once fine gardens, and the useful things on the premises, that I intended to return to it, and make it my summer retreat; that I had left a man there to that purpose, who was at work in the garden, and expected to be back in a month's time, with such things as were wanting to make it an agreeable and comfortable little country house.

The philosophers wondered not a little at what they heard. If they were surprized at seeing me as a traveller in such a place, they were much more astonished at my relation. They could not enough admire Mrs. BURCOT and Mrs. FLETCHER. The history of the penitent ORTON, they thought very strange. They told me they were glad I had a thought of making Orton-Lodge a summer retreat, and hoped it would occasion my calling upon them many times; that I should always be heartily welcome to their house, and might with less difficulty go backwards and forwards, as their lodge was

at my service, whenever I was pleased to do them the favor to call. This was civil, and I returned them the thanks they deserved.

Here dinner was brought in, and with these gentlemen I sat down to several excellent dishes. There was the best of every kind of meat and drink, and it was served up in the most elegant manner: their wine in particular was old and generous, and they gave it freely. We took a cheerful glass after dinner, and laughed a couple of hours away in a delightful manner. They were quite polite, friendly and obliging; and I soon found in conversing with them, that they were men of great reading, and greater abilities. Philosophy had not saddened their tempers. They were as lively companions, as they were wise and learned men.

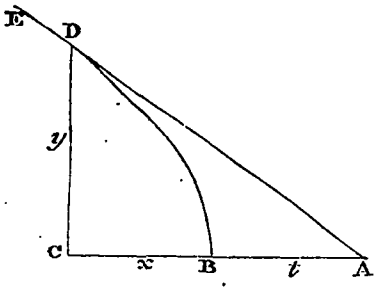
These gentlemen are twenty in number, men of fortune, who had agreed to live together, on the plan of a college described by Evelyn in his letter to the Hon. Robert Boyle; but, with this difference, that they have no chaplain, may rise when they please, go and come as they think fit, and every one is not obliged to cultivate his garden. Every member lays down a hundred pounds on the first day of the year, and out of that fund they live, pay their servants, keep their horses, and purchase every thing the society requires. What is wanting at home, this stock

produces, and is to be expended only at Ulubræ, for every thing necessary and comfortable, except raiment and horses. When they are abroad, it is at a plus-expence.

I call these gentlemen philosophers, because, exclusive of their good morals, they devote the principal part of their time to natural philosophy and mathematics, and had, when I first saw them, made a great number of fine experiments and observations in the works of nature, though they had not been a society for more than four years. They make records of every thing extraordinary which come within their cognizance, and register every experiment and observation. I saw several fine things in their transactions, and among them a most ingenious and new method of determining expeditiously the tangents of curve lines; which you know, mathematical reader, is a very prolix calculus, in the common way: and as the determination of the tangents of curves is of the greatest use, because such determinations exhibit the quadratures of curvilinear spaces, an easy method in doing the thing, is a promotion of geometry in the best manner. The rule is this.

Suppose B D E the curve, B C the *abcissa* $= x$, C D the ordinate $= y$, A B the tangent line $= t$, and the nature of the curve be such, that the greatest

power of y ordinate be on one side of the equation; then $y^3 = -x^3 - x\,x\,y + x\,y\,y - a^3 + a\,a\,y - a\,a\,x + a\,x\,x - a\,y\,y$; but if the greatest power of y be wanting, the terms must be put $= 0$.



Then make a fraction and numerator; the numerator, by taking all the terms, wherein the known quantity is, with all their signs; and if the known quantity be of one dimension, to prefix unity, and of two, 2, if of three, 3, and you will have $-3\,a^3 + 2\,a\,a\,y - 2\,a\,a\,x + a\,x\,x - a\,y\,y$:

The fraction, by assuming the terms wherein the abscissa x occurs, and retaining the signs, and if the quantity x be of one dimension, to prefix unity, as above, &c, &c; and then it will be $-3\,x^3 - 2\,x\,x\,y + x\,y\,y - a\,a\,x + 2\,a\,x\,x$: then diminish each of these by x, and the denominator will be $-3\,x\,x - 2\,x\,y + y\,y - a\,a + 2\,a\,x$.

This fraction is equal to A B, and therefore t is $=$

$$\frac{-3a^3 + 2avy - 2aax + ax^2 - avv}{-3xx - 2xy + yy - aa + 2ax}$$

In this easy way may the tangents of all geometrical curves be exhibited; and I add, by the same method, if you are skilful, may the tangents of infinite mechanical curves be determined. Many other fine things, in the mathematical way, I looked over in the journal of these gentlemen. I likewise saw them perform several extraordinary experiments.

They make all the mathematical instruments they use, and have brought the microscope in particular, to greater perfection than I have elsewhere seen it. They have them of all kinds, of one and more hemispherules, and from the invented spherule of Cardinal de Medicis, not exceeding the smallest pearl placed in a tube, to the largest that can be used. They had improved the double reflecting microscope, much farther than Marshal's is by Culpeper and Scarlet, and made several good alterations in the solar or camera obscura miscroscope; and in the catoptric microscope, which is made on the model of the Newtonian telescope.

In one of their best double reflecting optical instruments, I had a better view of the variety and true mixture of colours than ever I saw before. The origins and mixtures were finely visible. In a com-

mon green ribbon, the yellow, the light red and a blue, appeared distinct and very plain; the lively green was a yellow and blue: in a sea green, more blue than yellow: the yellow was a light red and a pellucid white. All the phœnomena of colours were here to be found out.

In this instrument, the finest point of a needle appeared more blunt and unequal, and more like a broken nail, than I had before seen it. The finest, edge of a razor was like the back of a dog, with the hair up. The finest paper, was great hairs, cavities, and unevenness, and the smoothest plate of glass, was very rough, full of cracks, fissures and inequalities. Very different, indeed, are the things finished by human art from the things finished by the hand of nature. The points, the edges, the polish, the angles, every thing that nature produces, appear in the instrument in a perfection that astonishes the beholder.

In the views I here took of the vegetable world, with my eye thus armed, I saw many extraordinary things I had never observed before. I took notice, in particular, that a sage leaf is covered with a kind of cobweb, in which swarms of little active creatures, with terrible horns and piercing eyes, are busily employed: a mulberry leaf was an amazing flexus or net-work: we can see but nine ribs on the sigillum Solomonis; whereas my armed eye perceived here

seventy-four: in a nettle I observed its whole surface covered over with needles of the most perfect polish, every one of which had three points, points very different from our finest points, not flat, but to perfection sharp; and that these needles rested on a base, which was a bag of a flexible substance, in form of a wild cucumber, and filled with a sharp, poisonous liquor: this is discharged at the extremity of every point of the needles that cover the surface of the nettle: from a hole visible in every point the poison is thrown out, and excites a sense of pain; and a heat arises as the blood flows more copiously to the wounded part. By pressing with my finger the extremity of the prickles, the bag of poison fell; and on taking off the finger, it swelled again. What a piece of workmanship is here in a nettle! Wonderful are thy works, O Lord God Almighty!

A leaf of sorrel in this microscope exhibited to my eye oblong, rough and straight atoms, sharp as needles, and from thence the tongue is twinged. In a bud cut away with a fine needle from a steeped seed of a French-bean, I saw the entire plant; and in an almond so cut away, the perfect tree. Many other wonderful things I observed of the vegetable kingdom, in the microscopes of these gentlemen.

As to the animal kingdom, my observations on it, in the optical instruments at Ulubræ, were so

many, that I could fill a volume with the things I saw: but, as I have little room or time to spare, I shall only mention two or three. In the double reflecting telescope, a louse and a flea were put; which are creatures that hate each other as much as spiders do, and fight to death when they meet. The flea appeared first in the box, and as he was magnified very greatly, he looked like a locust without wings; with a roundish body, that is obtuse at the end, and the breast covered with an armature of a triangular figure; the head small in proportion to its body, but the eyes large, red, and very fierce; his six legs were long, robust and made for leaping; the *antennæ* short, but firm and sharp; its tail was scaly, and full of stings, and its mouth pointed into active pincers: his colour was a deep purple.

The louse in white was next brought on, and had a well shaped, oblong indented body: his six legs were short, made for walking and running, and each of them armed at the extremity with two terrible claws: the head was large, and the eyes very small and black: its horns were short and jointed, and could be thrust forward with a spring. Its snout was pointed, and opened, contracted, and penetrated, in a wonderful manner.

The first that was brought on the stage was the flea, and to shew us what an active one he was, he

sprung and bounced at a strange rate: the velocity of his motions in leaping were astonishing; and sometimes, he would tumble over and over in a wanton way: but the moment the louse appeared, he stood stock still, gathered himself up, and fixed his flashing eyes on his foe. The gallant louse did with a frown for sometime behold him, and then crouching down, began very softly to move towards him, when the flea gave a leap on his enemy, and with his dangerous tail and pinching mouth, began the battle with great fury; but the louse soon made him quit his hold, by hurting him with his claws, and wounding him with his sharp snout. This made the flea skip to the other side of the box, and they both kept at a distance for near a minute, looking with great indignation at each other, and offering several times to advance. The louse did it at last in a race, and then the flea flew at him, which produced a battle as terrible as ever was fought by two wild beasts. Every part of their bodies was in a most violent motion, and sometimes the flea was uppermost, but more frequently the louse. They did bite, and thrust, and claw one another most furiously, and the consequence of the dreadful engagement was, that the flea expired, and the louse remained victor in the box: but he was so much wounded, that he could scarce walk. This battle

was to me a very surprising thing, as each of them was magnified to the size of two feet: but considering what specs or atoms of animated matter they were, it was astonishing to reflection to behold the amazing mechanism of these two minute things, which appeared in their exertions during the fray. It was still more strange to see the aversion these small creatures had to each other, the passions that worked in their little breasts, and the judgment they shewed in their endeavours to destroy one another. It is indeed a wonderful affair: nor was it the least part of admiration to see through the extraordinary transparencies of the louse, the violent circulation of the blood in its heart. This was as plain to my eye, as red liquor forced by a pump in several experiments through circulating glass pipes. As to the dead flea it was opened, and by the camera obscura or solar microscope, which magnifies the picture of such a body as a flea, to eight feet*; we saw the

* Though the image of a flea may be magnified to eight feet, by removing farther off the white paper screen, on which the picture of the object is thrown very beautifully from the object posited in a single pocket microscope that is fastened to a tube to the solar microscope; yet the image or picture is more distinct and exact, when not enlarged to more than three feet, on the opposite side of the darkened room. By the way, reader,

intestines distinguished and arranged in a manner that cannot be enough admired. It was full of eggs, and in every egg were many half-formed young ones.

The water Aranea, or great water spider, was next put in, and made a wonderful appearance in his greatly magnified state. It is the largest of the spider kind, except the native of Apulia, called the Tarantula, and is furnished at the head with a hard black forceps, which resembles that of the Apulian

the solar microscope is the most entertaining of all the microscopes, and by it without any skill in drawing, you may easily make an exact picture of any animal or object you can put into the fastened pocket microscope. The object is so intensely illuminated by the sun beams collected by a convex lens, that are thrown on it by a looking-glass, that its picture is most perfectly and plainly represented on the white screen. You may have a mite, or one of the imperceptible animals of rotten wood, so truly and greatly magnified, as easily to sketch out the exact image of it in all its wonderful parts, with a pencil or pin: and in this amusing work, and in transferring the objects from the solar to the double reflecting microscope, the catoptric microscope, and the microscope for opaque objects, how usefully and delightfully might a young man of fortune employ many hours that are miserably sauntered away, or consumed in senseless and illicit delights?

araneus: the colour of its oval body is a blueish black, and has a transverse line and two spots hollowed in it; its eight legs are very long, the joints large, and the little bones of the feet have different articulations: it was armed with bristles like a boar, and had claws very black, not unlike an eagle: it had eight eyes and six of them were disposed in form of a half moon on the forehead; the other two were on the crown of the head: one to the left, the other to the right. This disposition affords light to the whole body, and as these eyes are well furnished with crystalline humours, they are sharp-sighted beyond all creatures, and so nimbly hunt down flies: the mouth was full of teeth, and they looked like short thick hairs.

In opposition to this amphibious creature, which walks on the mud at the bottom of standing waters, as well as on the banks, the silvery-green bodied spider was put into the box, which is one of the class that lives in the woods, where it squats down on the branches of trees, and throws four of its legs forward, and four backward, extending them straight along the bow; but the great water aranea, with his terrible weapon, the black forceps, in a minute destroyed it, and we took the dead body out, to put in its place the red and yellow spider, which is a larger and stronger kind; this made a battle for

two minutes, and hurt his foe; but he could not stand it longer and he expired at the victor's feet.

These things were a fine entertainment to me, as I had not before seen a solar, catoptric, or improved double-reflecting microscope. I had now a nearer view of the skilful works of the supreme Artificer. With admiration I beheld the magnified objects, the wonderful arrangement of the intestines of a flea, the motion and ebullition of the blood of a louse, the various spiders, their forms, so astonishingly framed, the gnat, that elephant in so small a miniature, the amazing form of the ant, the astonishing claws and beautiful wings of a fly; the bones, nerves, arteries, veins, and moving blood in this very minute animal; the wonderful bee, its claws, its colours, and distinct rows of teeth, with which it sips the flowers, and carries the honey home in its stomach, but brings the wax externally on its thighs, and a thousand other things which manifest a Creator. In every object I viewed in the optical intruments, my eyes beheld one wise Being and supreme cause of all things. Every insect, herb, and spire of grass, declare eternal power and godhead. Not only the speech and language of the heavens, but of all the works and parts of nature is gone out into all the earth, and to the ends of the world; loudly proclaiming, that thou, O God, art Lord alone: Thou

hast made heaven, the heaven of heavens, and all their hosts; the earth, and all things that are therein; therefore be thou our Lord God for ever and ever.

The library belonging to these gentlemen is a very fine one, and contains many thousand volumes; but is much more valuable for the intrinsic merit, than the number of the books: and as to ancient manuscripts, there is a large store of great value: they had likewise many other curious monuments of antiquity; statues, paintings, medals, and coins, silver, gold, and brass. To describe those fine things would require a volume. Among the books, I saw the editions of the old authors, by the famous printers of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; editions greatly prized and sought after by most of the learned; but these gentlemen did not value them so much as the editions of the classics, that have been published within this last century; especially the quarto editions done in Holland. They shewed me many errors in the Greek authors by the Stephens'; and as to Plantin, exclusive of his negligence, in several places, his Italic character they thought far inferior to the Roman in respect of beauty. All this was true, and it is most certain, that the best corrected book are the best editions of the classics. They are the best helps for our un-

derstanding them. There is no reason then for laying out so much money for the old editions, when in reality the modern ones are better.

One of the books in this library, which I chanced to take into my hand was the famous *Vindiciæ contra Tyrannos*, which came out in Latin and French in 1579, under the name of Stephanus Junius Brutus, and is 'A Defence of Liberty against Tyrants.' This treatise proves, in the first place, that subjects are not bound to obey princes, if they command that which is against the law of God; as the worship of a consecrated wafer, and the theology of St. Athanasius, marianolatry, the demonolatry, and all the diabolism of popery. Secondly, That it is lawful to resist a prince, who like James II. endeavours to ruin the true church, and make the superstition of Rome the religion of the land. Thirdly, That it is lawful to resist a prince, when he oppresses and strives to ruin a state; like Charles I. who would have exercised a power contrary to the interest of his people, contrary likewise to that of the protestant religion*; and when James II., began his tyranny,

* Many instances can be produced of Charles the First's exerting a power contrary to the interest of the protestant religion; and a capital one is, this king's express and strict orders, signed with his own hand, to

by dispensing with the penal statute of 25 *Car.* II. in the case of Sir Edward Hales notwithstanding the

captain John Pennington, to deliver, which he did, in obedience thereto, a squadron of the naval forces of England, consisting of eight men of war, into the hands and absolute power of the French king; and Charles directed, 'that in case of disobedience in the English captains to that order, Pennington was to sink them.' These naval forces enabled the Gaulish king to break and suppress the power of the Rochelle protestants: this was an unjustifiable step indeed in Charles' reign: and if to this we add a thousand acts of this said sovereign Lord, which were the cause of all the disagreements, differences and contentions between his majesty and his people, that happened in his reign, and the sources of public calamity, it is certainly most amazing, to see the memory of this prince treated equally, if not superior to the most celebrated martyrs! torrents of tears have I seen pour from the eyes of our mourning theologers on the 30th of January. I remember one time, when Dr. Warren preached the *commemoration sermon* at St. Margaret's Westminster, that he wept and sobbed so bitterly and calamitously, that he could hardly get out the following concluding words of his fine discourse, the Roy—Royal Ma—Martyr—the—holy Martyr—the—the—blessed Martyr.

Nor can I forget [Dr. Delany] the learned author of *The Life of David.* This gentleman preached before

true religion, the honour of Almighty God, the safety of the government, and the public good

the late Duke of Devonshire in Christ-Church, on Monday, January 30, 1737, from these words, 'Take away the dross from the silver, and there shall come forth a vessel for the finer.—Take away the wicked from before the king, and his throne shall be established in righteousness.' *Prov.* ch. 25.

In this fine sermon, the Dr. gave us the picture of a Man as like Charles I. as Phalaris was to the apostle St. John: he then deprecated the murder, which are his own words, and in the most piteous manner, with tears informed us, that "God gave us this prince in his mercy, and took him away in his indignation: A prince," said the doctor, "who was a true lover of his people, compassionate of their errors and misfortunes and religiously tender of their well-being. He equally understood and practised religion in its purity; and he died defending it. King Charles the First of blessed memory!" Here the preacher wept, and then proceeded to abuse the opposers of this royal contender for absolute prerogatives; as absolute as those the eastern or civil law potentates claim; and then, to make and apply observations and inferences to the persons and characters of the present times, he told the Lord-Lieutenant, and the House of Lords, among other admirable things, that "they should remember how the lay lords had consented to deprive the bishops of their seats in parliament, and

and peace of the nation depend upon this act of 25 *Car.* II., and Fourthly, That neighbour princes or

rob the spiritual lords of their rights and privileges; which drew down a just judgement upon themselves; for they, the said lay lords, were soon after voted useless: have a care then, lay lords, how you act for the future against the spiritual lords. Maintain, for the time to come, a strict and inviolable regard to the rights, privileges, and properties of the spiritual lords."

This advice, by the way, appeared to me very singular, and I think, on the contrary, that it would be well for our church, if our bishops were obliged to leave the court, the parliament, and their politics, and then spend their lives in labouring in the vineyard of Christ, in their several dioceses. What have priests to do with baronies and acts of state; men that ought above all other men to be content with food and raiment, and to withdraw themselves from the world, that by their continued conversation with God, and attention only to the sacred prescriptions of the gospel, they might appear replenished with that divine power and virtue, which by prayer, and all the exercises of piety and penitence, they had implored; and by their examples and instructions, brighten and inflame the people with the love of God, and improve the good in goodness, and correct and reform the wicked. This would be acting like bishops indeed. The holiness of our prelates lives, and their fervour in teaching mankind the truths of Jesus Christ

states, may be or are bound by law, to give succours to the subjects of other princes, afflicted for the

would soon advance the cause of their master. They would bring the people to conform to the will of the Lord, and cause the learned to purify the defilements of genius; that pride and vanity, that curiosity and self-love which are incompatible with an accomplished purity of heart. But as to 'Charles the First, of blessed memory,' certain I am, that whatever Dean Delany may think of him, this prince did really contend for the cardinal maxims of the civil law, and died, not for true religion, as this doctor says, but to advance the civil laws above the constitution and laws of Britain, and thereby acquire an absolute dominion. *Quod principi placuit legis habet vigorem.* It appears from matters of fact, that his pleasure was to be the law. In him was to reside the sole power of imposing taxes on the people. This power, and other powers contrary to the fundamental form of this government; this king of blessed memory assumed and challenged as rights, under the name of his undoubted prerogatives, and grasped the pretence so hard, as never to part with it, till he wanted strength to hold it. THIS IS THE MARTYR!!! His reign was a provoking violation of parliamentary rights, and a cruel oppression of his subjects.

Instead then of the fine laboured reasons offered by Dr. Delany to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to account for the way of Providence in the tragical death of this

cause of true religion, or oppressed by manifest tyranny. These truths are finely proved in this ex-

king, he might have said, That whereas this prince had departed from the known laws of the land to an arbitrary power, and not only the pressures and sufferings of the people, under this method of governing, were innumerable; but the fundamental form and original constitution of Britain, on which the protestant religion and the liberty of Europe depend; was in danger of being subverted, and for ever destroyed, therefore did Providence deliver up this king into the hands of wicked men, who had usurped the administration of affairs; that the mortification in the constitution might be cured by the death of this destroying prince; and the violence of his exit remain a monument *in terrorem* to all future kings of England; to have a care how they offer to make any alteration or change in the original form of government; for violations of the constitution had brought Charles the First to the block. This had been a reasonable account of that sad affair. It is supported by matters of fact.

N. B. The contentions between his Majesty and the house of commons began about the following essential points.

1. The power the king assumed, and challenged as a right, to impose taxes, levy monies, and impose duties on merchandizes, without a previous grant thereof in parliament.

traordinary book. The excellent author evinces, that justice requires, that tyrants and destroyers of

2. That the commons were obliged to observe and obey the king's messages, in giving precedency to the matter of supplies, preferable to the redress of grievances, and to depend on royal promises, for time and opportunity to dispatch other business.

3. That the commons had no right and power of enquiring into the demeanour of the king's ministers and nearest servants, and impeaching them for misdemeanours.

4. That the king could, in his courts below, take cognizance of, and censure the debates of the commons.

5. That the king could, by warrants signed with his own hand, arrest and imprison his subjects; and especially the members of parliament, for what they said and did in parliament.

These illegal and destructive acts of power King Charles I. claimed as his prerogatives, and exercised them as long as he was able, with great rigour, and extraordinary circumstances; and how such a general oppression, and rendering the two estates of lords and commons of no signification, can make the memory of this prince blessed; or, how his suffering in the manner he did, in defence of such absolute, law-giving power, that was inconsistent with the constitution, and with the reasons upon which it is founded, can render him a holy and blessed martyr, is past my comprehension. I

the commonwealth be compelled to reason. Charity challenges the right of relieving and restoring the oppressed. Those that make no account of these things, do as much as in them lies to drive piety, justice, and charity out of this world, that they may never more be heard of.

I asked one of these gentlemen, if he knew who was the author of this book; for it was ascribed to various men. He told me, that the learned Hubert Languet was the reputed author, as we find in De la Mare's eulogium upon him; but De la Mare was misinformed by Legoux. The great Du Plessis * was

should rather chuse to say, that since that monarch would not act for the protection, happiness, and safety of his people, but by a continued exertion of sovereign power, endeavoured to oppress and ruin them, and change the form of government, his arbitrary principles brought him to a dismal extremity. This, as before observed, is the truth of the case. May his death be a warning to future English kings; that they may govern with parliaments, and exert their power for the protection, safety, and happiness of the people.

* The great Du Plessis de Mornay was born on the 5th of November, 1549. He wrote several excellent books, and one that is invaluable, *on the Eucharist*, against the papists, which was published in 1598. This book produced the famous conference between Du

the author. D'Aubigne*, whose word is sterling, affirms it. See here, said Mr. Seymour, the second Plessis Mornay and Cardinal Perron, at Fontainbleau in the year 1600. The victory at this conference is by the papists ascribed to Perron: but the protestants, with more justice affirm, that Du Plessis was victor at Fontainbleau. Jacques Davy du Perron, bishop of Evreux, published at the time, a book on this conference, in which he gives a pretended true account of it, and illustrates and defends his cause: but to this the great Mornay replied, and made a poor devil of Perron. See those pieces, reader, and you will be finely entertained; for, Perron, though a papist, was a great man. Du Plessis died at his barony La Foret in Poictou, Nov. 13, 1623, aged 74; having retired to his country seat after Louis XIII. had taken from him the government of Saumur.

Cardinal Du Perron, born Nov. 25, 1556, was trained up in the reformed religion with great care; but went off to popery, on the preferments offered him by Henry III. As, on the contrary, Du Plessis Mornay had been educated a papist, but became a protestant, to the loss of the greatest preferments.—It was Du Perron that converted to popery the famous Henry Sponde, bishop of Pamiers, and abridger of the *Annals* of Baronius, dedicated to Perron; and, in conjunction with Cardinal D'Ossat, he made a papist of Henry the Fourth of France. It was owing to the management of this Car-

* See Note page 46.

volume of D'Aubigne's *History*, book ii. ch. 2. p. 108, " il paroissoit un autre livre qui s'appelloit Junius,

dinal de St. Agnes, in the conclave, and to D'Ossat, that that wicked fellow, Paul V.* was created pope, and Cardinal Baronius lost the popedom. Bellarmine, however who was likewise one of the fifty-nine cardinals in that conclave, might have had it, but he refused it. Those things we find in the *Lettres de Guy Patin*, Vol. I. in Godeau *Melanges Critiques*, apud Antillon, and in the *Histoire des Conclaves*. Cardinal Du Perron, died at Paris, in 1618, aged 63.

Leo XI. who reigned but twenty-five days, died in the fifty-third year of his age, in 1605; was succeeded by Paul Borghese, alias Paul V., who died 28th of Jan. 1621; aged 68; having for his successor Ludovisio, called Gregory XV.

D'Ossat was born Aug. 23, 1536. His five volumes of *Letters* are a master piece in politics, and next to Father Paul's *History of the Council of Trent*, are the best books you can look into, reader, for an exact and full description of the artifices of the Court of Rome. Remarkable was the saying of this Cardinal, when Henry IV. of France was stabbed; " If there was the least pretext for such assassinations, they ought to be

* So Marbais, a doctor of divinity, who knew this pope well, assures us, vid. *Requeste a l'Empereur, Leyde*, 1613 p. 223.

ou Défense contre les Tyrans, fait par M. Du Plessis, renommé pour plusieurs excellens livres." And again

contrived and executed by the heretics, whom the king separated from and abandoned, and thereby gave them reason to be afraid of him; but they never made the least attempt of this kind, neither against him, nor the five kings his predecessors, though their majesties made the most cruel butcheries of the Huguenots." D'Ossat died at Rome: March 13, 1604, in the sixty-seventh year of his age.

Baronius was born Oct. 30, 1538. His *Ecclesiastical Annals*, in twelve volumes, folio, containing the history of the church for twelve centuries, ending at the year 1198, have been well called the twelve labours of the Roman Hercules. It is a prodigious work. The reading, the erudition the judgment, the order, and method of the author are amazing; but an unhappy prejudice for papal rights, and Romish pieties, attaches him continually to the Roman cause, without the least regard to truth, and makes it plain, that he was not as he affirms, assisted from above in this work. The most judicious of the Roman Catholic writers say, "Il seroit a souhaiter qu'il eut ete exempt des preventions que son education et son païs lui avoient inspirees." Isaac Casaubon, in his fine *Exercitations*, says with much justice of this great man; "qui denique merita sua in ecclesiam, si immoderato partium studio non corrupisset, dignus erat sine controversia, cui omnes et veteres et recentiores,

D'Aubigné says that " M. Du Plessis lui a avoué qu'il en estoit l'auteur," *ib.* book ii. ch. 15. p. 91.

qui illam eruditionis partem attigerunt, assurgerent, et fasces submitterent. Sed vir eruditissimus quando ad scriptionem se accingebat, de approbanda fide sua ex æquo omnibus, sicuti par erat fidelem historicum, adeo nihil cogitavit; ut contra, id summo studio videatur egisse ne, qui in negotio religionis alia sequebantur castra ullum usquam æquitatis vestigium in suis scriptis reperirent. Adeo in defensione illarum partium quas probabat, totus est ubique historiam professus, non solum theologum, sed etiam persæpe disputatorem è schola agit. Locos communes, a narratione historica digrediens, sæpissime contexit; Protestantes passim nullo discrimine, convitiis, maledictis et infandis calumniis incessit. Jura principum, quæ a paucis seculis obtentu religionis imminui ceperunt, ità cupide, quoties datur occasio, contrahit, arrodit, evertit, ut natum in regno noscere nequeas; educatum, altum et auctum Romæ facile agnoscas. Denique ita se gessit Baronius totis 12 suorum annalium tomis, ut qui dubitari nollet, præcipium sibi scopum fuisse, papalem monarchiam stabilire, amplificare, et ad cœlum usque evehere." This is a just character of the *Annals* of Baronius. The best edition of this work, is the English translation of it by Hall a doctor of the Sorbonne. It is not only preferable to the French, Italian, and every other translation, but far better than the original Latin, on ac-

Another extraordinary book I saw in this library, was the famous piece *de Libertate Ecclesiastica*, writ-

count of Hall's corrections, and most learned notes and dissertations.

Baronius in writing his *Annals* ascribes the guidance and success of his pen, to the favour of the most holy Mary, the mother of God. "To her, from whom I acknowledge the whole to be received, I offer these *Annals*, &c. To her by whom the whole of this gift comes to us from God, to the most holy Virgin, the most safe ark in which our labours may be kept, and in safe custody protected, we offer these *Annals*, that she may sanctify them with her blessing. For the entireness of his net, after his having cast it so often, and the continuance of his strength fresh and green in his old age; all was from the grace of Abisag, their shunamite, cherishing his aged bones; the most holy and pure virgin favouring the work begun, and taking care of, and happily promoting all his affairs." What must a true Christian say to this?

Many are the abridgements of the *Annals*; but the best is that of Henry Sponde, the apostate, aforementioned. Baronius died Jan. 30, 1607, aged 68.

After all, the *Centuries of Magdebourg*, which were published in 1559 and 1560, are the most valuable body of ecclesiastical history. Baronius, who pretended to answer them by his *Annals*, is undoubtedly the finest writer; but the ministers, Matthias Flaccius, Jean Vigand, Matthew le Judin, Basil Faber, Nicholas Gallus, and Andrew

ten against the papal usurpations, at the time his holiness Camille Borghense, commonly called

Corvin, are the learned men to whom we are indebted for the noblest collection of historical truths in ecclesiastical affairs, that ever appeared in the world. They are honest writers indeed. Every page of their work discovers a zeal for truth, and the glory of Christ; while Baronius sadly labours for a pontifex maximus, and the cheats of Rome. The work of the centuriators extends to the thirteenth century, and every century contains sixteen chapters: the first is a summary of the things to be recited; then the second treats of the place and extent of the church; the third, of persecution and peace; the fourth, of doctrine; the fifth of heresies; the sixth, of ceremonies and rites; the seventh, of polity and government; the eighth, of schism; the ninth, of synods; the tenth, of bishops; the eleventh, of heretics; the twelfth, of martyrs; the thirteenth, of miracles; the fourteenth, of the Jews; the fifteenth, of religions separated from the church; and the sixteenth, of broils and political changes. In this clear and distinct manner are the things of every age treated.

Bellarmine, born the 4th of October, 1542, was a man of great learning in the works of the fathers, councils, canon-law, and church history, and wrote several laboured things; but his chief performance is his body of Controversy, in four volumes folio; which the catholics think very fine: They shew, indeed, great reading; but, igno-

Paul V., had the memorable contest with the Venetians; and upon enquiring, who was the author of

rance of the sense of scripture, and are quite void of argument. There is not one article of popery tolerably well defended in the four volumes. Every exposition and vindication is senseless and ridiculous. He died Sept. 17th, 1621, aged 79.

Isaac Casaubon, who wrote the *Exercitations* on Baronius; was born Feb. 18, 1559, died in 1614, in the 55th year of his age, and was interred in Westminster Abbey.

Besides his *Exercitations*, he published several learned works, and animadversions and commentaries on Persius, Polybius, Athenæus, Strabo, Suetonius, and Diogenes Laertius. It was he, having purchased the MS. at a great price, first published in Greek, Polyænus's *Stratagems of the Antients in War*, in the year 1589; but the Latin version added to it, was done by Justus Vulteius: and we have since had a more correct edition of Polyænus, by Pancratius, in the year 1690. The *Epistolæ Casauboni* are likewise valuable things; but of most merit are his *Exercitations*, and his Persius. His *Commentary on Persius* is admirable, not only for a just explication of his incomparable author, but for much fine classical learning which he has scattered through it; and for his *Exercitations* against Baronius, the friend of truth must be for ever charmed with them. It is to be lamented that we have but sixteen of them. They go no farther

this scarce and valuable work; which is even superior to Father Paul's book upon the same subject in

than to the thirty-fourth year of Jesus Christ, and relate principally to Baronius's bad explication of scripture.

Two Jesuits, Boullenger and Jean L'Heureux, wrote against the *Exercitations*; but the defence of Baronius by Endemen Jean, the name L'Heureux went by, is very weak, as you will soon see, reader, on turning him over. And as to Julius Cæsar Boullenger, the other monk, when you have read his *Dissertation* against Casaubon, and Bishop Montague's *Animadversions* on that dissertation, you will perceive he was a poor creature.

It is remarkable, that Isaac Casaubon's two sons Henry and Meric, both went off to popery, and died in France, apostate priests in the Romish church; though their father had fled from that country for the sake of the protestant religion, and was one of the best defenders of the reformed faith. He was one of the judges at the famous conference between Du Plessis and Perron: and, by the way, I think it equally remarkable, that the grandson of the great primate Usher, and the only remaining person of the archbishop's family, should be the most violent papist I ever saw. I knew the man in Dublin, and never heard so outrageous a catholic as he was. He said, to my astonishment, that "his grandfather was a great light, but burn'd with his head downwards in this world, till he drop'd into hell in the next."

defence of the liberties of mankind; Mr. Trenchard the president of the society, shewed me Cappel's

As to the conference between Du Plessis and Perron, about the Eucharist and other matters, besides the two pieces I have mentioned, to wit, Perron's account of it, and Mornay's answer to the account, you will find a good relation of it in the *Histoire de l'Edit de Nantes*, tom i. p. 343, et suivante; and see further on this article Sully's *Memoirs*.

The ingenious and excellent Miss Mornay, of Shelford-Park, is descended from the great Phillip Mornay Du Plessis, and the last of the house of Du Plessis now [1756] living. Her grandfather, Jacques de Mornay, was great grandson to Du Plessis Mornay, and came over to England on the revocation of the edict of Nantes, in the year 1685, when Lewis XIV, with the same hand that signed the revocation of the edict of Nantes, granted to the reformed by Henry IV., in 1598, in the ninth year of his reign; likewise signed an order for eighty thousand merciless dragoons and other troops, to march against his protestant subjects, and force them by plundering and torturing, to turn papists.

I say with the same hand, because the twelfth article of the edict signed by this cruel and perfidious prince, in the forty-third year of his reign, is as follows: "And furthermore, Those of the said pretended reformed religion, till such time as it shall please God to illuminate them, may abide in the towns, and places of our kingdom, countries and lands of our dominion, and continue

Assertion of the True Faith against Rosweius the Jesuit. And in it the following passage. " In ec-

their traffic, and enjoy their goods, without being molested or hindered, on account of the said pretended reformed religion, provided they do not assemble to exercise it, &c." This was a monstrous cheat and highly perfidious to deceive and ensnare his poor subjects. Something might be said for the edict of revocation, if Lewis had declared, that to quell the agitations of his conscience, he must revoke the edict of Nantes, though he had sworn to the observation of it; and that he allowed a certain time to his protestant subjects, after which they must either turn catholics, or quit the kingdom, with their families and effects, or else they should be exposed to such and such treatment. This had been plain and honest dealing, though an arbitrary proceeding: but to give it under his hand to his subjects, that they " might stay and continue their traffic, enjoy their goods without being molested, or hindered on account of their religion," and at the same time leave them to the mercy of the dragoons; Was not this an heinous act? " Had he been guilty of this single one only," says Laval, in the sixth volume of his excellent *History of the Reformation in France*, " it would have imprinted such a spot on his reputation, that all the waters of the Seine were not sufficient to wash it away."

* Theodore Agrippa D'Aubigne, the favourite of Henry IV., was born in the year 1550, and died 1631, aged 80. He wrote several curious things; but his

clesiastica, antiquitate quam non esset Tyro Casaubonus, docuit A.D. 1607. libro singulari de libertate ecclesiastica, cujus jam paginæ 264. typis erant editæ, cum rex Henricus IV. Compositis jam Venetorum cum pontifice Romano controversiis, vetuit ultra progredi, et hoc ipsum quod fuerat inchoatum supprimi voluit, ut ejus pauca nunc extent exemplaria." p. 17. And in the same book, I saw some manuscript references to Casaubon's *Lettres*, p. 628. 632, and 647, and to one place in Scaliger's *Letters*, edit. 1627, p. 345. Several places I turned to, and saw that Casaubon hinted to his friends, that he was the author of the book *de Ecclesiastica Anti-*

great and principal work is his *Universal History*, containing the transactions from 1550 to 1601, in three folio volumes. This is a very extraordinary history, and contains many curious relations that are no where else to be found. He was obliged to leave France on account of this history, and died at Geneva. His two satires, called *La Confession de Sancy* and *Les Aventures du Baron de Fœneste*, are fine things. Du Chat's edition of the latter, which is really a very curious thing, is well worth reading. The best edition is that printed at Cologne, in 1729, in two small volumes 12mo.

[The life of this extraordinary man, was written with much elegance and perspicuity, by Mrs. Sarah Scott, and printed in 1772, in one volume, 8vo. Ed.]

quitate. Scaliger* affirms it. The words "Vetuit ultra progredi, et hoc ipsum quod fuerat inchoatum

Joseph Scaliger, born Aug. 4, 1544, died in the 65th year of his age, at Leyden, Jan. 21, 1609. His father, Julius Cæsar Scaliger, died in the 75th year of his age, October 21, 1558.

The father was a papist, the son a protestant; were both great men in the republic of letters, and both wrote many books, but the son was by far the greatest man.

What I like best of the father's works, are his *Poetics.* His *Account of the Latin Tongue,* and his *Exercitations against Cardan.* These are fine pieces. His *Problems on Aulus Gellius* are also excellent.

The works of Joseph the son, are as follows,—*Commentarii in Appendicem Virgilii. Notæ in librum Varronis de Re Rustica. Conjecturæ in Varronem de Lingua Latina. Castigationes in Valerium Flaccum. Notæ in Tertullianum de Pallio, cum Tractatus de Equinoctiis. Loci cujusdam Galeni Difficillimi Explicatio. Elenchus Tribæresii Nicolai Serarii. Confutatio ejusdem Serarii Animadversorum in Scaligerum. Castigationes et Notæ in Eusebii Chronica. Thesaurus Temporum. Elenchus utriusque Orationis Chronologicæ Davidis Parœi. Conjectanea de Nonni Dionysiaticis. Notæ in Opera Ausonii. Emendatio Temporum. Veterum Græcorum Fragmenta. Cyclometrica Elementa duo. Appendix ad Cyclometriam suam. Ausoniarum Lectionum libri duo. Emendationes ad Theocriti, &c. Idyllia. Notæ in Hippocratem. Notæ et Castigationes, in Tibullum, Catullum, Propertium. Episto-*

supprimi voluit," accounts for its being published imperfect; which all that see it wonder at.

larum Volumen. Commentarii in Manilium. Animadversiones in Melchioris Guillandini Commentarium in Tria Plinii de Papyro Capita. Epistola adversus Barbarum et Indoctum Poema Patroni Clientis Lucani. Diatriba de Decimis in Lege Dei. Notitia Galliæ. Diatriba de Europæorum Linguis, &c. Judicium de quadam Thesi Chronologica. Expositio Numismatis Argenter Constantini Imperatoris. Orphei Poetæ Hymni Sacri Versibus Antiquis Latine Expressi. Martialis Select. Epigram. Versiones Græce. Sophoclis Ajax Characteri Vetere Conversus. In Æschyli Prometheum Prologus. Animadversiones in Epigrammata, &c. Cornelii Galli. Animadversiones in Cyclopem Euripidis. Dionysius Cato cum Notis. De Equinoctiorum Anticipatione Diatriba. Varia Poemata Latina. Poemata Græca versa ex Latino, &c. Notæ in Panegyricum ad Pisones. Castigatio Kalendarii Gregoriani. Interpretatio Proverbiorum Arabicorum cum Scholiis. De Arte Critica Diatriba. Notæ in Novum Testamentum. Hyppoliti Canon Paschalis, cum Commentariis. De Re Nummaria Dissertatio. Discours de la Jonction des Mers, &c. Discours sur Milice Romaine. Lettres touchant l'Explication de quelques Medailles. Præfatio in Origines Linguæ Latinæ. Scaligerana. Epistola in Fabrium Paulinum. Animadversiones in Locos Controversos Roberti Titii. Vita Julii Cesaris Scaligeri, cum Epistola de Vetustate et Splendore Gentis Scaligera.

These are the works of Joseph Scaliger, and in them one meets with so various and fine an erudition, and so

Many other extraordinary books and manuscripts I saw in this library, and a great number of fine curiosities; but I can only mention one particular more. Engraven on a beautiful cornelian, I saw the Roman god of bounds, with these words, 'Concedo Nulli,' and one of the gentlemen asked me, what I supposed the meaning of this design? The emblem, I answered, was a very just one, and in my opinion meant, that truth must never be given up.

much valuable criticism, that if the reader of fortune will take my advice, he will get them all into his closet as soon as possible; and at the same time, the four excellent pieces I have mentioned of Julius Cæsar Scaliger, the father of Joseph.

The great Louis Cappel, author of the *Assertion of the True Faith*, was a protestant minister at Saumur. He was born October 14, 1583, and died at Saumur, the 16th of June, 1658, aged 75. He was likewise the author of that excellent book called, *Arcanum Punctuationis Revelatum*; and of another very valuable work, intitled *Critica Sacra*. His son, Jean Cappel, turned papist, and died a despicable apostate in the Romish church.

There were two other Cappels, protestant ministers; both Jacques, one who died in 1585, the other in 1624, who were both authors of several controversial pieces against popery. They were however weak writers, when compared with the learned Louis Cappel.

That, it was replied, was not the meaning of it, though my thought was not unjust. The design is to put one in mind of death, of which *terminus* is the most just emblem; and he says, 'Concedo Nulli,' I favour none, I suffer none to pass the limit. There is, continued the gentleman, a little curious history depends on this. Here is a gold medallion, on one side of which you see the image of the great Erasmus, and on the other this fancy; which he always wore in a ring, and from thence I had the medallion struck. Erasmus asked the famous Carvajal the Spanish cordelier, just as I did you, what the meaning of this ring was. Carvajal, who had had some contests with Erasmus and hated him greatly, said "it owed its being without all peradventure, to the pride of Erasmus, and meant, that he would never yield, right or wrong, to any one in the republic of letters." Erasmus answered, that "his explication was quite wrong, and that on the contrary, he used the device, to kill his pride, and put him in mind of death, which suffers not the greatest men to pass the short limit of time allotted them." This pleased me much, and I resolved to get the fancy on a cornelian for a seal.

Another extraordinary thing these gentlemen shewed me was a hole leading to some wonderful caverns in the side of a mountain, about a mile to

the north of their house. It resembles at the entrance, Penpark-hole, in Gloucestershire*, within

* In Penpark-hole you are let down by ropes fixed at the top of the pit, four fathom perpendicular, and then descend three fathom more, in an oblique way, between two rocks, which brings you in a perpendicular tunnel, thirty-nine yards down, into which you descend by ropes, and land in a spacious chamber, that is seventy-five yards in length, forty one in breadth, and nineteen yards high, from the margin of a great water, at the north end of it, to the roof. This water is twenty-seven yards in length, twelve in breadth, and generally sixteen deep. It is sweet, bright, and good drink. It rises sometimes several feet, and at other times sinks two feet below its usual depth. The torches always burn clear in this chamber, nor is the air in the least offensive, though fifty-nine yards from the surface of the earth, and separated from the day by such deep tunnels, and an oblique descent between them. The great tunnel is about three yards wide, and in the south side of it thirty yards down, nine yards before you come to the opening of the chamber, or cavity below, is a passage thirty-two yards in length, three and a half high, and three yards broad. It is the habitation of bats, and towards the end of it, a sloping hole goes to some other place. This passage, and the tunnels, and the chamber below, are all irregular work.

Penpark-hole has long been an object of curiosity,

three miles of Bristol; but with this difference, that Penpark-hole was once a lead°ore pit, and one is

and induced many to leave "the roddie lemes of daie," to explore its terrific and gloomy subterranean caverns. The descent of Captain Sturmy in 1669, and of Captain Collins in September 1682, are on record; but few later visitors of such scenes, so dismal and dreary as are rarely to be parallelled and, of which the most fervid imagination can form at best an inefficient and faint idea, have published any descriptive account. Mr. George Symes Catcott, who more than once gratified his curiosity in attempting further discoveries in those 'regions of horror and doleful shades;' on a visit to this place on Easter Monday, April 17, though the year is not mentioned, describes the chamber noticed in the preceding note as about ninety feet long, and fifty-two broad, with a hard rocky vaulted roof, about thirty feet above the water; but when the water is at the lowest, it is supposed to be at least about ninety feet, so that even with the assistance of torches the summit cannot be distinctly seen. The roof appears to be of nearly an equal height in every part; and very much resembles the ceiling of a Gothic cathedral. This place is rendered awful by the great reverberation which attends the voice when speaking loud, and still more so by the pendant rocks which sometimes break in very large pieces from overhead and the sides, riveting forcibly on the mind the most horrific tremor and dreadful apprehensions of personal

let down by ropes through two tunnels, to the chamber; whereas the entrance of the place I am speaking of is the work of nature, a steep and narrow descent of twenty-three yards, which I went down by having a rope under my arm, and setting my hands and feet against the sides of the passage, till I came to a flat rough rock, which opened two yards and a half one way, and four yards the other way. This little cavern was two yards high. We went from it into a more easy sloping way, which

danger.* The water, agreeably to the preceding description, is stated by Mr. Catcott, to be in many places seven or eight fathoms deep, but "in August 1762, it was found not more than one fathom." In conclusion of the notice of this dreadful chasm, the melancholy circumstance of the poor traveller being thrown headlong by the villains who had robbed him, into Eldine-hole, near Derby, may recur to the reader, when he is told that on the 17th of March, 1775, the Rev. Mr. Newnam, fell by accident into this tremendous cavern, and was no more seen. Public curiosity was excited, and for some weeks a vast concourse of persons were brought together daily, to visit this ill-boding and gloomy spot. Some few persons summoned sufficient fortitude to descend into and explore the yawning gulph, and the result of these inquiries were communicated by Mr. Catcott, to an excellent, but long since discontinued work, the *Literary Magazine*, March 1793, pp. 206-9. Ed.

brought us downward for thirteen yards, till we came to another cavern, that was six yards long, and four and a half broad. Here we found a perpendicular tunnel, two yards wide, and sixty-seven yards deep; but where it went to, and what caused the noise below, the gentlemen who came thus far with me, could not tell; for they had never ventured into it, nor could they persuade any of their people to be let down to the bottom, though they had found by the lead that there was hard ground below. "I will then," I said, "explore this subterranean realm, if you will let me and my lad down, with proper conveniences for an enquiry of the kind, and I dare say I will give you a good account of the region below." "This," they answered, "was not safe for me to do. I might perish many ways. The damps and vapours might kill me at once; or my lights by them might be put out, or kindle the vapour of the place below." "But to this, I said that I was sure the noise we heard at the bottom was some running water, and wherever that was in the caverns of the earth, the air must be pure and good. So Mr. Boyle says in his *General History of the Air*, and so I have often found it in my descents to the deepest mines." "As you please then," the gentlemen replied, "you shall have every thing you can desire, and be let down very safely, however you

may fare when you get to the ground: and when you want to come up, pull the packthread you have in your hand, that will be tied to a bell at the top of the tunnel, and you shall be immediately drawn up again." These things being agreed they let me down in a proper basket the next morning at eight o'clock, with a lighted torch in my hand, and soon after, my man Ralph followed with every thing I had required. I was more than half an hour going down, for the rope was given like a jack line from the engine it came from. I saw several dismal lateral holes by the way; but no mischief or inconvenience did I meet with in my passage to the ground.

When I came to the bottom, I found I was in a chamber of a great extent, and though a hundred and three yards from the day, breathed as free as if I had been above ground. A little river made a noise in its fall from a high rock, within four yards of the spot I landed on, and ran with impetuosity in a rough channel I knew not where. The water was not deep, as we found with our poles, and but three yards broad, and therefore we crossed it, at a hundred yards from the fall, to get into a cavern that had an arched entrance, on the other side, within two yards of the stream. Our course to the crossing was due west, and then we went to the north, on passing the water, and walking up the second cave.

In it we ascended for seventy-nine yards, an easy rising way, and then came to a swallow, into which a river that ran towards us fell. Our course to this place was due north, but as the flood came from the west, we turned next to that point, and by the side of this water marched fifty yards. The cavern was so wide we could not see the walls, and the roof was of a vast height.

At the end of the fifty yards, the river appeared due north again, and by its side we went for ten more, till we came to another vast cavern, that was a steep ascending opening, down which the river very musically came. This place was so like Pool's-hole, that I might think myself in the Peak. It was just such another grand opening, up the inside of a mountain, and had not only the descending flood, but as many beautiful stalactical concretions on the rising way; which formed the most beautiful pillars, walls, and figures of the finest carved work; but in this it differed from Pool's-hole* that the as-

* Pool's-hole, about a mile west of Buxton-wells in Derbyshire, is in the whole length from the entrance to the farthest ascent, but two hundred and thirty yards. The account of this in Camden's *Britannia* is very imperfect, and next to nothing: and what the authors of the *Tour through Great-Britain* say of it, even in their fifth edition, in the year 1753, only shows to one who has

cending opening in Richmondshire is much wider; the rough, open steep, much higher to the roof; and this steep reaches to the summit of the vast hills, and ends in an opening in day. We came out this way on the top of an exceeding high mountain, after we had climbed from the bottom to the upper end four hundred and seventy nine yards: add to this two hundred and twenty nine yards, the way we had come from the bottom of the tunnel to the

been there, and carefully examined it, that neither Daniel Defoe, nor those since concerned in improving and correcting the four volumes of the Tour, ever were in the inside of Pool's-hole. Their description of this, like a thousand other places in those volumes, is mere imagination, with some things from Cotton's false account; and the fancy not only wrong, but very bad. I would describe it here, but that the reader will find me in Derbyshire before I take my leave of him, if death does not prevent, and I shall then give a full and true history of this high and rough country; its waters, curiosities, and antiquities. At present, I shall only observe, to abate the wonder of my passing from the bottom of the inside of one of the Richmond mountains to the plain on the top of it, that the hill in which is Pool's-hole is open within side, in the ascent, so far, that five yards more of aperture would bring one to the outside of the top: and I believe it is very possible for art to make an entrance that way, as nature has done at the bottom.

beginning of the watery steep, and our march through the mountain, from the time we parted with the gentlemen, to our getting out at the top of it, was seven hundred and eight yards.

This was a laborious route, and at the hazard of our lives, many times, performed. Once, in particular, my lad RALPH fell into the river with his torch in the great ascent, and in striving to save his life I lost the other light I carried in my hand. This reduced us to a state of the blackest darkness, and in that condition, we could not stir. It was a horrible scene. It chilled my blood, and curdled it in my veins, but I had a tinder-box, matches and wax candle, in my pocket, and soon recovered the desirable light; at which we lighted other torches, and proceeded to ascend the rough and rocky steep, till we came to the fountain that made the descending flood. The opening upwards from that became very narrow, and the slant so great, that it was extremely difficult to go on; but as I could see the day at the end of it, I resolved to strive hard, and mount, if possible, these remaining sixty yards. In short, we did the work. As before related we came out this way, and from the dismal caverns of night ascended to a delightful plain; from which we again beheld the glorious sun, and had the finest points of view. It was by this time noon, and under

the shade of some aged trees, that grew on the banks of a great lake, on the summit of this vast hill, I sat down to some bread and wine I had brought with me for relief. Never was repast more sweet. I was not only fatigued very much: but, had been in fear as to my ever climbing up, and knew not how to get down, when I had mounted two thirds of the way. The descent was a thousand times more dangerous than the going towards the top.

When I had done, I walked about to see if there was any way down the mountain's sides, to go to Ulubræ, from whence I came; but for miles it was a frightful perpendicular rock, next that place, and impossible for a goat to descend; and on the side that faced Bishoprick, a fine country house and gardens, about a quarter of a mile off, in a delightful valley, that extended with all the beauties of wood and lawn, meadow and water, from the foot of the mountain I was on, the precipice here was a terrible way for a man to venture down; but it was possible to do it with a long pole, at the hazard of his life, as the rocks projected in many places, and the side went sloping off; and therefore I resolved to descend. I could not think of going back the way I came; since I had got safe into day again, I thought it better to risk my limbs in the face of the

sun, than perish as I might do in the black and dismal inside of those tremendous hills. Besides, the house in my view might be perhaps the one I wanted. It was possible my friend TURNER might live there.

With art and caution then I began to descend, and so happily took every offered advantage of jutting rock and path in my way, that without any accident I got in safety down; though the perils were so great, that often I could not reach from rock to rock with my pole. In this case, I aimed the point of my pole at the spot I intended to light on, and clapped my feet close to it, when I went off in the air from the rock: the pole coming first to the place broke the fall, and then sliding gently down by it, I pitched on the spot I designed to go to, though six, seven, or eight fathom off, and the part of the rock below not more than a yard broad. It is a frightful piece of activity to a bystander, but the youths on the mountains of Ireland make nothing of it, they are as expert at this work as the Teneriffe men, from them I learned it; and made RALPH so perfect in the action, while he travelled with me, that he could go from rock to rock like a bird.

When we came to the ground, I sent my man before me to the house, with my humble service to the master of it, Mr. HARCOURT, and to let him

know, that I had travelled through the inside of one of the high mountains that surrounded his house, and on coming out on the top of it, had made the precipice next him my road to the valley he lived in; that I knew not which way to turn next, in order to go to Cumberland, and begged leave to dine with him, and receive his information. This strange message, delivered by RALPH with much comic gravity, that gentleman could not tell what to make of; as I had ordered my young man not to explain himself, but still say that we had travelled the inside of the mountain, and came down the precipice. This was so surprising a thing to Mr. HARCOURT and his daughter, that they walked out with some impatience to see this extraordinary traveller, and expressed no little amazement when they came near me. After a salute, Mr. HARCOURT told me he did not understand what my servant had said to him; nor could he comprehend how I arrived in this valley, as there was but one passage into it at the front of his house; and my being on foot too, encreased the wonder of my appearing in the place: but whatever way I came, I was welcome to his house, and he would shew me the way in.

"My arrival here, Sir," I replied, "is to be sure very strange, and would be almost incredible to hear told by another person, of one that journeyed

two hundred and twenty-nine yards deep, to the foundation of this Alp, on the other side of it, then ascended a hollow way, till he got out at the top, and came down a high and frightful precipice to the vale below: But here I am a proof of the fact. I will explain how it was done;" and I began to relate every particular at large.

"But tell me, Sir," Miss HARCOURT said, "if you please, why did you not return the way you came; since the other side of the mountain is impossible to descend, as you inform us on account of its being a perpendicular steep; and that you must have hazarded your life a thousand times, in coming down the way you did with the pole? I tremble as I look at the place, and only with fancy's eye, see you on the descent. Beside, the gentlemen you left on the other side of the hill will conclude you lost, and be very greatly troubled on the account."

"My reason, Madam," I answered, "for coming down this very dangerous way, was, because I thought it, with all its perils, much safer than the inside road I had come. My activity I had reason to think, was superior to the difficulties of the outward way, and if I should fall, it would be in the light of heaven, with a human habitation in view, that might afford me some relief, if I only broke my bones; but, if in descending the very steep and hor-

rible caverns of the hill, which with the greatest difficulty I climbed up, I should happen to get a fall, as in all human probability I would, and break a limb in these most dismal cavities of eternal night, I must have perished in the most miserable manner, without a possibility of obtaining any relief. Nor is this all, madam, the thing that brought me here among the mountains of Richmondshire, was to find a gentleman of my acquaintance, and when I saw your house from the top of the mountain, I did not know but it might be his. I fancied it was, as the situation answered my friend's description of the spot he lived on.

"And if it had been his, madam, it would have put an end to all my toils; for I am a wanderer upon the face of the earth, through the cruelty of a mother-in-law, and the unreasonableness of a rich father, who has forsaken me because I will not submit to the declarations and decisions of weak and fallible men, in matters of pure revelation and divine faith, and own the infallibility of the orthodox system. Because the assent of my mind could not go beyond the perception of my understanding, and I would not allow that the popular confession is the faith once delivered to the saints, therefore I was thrown off, and obliged to become the pilgrim you see before you."

This history of a forlorn, seemed stranger to the young lady and her father than even the account of my journey through the inside of a mountain, and down a precipice that a goat would scarce venture. They were both very greatly amazed at my relation, and Mr. HARCOURT was about to ask me some questions, when one of his servants came to let him know that dinner was serving up, and this put an end to our conversation. The master of the house brought me into a fine room, and I saw on the table an elegant dinner, there was likewise a grand side-board, and several men servants attending. Miss HARCOURT sat at the head of the table, and at her right hand two young ladies vastly handsome, whom I shall have occasion to mention hereafter in this journal; two ladies more were on the other side of her, pretty women, but no beauties; and next them sat three gentlemen; sensible, well-behaved men; one of them a master of music, the other a master of languages, and the third a great painter; who were kept in the house on large salaries, to teach the young lady these things. Mr. HARCOURT placed me by himself, and was not only extremely civil, but manifested a kind of fondness as if he was well pleased with my arrival. He and his daughter took great care of me, and treated me as if I had been a man of distinction rather than the poor pilgrim they

saw me, with my staff in my hand. The young lady talked to me in a very pleasant manner, and as I saw the whole company were inclined to be very cheerful, I club'd as much as I could to promote good-humour, and encrease the festivity of the table. We laughed the afternoon away in a charming manner, and when we had done, we all went to walk in the gardens. Here the company soon separated, as the various beauties of the place inclined various minds to different things and parts. Some pensively roamed in shady walks, some sat by playing fountains, and others went to gather fruits and flowers. I had the honour to walk with Miss HARCOURT to a canal at some distance, and as we went, this young lady told me, she did not well understand me as to what I had said of religion being concerned in my becoming a traveller, and desired me to be a little more particular. "That I will," and immediately proceeded in the following manner.

"My father, Madam, is a man of great learning, virtue and knowledge, but orthodox to the last degree, and sent me to the university on purpose to make me a theologer, that I might be an able defender of the *Creed of St. Athanasius*, and convince the poor people of the country he lived in, and in good time, he fondly hoped, the inhabitants of many

other countries: that notwithstanding the symbol I have mentioned is what no human apprehension can comprehend, and the judgment hath nothing to act on in the consideration of it; that there is nothing to be understood in that symbol, nor can a man form any determination of the matter therein contained; yet they must believe this great and awful mystery: that three persons and Gods are only one person and God; and, on peril of eternal misery, they must confess that, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, though three Beings, as distinct as any three things in the universe, yet are only one Being. This mystery I was to preach up in his church, a church in a field, near his house, to which he had the right of presenting, and enflame the people against reason, that traitor to God and religion, which our adversaries, the Christian deists, would make Lord and King in opposition to faith. I was to tell my beloved, that reason is a carnal sensual devil, and that instead of hearkening to this tempter, they must assent to those heavenly propositions, which give wisdom without ideas, and certainty without knowledge. You must believe, my beloved, that none is before or after the other. None is greater or less than another. The infidels call this an unintelligible piece of nonsense: but it is, my beloved,

a very transcendent mystery. It does, we must own, stagger and astonish us, being a thing beyond our reach to comprehend; but, it must be believed, on peril of eternal misery, as I before observed: and it is easy to be believed, for this plain reason, given by a very learned and pious bishop of our church; to wit, that it is too high to be by us comprehended. This was the opinion of that great prelate, Bishop Beveridge, in his *Private Thoughts*, p. 52. to which book I refer you, my beloved, for more of his admirable reasoning on this capital article, and further observe to you, that not only this most pious bishop, and many other most excellent prelates were of this way of thinking; but all the most admirable divines have declared in their sermons and other matchless writings, that the more incredible the Athanasian creed is, and the fuller of contradictions, the more honour we do to our God in believing it. It is the glory of orthodox Christians, that their faith is not only contrary to the carnal mind, but even to the most exalted reason. In matters of faith, we must renounce our reason, even though it be the only thing that distinguishes us from the beasts, and makes us capable of any religion at all. No human arguments are to interfere in this victorious principle: the catholic faith is the reverse of rational

religion, and except a man believe it faithfully, he must go into everlasting fire and brimstone*.

"In this manner, Madam, like a mad bigot, a flaming zealot, and a sublime believer, was I to preach to the people of Ireland, and be an apostle for that faith which is an obedience to unreasonable commands: but unfortunately for my father's de-

* Little did I think when I talked in such a manner to Miss HARCOURT against the famous symbol, that I should ever find in the book of a most learned man and excellent divine, the same kind of arguments seriously produced in favour of the Creed of St. Athanasius; yet this strange thing has time brought on, and thereby convinced the world, that the greatest learning and the most exalted piety, employed in the cause of mystery, can become so extravagant and erring as to maintain that a thing incomprehensible to human reason can be revealed, and that the more incomprehensible it is to human reason, and the more senseless it appears to human understanding, the more glorious is the object of faith, and the more worthy to be believed by a Christian. This deplorable argument for the truth of Christianity I met with in a book lately published by an admirable man, Dr. Joseph Smith, provost of Queen's College, Oxon. In his third section of *A Clear and Comprehensive View of the Being, Nature, and Attributes of God, from* p. 61, to p. 78, the reader may see this *plea* for *darkness, confusion,* and *implicit faith.*

sign: and fortunately for my soul; I was, on entering the university, put into the hands of a gentleman, who abhorred modern orthodoxy, and made the essential constitutive happiness and perfection of every intelligent being consist in the conformity of our mind to the moral rectitude of the Divine Nature. This excellent man convinced my understanding, that even faith in Christ is of an inferior nature to this, and that it is only the means to obtain it. Such a conformity and obedience of the heart and conscience to the will of God ought to be my religion, as it was the religion of our Saviour himself.

"Thus, Madam, was I instructed by a master of arts, my private tutor, and when to his lessons I added my own careful examinations of the vulgar faith, and the mind of our Lord as I found it in the books, I was thoroughly satisfied, that an act of faith is an act of reason, and an act of reason an act of faith, in religious matters; that our Lord was not the great God; nor a part of that compound, called the Triune-God; the miserable invention of divines; but, a more extraordinary messenger than the prophets under the law chosen by the divine wisdom, to publish the will of God to mankind, and sent under the character of his son, and spiritual heir of his inheritance the church, to new-form the

ages, and fix such good principles in the minds of men, as would be productive of all righteousness in the conversation: that he was sent to destroy sin and the kingdom of satan; and to bring the human race to a perfect obedience to the will of the Supreme Being.

"All this, Madam, was as plain to me as the sun in summer's bright day; and therefore, instead of laying aside my understanding, and believing things without any rational ground or evidence at all; instead of going into orders, to draw revealed conclusions from revealed propositions, and by a deep logic, make scripture consequences, that have no meaning in the words, for the faith of the people; I was so free and ingenuous as to let my father know, that of all things in the world I never would be a parson, since the character obliged me to swear and subscribe to articles I could not find in my Bible; nor would I, as a layman, ever read or join in the service of reading the tritheistic liturgy and offices he used in his family. I was determined, though I lost his favour and large fortune by the resolution, to live and die a Christian deist; confessing before men the personal unity and perfections of the true God, and the personal mediatorial office of Jesus Christ. As St. Paul maintained the personal unity and absolute supremacy of the true God,

and in his description of the Deity, did not tell the Athenians, that he was a Triune Being, to be considered under the notion of three persons, of three understandings and will, in a co-ordinate triplicity of all divine attributes and perfections; but one individual personal Agent—one great Spirit, or mind, self-existent, and omnipotent in wisdom and action —one supreme Almighty Creator and Governor of the world, the God and Father of Jesus Christ; I shall therefore, in obedience to the apostle, and to the other inspired writers, believe in and worship the same God, the one God, the only true God, as our Lord says in Matthew and Mark; through the alone mediation and intercession of Jesus Christ, our Redeemer and only begotten Son of God; depending upon the effectual aid and assistance of the blessed Spirit, in hope of a glorious immortality. This is, this shall be my religion, whatever I may feel from an antichristian tyranny, on account of the confession. Though an outrage of uncharitable zeal should strip me of every worldly comfort, and reduce me to a want of bread. If I should become a spectacle to men and angels by this faith, yet I will believe as Jesus Christ and his apostles have ordered the world to believe. No unintelligible cant, or scholastic jargon for me. The Holy Ghost has in scripture expressed it sufficiently and unexceptionably clear, that there is One Su-

preme Independent First-Cause of all things, a Spirit, that is, One Spirit, One God; I am God, and there is none like me: I am God, and there is none else, beside Me; with Me; none but Me; Thus does the Holy Ghost declare; and what signify the despicable, heretical declarations of the doctors, in respect of this?

"Then, as a test of Christianity, the same blessed Spirit adds, that Jesus is the true Messiah, was sent from God to reveal his will for the salvation of man, and is the only Mediator betwixt God and man. Thus has the Holy Ghost regulated our faith and practice, and I think it incumbent on me to mind what he says, and flee the invented pieties of our theologers. I did so, and disobliged my father. I lost his favour entirely. He would take no farther notice of me, and I became as you see a wanderer."

This discourse, delivered with my fire and action, amazed Miss HARCOURT so greatly, that for some time after I had done, she could not speak, but continued looking with great earnestness at me. At last however she said, "I am glad, Sir, it has been my fate to meet with you, and must, when there is more time, converse with you on this subject. My father and I have had some doubts as to the truth of the Athanasian creed; but he told me, he did not choose to examine the thing, as it had the sanction

of ages, and was believed by the greatest divines in all nations. If it be wrong, let the churchmen answer for it. But this does not satisfy me; and since I have seen one that has forsaken all rather than live a disciple of Athanasius, after a thorough examination of the system; and that you have now said some things against it that shew the folly of believing it, and make it a faith the most preposterous and unreasonable, I am determined to enquire into the merit of it, and see if Christians ought to acknowledge the supreme dominion and authority of God the Father; that the Father is absolutely God, the great God in the absolute supreme sense by nature; and the Son, only a God by communication of divinity from the Father, that is, by having received from the Father, the supreme cause, his being, attributes, and power over the whole creation: or, if they ought to ascribe supreme authority, and original independent absolute dominion to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost; three distinct supreme Gods, and yet but one supreme God, as the church informs us in her famous creed, and thereby makes us swallow a contradiction, as I have often thought, and a doctrine against which a great number of texts can be produced. This I will examine. My reason shall be no longer silent in so important a case. If a Trinity in unity

of equal minds or Gods is not to be proved by the inspired writings, the doctors preaching it, and by creed requiring it, will be no justifiable plea or excuse for me, I am sensible, in the great rising day. I had better, in such case, leave all as you have bravely done, were my father so orthodox and furious a bigot as to force me to be a religionist against my conscience. What I have to beg of you, Sir," Miss HARCOURT continued, "is, that you will to-morrow, oblige me with your thoughts on the texts I have marked, as produced by orthodox divines for their mysterious religion *. If you make me sensible that those texts do not prove the doctrine they are brought for, and of consequence, that the doctrine of the Trinity as by them taught, is the work of uninspired writers, I shall renounce it to

* The texts produced by Miss HARCOURT, the next day, in a sheet of paper, she gave me, and in my written explication of them in answer, I satisfied her, that the letter of scripture was not full in favor of contradiction, and that where it had any appearance of being so, reason allowed the purest modesty to use some freedom in interpreting, and take the texts in a lower meaning, such a liberty as protestants take with the words 'this is my body,' when they reject the doctrine of transubstantiation. By this means I made a convert of her. This lady became a strict Christian-Deist.

be sure. I will no longer mistake contradictions for mysteries. The schemes and inventions of men shall not pass with me for the revelations of God."

Here Mr. HARCOURT came up to us, and desired to know, if it was a fair question, what we two had been talking so earnestly on; for it seemed at a distance to be something more than ordinary. "I will tell you, Sir," his daughter replied, and immediately began to relate the whole conference, and her resolution. "Your resolution," the father said, "is excellent. You have not only my consent, but I recommend it to you as the noblest work you can employ any time on. For my part, Sir," Mr. HARCOURT continued, turning himself to me, "I never liked this part of our protestant religion, and have often wished our public prayers had been more conformable to the simplicity of the gospel; that we had been contented with what our Master and the Holy Spirit delivered, and not made human compositions the standard of salvation: but since the church in her wisdom has thought it should be otherwise, I have submitted to her authority, and been silent on the doctrines she claims a right to determine; though some of them to me appear doubtful, and others repugnant to scripture: beside, my studies have been in other fields than that of controversy: mathematics and antiquities have em-

ployed my time, and I have neither taste nor capacity for that criticism which is necessary for the examination of such points: greatly however do I honour those who have the ability and patience to go through the work, as I must own it is of the utmost importance, and that the orthodox faith is a sad thing, if the truth be, after all our Athanasian believing, that Christ is no more than God's instrument, as St. Peter and St. Paul name him; a successful teacher of wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption: and that God is to be owned and praised, as the true, chief, and original cause of all spiritual blessings, according to the counsel of his own will, his own good pleasure, purpose, &c. without partner or second person to intreat and satisfy for us. If this be the case, may the Lord have mercy on our poor orthodox souls: and as it may be so, I honour you for enquiring into the matter, and especially for your good Spirit in preferring the things that are eternal, when what you thought truth could not be held with things temporal. I have," Mr. HARCOURT continued, "a very great esteem for you on this account, and if I can be of service to you, I will. He imagined I might want money, and if I did, he would lend me a hundred guineas, without interest, payable on my note of hand, when I could. He immediately took

out of his pocket-book a bank note for that sum, and pressed me to accept it. He likewise invited me to stay at his house, while he continued in the country, which would be for a month longer. He assured me also, that I might make it my residence after he left it, if I pleased; there would be two servants to attend me, and there was excellent mutton, and other things for my table. Nor is this all, you shall have the key of my study."

These offers astonished me, and I said, "most generous Sir, I return you the thanks of a grateful heart, and will ever remember your goodness to me with that sense such uncommon kindness deserves, though I cannot enjoy the benefits you would make me happy with. As to money I do not want any yet, and when I do it will be time enough for me to borrow, if I should find any one, like you, so benevolently disposed as to lend me cash without security and interest: and as to staying at your house, that offer I cannot accept, as I am engaged to a near and rich friend, who will be to me a subaltern providence, if he can be found, and secure me from the evils my attachment to truth has exposed me to. One week however I will stay with you, since you are so good as to invite me in this kind manner."

Here then I stayed a week, and passed it in a

most happy way. Mr. HARCOURT was fond of me, and did every thing in his power to render the place agreeable. His lovely daughter was not only as civil as it was possible to be, but did me the honour to commence a friendship with me, which lasted from that time till death destroyed the golden thread that linked it.

Reader, this young lady, HARRIOT EUSEBIA HARCOURT, was the foundress of a religious house of protestant recluses, who are still a society in that part of Richmondshire where I first saw her and her father. They are under no vow, but while they please to continue members, live as they do in nunneries, and in piety, and in all the parts of the Christian temper, endeavour a resemblance of their divine Lord and Master; with this distinction however, that to the plan of the regards due from man by the divine Law to God, to his fellow-creatures, and to himself, they add music and painting for their diversion, and unbend their minds in these delightful arts, for a few hours every day. This makes them excel in these particulars. They are great masters in all kinds of music, and do wonders with the pencil.

EUSEBIA was but just turned of twenty when I first saw her, in the year 1725, and then her musical performances were admirable; her pictures had the

ordonnance, colouring, and expression of a great master. She was born with a picturesque genius, and a capacity to give measure and movement to compositions of harmony. Her music at the time I am speaking of had a most surprising power; and in painting, long before this time, she astonished. When she was a child, nine years old, and had no master, she would sketch with a black lead pencil on a sheet of paper the pictures of various kinds that came in her way, and make such imitations as deserved the attention of judges. This made her father get her an eminent master, and she had not been long under his direction, when she was able to infuse a soul into her figures, and motion into her compositions. She not only drew landscapes, and low subjects with a success great as Teniers, but evinced by her paintings, that she brought into the world with her an aptitude for works of a superior class. Her pictures shew that she was not the last among the painters of history. They are as valuable for the merit of the execution as for the merit of the subjects.

Her histories of the *Revelations of St. John*, which she finished a little before her death, from the first vision to the last, demonstrated a genius very wonderful, and that her hand was perfected at the same time with her imagination. If this series of

pictures is not in every respect equal to Giotto's on the same subject, which I have seen in the cloister of St. Clare at Naples; they are at least treated with greater truth, and shew that the imagination of the painter had a hand and eye at its disposal to display the finest ideas. The great artist is obvious in them.

The first picture of this Series is a representation of the inside of the glorious temple, that was made the grand scene of all the things St. John saw in the Spirit; the golden-lamp-sconce, called the seven candlesticks, which afforded the sanctuary all its light, and the august personage, who appears in refulgent brightness in the vision, in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks. The majestic and god-like form which the apostle beheld is wonderfully painted. He is represented with more than human majesty. Like Raphael in his picture of the Eternal Father, in one of the Vatican chapels, she does not inspire us merely with veneration, she strikes us even with an awful terror: elle n'inspire pas une simple veneration, elle-imprime une terreur respectueuse. In his right hand, this grand person holds the main shaft that supports the six branches of the six lighted lamps, and the seventh lamp at the top of the main trunk, which gleam like a rod of seven stars, as it is written, 'having in his hand seven

stars,' and in this attitude, with his face to the apostle, he appears in the midst of the seven golden candlesticks, the emblems of the churches walking, or attending to trim them, the churches; with a sharp two-edged sword, that is, the powerful word of God, as Aaron walked to trim the real lamps with the golden snuffers. St. John is seen on the floor. He is looking in great surprize at the whole appearance, and as with amazement he beholds the divine Person in the vision, he seems struck with dread, and going to faint away; as he says in the *Apocalypse*, 'When I saw him, I fell at his feet as dead.'

The next picture in this series is a continuation of, or another representation of the inside of the temple, the golden lamp-sconce of seven golden candlesticks, and the august personage in refulgent brightness, and splendors transcendently glorious; but with this difference, that in this piece, the divine personage does not hold the main shaft of the branches of lights in his right-hand, or stand in the midst of the candlesticks; but, notwithstanding his sublime dignity, is painted with a godlike compassion in his face and manner, and with the greatest tenderness raises and supports the apostle. You see him, as described by St. John; 'he laid his right-hand upon me,' the hand which before held the seven stars, or lighted golden lamps, that exhi-

bited an appearance not unlike a constellation of stars; 'saying unto me, fear not. I am the first and the last. I am he that liveth, even though I was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore, Amen. And I have the keys of hell and of death.' One almost hears these words from the lips of the august form, so wonderfully is the figure painted, so happily has the pencil counterfeited nature, and the apostle appears to revive in transports, as he knows from the words that it is his Lord and Master is speaking to him. It is a fine picture.

The third painting in this series is the subsequent vision in the 4th and 5th chapters of the *Revelation of John the Divine.* In a part of the heavens that are opened, the throne of God is represented by a crystal seat or glory, and from it proceed flashings of a bright flame like lightning and thunder, to represent the awful majesty of the One, and One Only, True God, the Supreme Lord of all things: seven lamps of fire are burning before this throne, as emblems of the seven spirits, or principal servants of God, to shew with what purity, constancy, and zeal, the spirits of the just made perfect serve God in the heavenly church; and next them appears a crystal sea of great brightness and beauty; much more glorious than the brazen sea in the temple, which held the water for the use of the

priests. This sea alludes to that purity that is required in all persons who have the honour and happiness of a near approach to God, as he manifests himself on the throne of inaccessible light, or, in the moral *shechinah* in this lower world*. The next figures are the four living creatures, or cherubim of Ezekiel, which our English translation very badly renders four beasts; and they are placed in the middle of each side of the throne, in the whole

* As the first notion of God's glory, in the scripture, is a physical notion, and signifies the manifestation of God, by fire, light, clouds, brightness, and other meteorous symbols, such as the marching pillars of fire and cloud that went before the Israelites, and the *shechinah* in the Holy of Holies, which the Jews called the visible presence; so is there a glory of God in a moral signification. There is a *shechinah* in a physical sense by fire, light, and refracted colours: and there is a moral *shechinah*, or glory, when men live in obedience to all the divine laws, and walk as children of light. This shews the special presence of God in the righteous, as much as the cloud of glory did manifest him in the temple. The power and wisdom and goodness of God are displayed in the holy lives of men. Like the heavens they declare his glory, and are the visible epistle of Christ to the world, written not with ink, but with the spirit of the Living God. 'Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that his Spirit dwelleth in you?'

circle round about, full of eyes, not only before but behind, so as to have a direct and full view every way, without-side them; on seats, are the four and twenty elders placed, in white and shining garments, with crowns of gold upon their heads. The person who sits on the throne appears in great majesty and glory, and round about his throne the most beautiful rainbow is seen; to express the glory of God, and his faithfulness to his covenant and promise: the four living creatures next the throne, who represent the angels attendant on the *shechinah*, and have the appearance of a lion, a calf, a man, and an eagle full of eyes, and with six wings, to express the great understanding and power of the angels, their activity, constancy, and good will; they are drawn in the act of adoring and praising the eternal living God; and are answered by the four and twenty elders, the representatives of the people, the churches. So inimitably are all these things painted, that the faces of the cherubim and the four and twenty elders seem to move in worship and thanksgiving: one acquainted with the divine songs, cannot help fancying that he hears the four living creatures, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come; who for ever wast, and for ever wilt be, the one true God, the everlasting Lord;' and that the elders, that is,

the Christian people, reply, 'Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power: for Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.'

The apostle St. John, appears in great admiration, on account of the things before him, but seems more particularly affected by a book sealed with seven seals, which the person who sits on the throne holds in his right-hand; an angel who is painted in the act of proclaiming with a loud voice, 'Who is worthy to open the book, and to loose the seals thereof;' and a lamb with seven horns and eyes, standing just before the throne, within the circles of the cherubim and elders: this Lamb, represented as a sacrifice, and with seven horns and eyes, to shew the power, wisdom, and goodness of our Lord in the work of redemption, and the accomplishment of all God's designs of wisdom and grace, engages the attention and wonder of the apostle; and as this Lamb of God receives the book from the person on the throne, a rising joy appears through the astonishment of St. John, and seems to be encreasing, as he hears the living creatures and the elders sing a new song, or hymn of a new composition, which expresses the peculiar honour of the Son of God, and our peculiar engagements to him, in these words 'Thou art worthy to take the book, and to open the

seals thereof: for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us unto God by thy blood, out of every kindred, and tongue, and people, and nation. Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power and riches, and wisdom and strength, and honour, and glory, and blessing. Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him, that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.' And as the angels conclude this solemn act of worship by saying 'Amen;' and the people by worshipping him that liveth for ever and ever, the true God, who liveth and reigneth from everlasting to everlasting; and having raised up his Son Jesus, sent him to bless you in turning every one of you from his iniquities; the apostle seems in pleasure to join them, and shews a sensibility and action that is very wonderful. It is a charming picture. The divine artist has treated the whole subject with the most elaborate and beautiful expression, and with a delightful richness of local colours. This painting gives the beholder a full and fine idea of the vision.

But it was not only in painting, and in music, that Miss HARCOURT excelled: she had when I first saw her, made great progress in her studies, and discovered in her conversation extraordinary abilities. She talked wisely and learnedly on many subjects, and in so charming a manner, that she

entered into the possession of the heart, and the admiration of all that heard her: nor was it only in pure Italian, Spanish, and other languages that she could express her notions; but, in the correctest Latin she often spoke to me, and for an hour would discourse in the Roman tongue, with as great ease as if she had been talking English. She spoke it without any manner of difficulty, which was more than I could do. I was slow, and paused sometimes; but that young lady went on with that volubility of tongue the women are born with. The language being Latin was no check to her natural fluency of speech.

To all this let me add, and with truth I can add it, that EUSEBIA, from the time I was first acquainted with her to her death, walked in the fear of the Lord, and of consequence in the comforts of the Holy Ghost. Religion from her infancy was her stated and ordinary business, and her sole concern to know and to do her duty to God and men. The *Proverbs* of Solomon and the pattern of Christ, were her study when a very young girl, and from both she acquired a conduct so prudent and evangelical, that she seemed at the greatest heights of grace and goodness which a mortal can reach, and appeared as one that had made a prodigious proficiency in divine knowledge, and in every virtue: yet there

was nothing gloomy, or even formal in her behaviour: she was good-humour itself: frank and free; quite easy, and for ever cheerful.

Miss HARCOURT, at the time I am speaking of, that is, in the one and twentieth year of her age, had all the qualities that constitute a beauty: she was tall and graceful, and in every action, and her whole behaviour, to the last degree charming; her eyes were vastly fine, large and long, even with her face, black as night, and had a sparkling brightness as great as could appear from the refraction of diamonds: her hair was as the polished jet, deep and glossy; and yet, her complexion fresh as the glories of the spring, and her lips like a beautiful flower.

This lady was nine years abroad with her father, who died of the plague at Constantinople in 1733, and in the course of her travels, did me the honour to write me many fine letters, in which she obliged me with her remarks on the things and people they saw in many countries. We held a correspondence together, for a considerable part of the time, and in return for her valuable favours, I sent her the best account I could give of the matters that came in my way. These letters may perhaps appear some day.

In 1734 Mrs. HARCOURT returned to England,

and brought over with her some ladies, who became constituents of her claustral house. They formed the most rational and happy society that ever united, and during the life of the foundress, resided sometime in one of the Western Islands, but for the most part in Richmondshire. Since her death, which happened in 1745, they have lived entirely in the North of England, separated from all the world by the most dreadful mountains. They were but twelve in number for several years, but, in the sixth year of the Instituto, Mrs. HARCOURT encreased it to twenty-four members, by taking in twelve elèves or disciples. The twelve seniors govern a year about in their turns, unless it be the request of the house, that the superior for the year past should continue in the office another year. This, and their easy circumstances, secure their peace, and as they are ever wise to that which is good, and simple concerning evil, they lead most happy lives: nor can it be otherwise with mortals who cultivate the grace of humility, the want of which lies at the bottom of all contentions, and by a Christian prudence, make it their main work to facilitate the practice of piety, and to promote the pleasure and the lustre of it. Glorious women! to letters, arts, and piety, they devote those hours which others waste in vanities the most senseless and despicable; and pursuant to

the advice, and according to the rule drawn up by their illustrious foundress, live as beings that have souls designed for eternity. They act continually upon a future prospect, and give all diligence in making constant advances toward the perfect day. Mrs. HARCOURT shewed them, what an uninspired mortal could do by the means of grace; that it was possible for assisted human nature, feeble as flesh and blood is, to resist temptations the most violent, and by the supreme motives of our religion, acquit ourselves like Christians. If there be a devil to assault, a corrupt heart to oppose, and many difficulties to be encountered, yet her conduct was a demonstration, that those who are heirs of the heavenly country, may choose and prosecute their best interests, and improve the divine life to a high degree. "Let us," she used to say, "make salvation not only a concern on the bye, but the governing aim through the present life, and we shall not only live like the primitive Christians, but die for our holy faith, with more resolution than the worthies of Greece and Rome, though death should appear in all his array of terrors. Neither adversity nor prosperity could then tempt us to drop a grain of incense before any idol, or commit any action that dishonoured the gospel. Let what will happen, in all events, we should secure the future happiness of

our souls, and thereby provide for the everlasting glory and felicity of our bodies too in the morning of the resurrection. Of Mrs. HARCOURT, a further account will be found in the *Memoirs of Several Ladies of Great Britain*, 1755, 8vo. p. 324.

The twenty-fifth day of June I took my leave of Miss HARCOURT and her father, and the rest of the good company, and on horses I borrowed, we returned to the philosophers at Ulubræ. It was nineteen miles round of most terrible road; a great part of it being deep and swampy bottom, with holes up to the horses shoulders in some places; and for several miles, we were obliged to ride on the sides of very steep and craggy mountains, in a path so very narrow, that we risked life, and passed in terror: a wrong step would have been destruction beyond recovery. It was likewise no small perplexity to find, that I was going back again, the course being south and south-west; and that there was no other way of journeying from Mr. HARCOURT's to Ulubræ, but through the pass I first travelled from Westmorland; unless I rode from Mr. HARCOURT's into Cumberland, and then round through Bishoprick to the valley the gentlemen lived in. On then I went at all hazards, and in a tedious manner was forced to creep the way: but to make some amends, the prospects from the hills were fine, and things

very curious occurred. Groups of crests of mountains appeared here and there, like large cities with towers and old Gothic edifices, and from caverns in their sides torrents of water streamed out, and tumbled in various courses to the most delightful vales below. In some of the vast hills there were openings quite through, so as to see the sun, at the end of three or four thousand yards; and in many of them were sloping caverns, very wonderful to behold.

I found in one of them, near the top of a very high mountain, a descent like steps of stairs, that was in breadth and height like the aisle of a church, for three hundred yards, and then ended at a kind of door, or small arched opening, that was high enough for a tall man to walk into a grand room which it led to. This chamber was a square of seventeen yards, and had an arched roof about twenty high. The stone of it was a green marble, not earthy and opaque, but pure and crystalline, which made it appear very beautiful, as the walls were as smooth as if the best polish had made them so. There was another opening or door at the other side of this chamber, and from it likewise went a descent like steps, but the downward passage here was much steeper than the other I had come to, and the opening not more than one third as

wide and high; narrowing gradually to the bottom of the sloping road, 'till it ended in a round hole, a yard and a quarter every way. I could see the day at the opening below, though it seemed at a great distance from me, and as it was not dangerous to descend, I determined to go down.

The descent was four hundred and seventy-nine yards in a straight line, and opened in a view of meadows, scattered trees, and streams, that were enchantingly fine. There appeared to be about four and twenty acres of fine land, quite surrounded with the most frightful precipices in the world, and in the centre of it a neat and pretty little country house, on an easy rising ground. I could discover with my long glass a young and handsome woman sitting at the door, engaged in needle-work of some kind; and on the margin of a brook hard by, another charmer stood, angling for fish of some sort: a garden appeared near the mansion that was well improved; and in the fields were sheep and goats, horses and cows; cocks and hens, ducks and geese, were walking about the ground; and I could perceive a college of bees. The whole formed a charming scene.

Pleased with the view, and impatient to know who the two charmers were, I quite forgot the poor situation in which I left TIM, holding the

horses at the mouth of the cavern, on the dangerous side of so high a hill, and proceeded immediately to the house, as soon as I had recovered myself from a fall. My foot slip'd in the passage, about six yards from the day, and I came rolling out of the mountain in a violent and surprising manner. It was just mid-day when I came up to the ladies, and as they did not see me till they chanced to turn round, they were so amazed at my appearing, they changed colour, and one of them shrieked aloud; but this fright was soon over, on my assuring them that I was their most humble servant, and had against my will tumbled out of the hole that was at the bottom of that vast mountain before them. This I explained, and protested that I had not thought of paying them a visit, when curiosity led me into an opening near the top of the hill, as I was travelling on; but that when I did get through so wonderful a passage, and saw what was still more strange, when I arrived in the vale, to wit, two ladies, in so wild and silent a place, I judged it my duty to pay my respects, and ask if you had any commands that I could execute in the world? This was polite, they said, and gave me thanks; but told me, they had no other favour to ask than that I would dine with them, and inform them how it happened that I was obliged to travel over these scarce passable mountains, where there

was no society nor support to be had. Beside if in riding here you should receive a mischief, there was not a possibility of getting any relief. There must be something very extraordinary surely, that could cause you to journey over such frightful hills, and through the deep bottoms at the foot of them.

"Ladies," I replied, "necessity and curiosity united are the spring that move me over these mountains, and enable me to bear the hardships I meet with in these ways. Forced from home by the cruelties of a step-mother, and forsaken by my father on her account, I am wandering about the precipices of Richmondshire in search of a gentleman, my friend; to whose hospitable house and generous breast I should be welcome, if I could find out where he lives in some part of this remote and desolate region: and as my curiosity is more than ordinary, and I love to contemplate the works of nature, which are very grand and astonishing in this part of the world, I have gone many a mile out of my way while I have been looking for several days past for my friend, and have ventured into places where very few I believe would go. It was this taste for natural knowledge that travelled me down the inside of the mountain I am just come out of. If I had not had it, I should never have known there was so delightful a little country here as what

I now see: nor should I have had the honour and happiness of being known to you."

"But tell me, Sir," one of these beauties said, "how have you lived for several days among these rocks and desert places, as there are no inns in this country, nor a house, except this, here, that we know? are you the favorite of the fairies and genies, or does the wise man of the hills, bring you every night in a cloud to his home?"

"It looks something like it, Madam," I answered, "and the thing to be sure must appear very strange, but it is like other strange things, when the nature of them is known, they appear easy and plain. This country I find consists, for the most part, of ranges and groups of mountains horrible to behold, and of bogs, deep swampy narrow bottoms, and waters that fall and run innumerable ways, but this is not always the case, like the charming plain I am now on, there are many flowery and delicious extensive pieces of ground, enclosed by vast surrounding hills; the finest intervals betwixt the mountains: the sweetest interchange between hill and valley, I believe in all the world, is to be found in Richmondshire, and in several of those delightful vales I discovered inhabitants as in this place, but the houses are so separated by fells scarcely passable, and torrents of water, that those who live in

the centre of one group of mountains, know nothing of many agreeable inhabitants that may dwell on the other side of the hills in an adjacent vale. If there had been a fine spot at the bottom of the precipice I found the opening in, and people living there, as might have been the case, you ladies who live here, could have no notion of them, as you knew nothing of a passage from the foot to the summit of yonder mountain, within side of the vast hill, and if you did, would never venture to visit that way: and as there is not a pass in this chain of hills, to ride or walk through, to the other side of them: but the way out of this valley we are now in, as I judge from the trembling of the mountains all round us, must be an opening into some part of Cumberland. For this reason Stanemore hills may have several families among them, though you have never heard of them, and I will now give you an account of some, who behaved in the most kind and generous manner to me. Here I began to relate some particulars concerning my friend PRICE and his excellent wife; the admirable Mrs. BURCOT and Mrs. FLETCHER; the philosophers who lived at Ulubræ, to whom I was returning: and the generous Mr. HARCOURT, and his excellent daughter, whom I left in the morning; and at whose house I arrived by travelling up the dark bowels of a tremendous

mountain; as, on the contrary, I arrived at theirs by a descent through yonder frightful hill, till I came rolling out from within, in a very surprising and comical way; a way that would have made you laugh, ladies; or, in a fright, cry out, if you had happened to be walking near the hole or opening in the bottom of that hill, when, by a slip of my foot, in descending, a few yards from the day, I tumbled over and over, not only down what remained of the dark steep within, but the high sloping bank that reaches from the outside of the opening to the first flat part of the vale. There is nothing wonderful then in my living in this lone country for so many days. The only strange thing is, considering the waters and swamps, that I was not drowned; or, on account of the precipices and descents I have been engaged on, that I did not break my neck, or my bones; but so long we are to live as Providence hath appointed for the accomplishment of the grand divine scheme. Till the part allotted us is acted, we are secure. When it is done, we must go, and leave the stage for other players to come on."

The ladies seemed greatly entertained with my histories, and especially with my tumbling out of the mountain into their vale. They laughed very heartily; but told me, if they had happened to be sitting near the hole, in the bottom of that tremendous

rocky mountain, as they sometimes did, and often wondered where the opening went to, and that I had come rolling down upon them, they would have been frightened out of their senses, for they must have thought it a very strange appearance; without hearing the history of it, they must think it a prodigious occurrence, or exception, from the constant affairs of nature.

"This might be, ladies," I answered, "but from seeing me before your eyes you must own, that many things may be fact, which at first may seem to exceed the common limits of truth. Impossible or supernatural some people conclude many cases to be that have not the least difficulty in them, but happen to be made of occurrences and places they have not seen, nor heard the like of before. Things thought prodigious or incredible by ignorance and weakness, will appear to right knowledge and a due judgment very natural and accountable to the thoughts."

Here a footman came up to us, to let his mistress know that dinner was on the table, and we immediately went in to an excellent one. The ladies were very civil to me, and exerted a good humour to shew me, I suppose, that my arrival was not disagreeable to them, though I tumbled upon their habitation, like the genie of the caverns, from the

hollows of the mountains. They talked in an easy, rational manner, and asked me many questions that shewed they were no strangers to books and men and things: but at last it came to pass, that the eldest of those ladies, who acted as mistress of the house and seemed to be about one or two and twenty, desired to know the name of the gentleman I was looking for among these hills, and called my friend. "My reason, Sir, for asking is, that you answer so exactly in face and person to a description of a gentleman I heard not very long ago, that I imagine it may be in my power to direct you right."

"Madam," I replied, "the gentleman I am in search of is CHARLES TURNER, who was my schoolfellow, and my senior by a year in the university, which he left two years before I did, and went from Dublin to the north of England, to inherit a paternal estate on the decease of his father. There was an uncommon friendship between this excellent young man and me, and he made me promise him, in a solemn manner, to call upon him as soon as it was in my power; assuring me at the same time, that if by any changes and chances in this lower hemisphere, I was ever brought into any perplexities, and he alive, I should be welcome to him and what he had, and share in his happiness in this world, while I pleased. This is the man I want, a man, for his

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years, one of the wisest and best of the race. His honest heart had no design in words. He ever spoke what he meant, and therefore, I am sure he is my friend."

To this the lady answered, "Sir, since CHARLES TURNER is the man you want, your enquiry is at an end, for you are now at his house; and I, who am his sister, bid you welcome to Skelsmore-Vale in his name. He has been for a year and a half last past in Italy, and a little before he went, gave me such a description of you as enabled me to guess who you were after I had looked a while at you, and he added to his description a request to me, that if you should happen to call here, while I happened to be in the country, that I would receive you, as if you were himself; and when I removed, if I could not, or did not choose to stay longer in the country that I would make you an offer of the house, and give you up all the keys of it, to make use of it and his servants, and the best things the place affords, till his return; which is to be, he says, in less than a year. Now, Sir, in regard to my brother and his friend, I not only offer you what he desired I should, but I will stay a month here longer than I intended; for this lady, my cousin, MARTHA JACQUELOT, and I, had determined to go to Scarborough next week, and from thence to London: nor is this all, as I

know I shall the more oblige my brother the civiller I am to you, I will, when the Scarborough season is over, if you choose to spend the winter here, come back to Skelsmore-Vale, and stay till Mr. TURNER returns."

This discourse astonished me to the last degree, to hear that I was at my friend TURNER's house he abroad, and to be so for another year; the possession of his seat offered me; and his charming sister so very civil and good, as to assure me she would return from the Spa, and stay with me till her brother came home: were things so unexpected and extraordinary, that I was for some time silent, and at a loss what to say. I paused for some minutes, with my eyes fastened on this beauty, and then said "Miss TURNER, the account you have given of your brother, and the information that I am now at his house, his friendly offers to me by you, and your prodigious civility, in resolving to return from Scarborough, to stay with me here till your brother arrives, are things so strange so uncommon, and exceedingly generous and kind, that I am quite amazed at what I hear, and want words to express my obligations, and the grateful sense I have of such favours. Accept my thanks, and be assured, that while I live, I shall properly remember the civility and benevolence of this day; and be

ever ready if occasion offered, and the fates should put it in my power, to make a due return. Your offer, Madam, in particular, is so high an honour done me, and shews a spirit so humane, as I told you I was an unfortunate one, that I shall ever think of it with pleasure, and mention it as a rare instance of female worth; but as to accepting these most kind offers I cannot do it. Since Mr. TURNER is from home, I will go and visit another friend I have in this country, to whom I shall be welcome, I believe, till your brother returns. To live by myself here at my friend's expence, would not be right, nor agreeable to me: and as to confining you, Madam, in staying with me, I would not do it for the world." "Sir," Miss TURNER replied, "in respect of my staying here, it will be no confinement to me, I assure you. My heart is not set upon going to London. It was only want of company made Miss JACQUELOT and me think of it, and if you will stay with us, we will not even go to Scarborough this season." This was goodness indeed, but against staying longer than two or three days, I had many good reasons that made it necessary for me to depart: beside the unreasonableness of my being an expence to Mr. TURNER in his absence, or confining his sister to the country; there was Orton-Lodge, where I had left O'FIN, my lad, at work, to

which I could not avoid going again: and there was Miss MELMOTH, on whom I had promised to wait, and did intend to ask her if she would give me her hand, as I liked her and her circumstances, and fancied she would live with me in any retreat I pleased to name; which was a thing that would be most pleasing to my mind. It is true, if CHARLES TURNER had come home, while I stayed at his house, it was possible I might have got his sister, who was a very great fortune: but this was an uncertainty however, and in his absence, I could not in honour make my addresses to her: if it should be against his mind, it would be acting a false part, while I was eating his bread. Miss TURNER to be sure had fifty thousand pounds at her own disposal, and so far as I could judge of her mind, during the three days that I stayed with her at Skelsmore-Vale, I had some reason to imagine her heart might be gained: but for a man worth nothing to do this, in her brother's house, without his leave, was a part I could not act, though by missing her I had been brought to beg my bread. Three days then only I could be prevailed on to stay, and the time indeed was happily spent.

Miss TURNER was good-humoured, sensible, and discreet, as one could wish a woman to be, talked pleasantly upon common subjects, and was

well acquainted with the three noblest branches of polite learning, antiquity, history, and geography. It was a fine entertainment to hear her. She likewise understood music, and sung, and played well on the small harpsicord; but her moral character shed the brightest lustre on her soul. Her thoughts and words were ever employed in promoting God's glory, her neighbour's benefit, and her own true welfare; and her hand very often, in giving to the poor. One third of her fine income she devoted to the miserable, and was in every respect so charitable, that she never indulged the least intemperance in speaking. She detested that calumny and reproach which assassinates a credit, as much as she abhorred the shedding a man's blood. The goodness of her heart was great indeed: the integrity of her life was glorious. She was perfection, so far as the thing is consistent with the nature and state of man here, as it was possible for a mortal to be exempt from blame in life, and blemish of soul. An absolute exemption from faults cannot be the condition of any one in this world: But, to the ladies I now speak, you may, like Miss TURNER, be eminently good, if you will do your best to be perfect, in such a kind and degree as human frailty doth admit.

Miss JACQUELOT was by the head lower than Miss TURNER, and her hair the very reverse of my

friend's sister, that is, black as the raven; but she had a most charming little person, and a mind adorned with the finest qualifications. Reason never lost the command in her, nor ceased to have an influence upon whatever she did. It secured her mind from being ever discomposed, and disengaged her life from the inconveniencies which a disregard to reason exposes us to. By a management it dictated, she enjoyed perpetual innocence and peace. She never uttered a word that intrenched upon piety, infringed charity, or disturbed the happiness of any one, nor at any time shewed the least sign of a vain and light spirit: yet she had a sportfulness of wit and fancy that was delightful, when she could handsomely and innocently use it, and loved to exert the sallies of wit in a lepid way, when they had no tendency to defile or discompose her mind, to wrong or harm the hearer, or her neighbour, or to violate any of the grand duties incumbent on us; piety, charity, justice, and sobriety. Every thing that reason made unfit to be expressed, in relation to these virtues, she always carefully avoided; but otherwise, such things excepted, would enliven and instruct by good sense in jocular expression, in a way the most charming and pleasing. She was very wise, agreeable and happy. She was very good and worthy,

This young lady was a great master on the fiddle, and very knowing in *connoisance*. She painted well, and talked in an astonishing manner, for a woman, and for her years, of pictures, sculpture, and medals. She was indeed a fine creature in soul and body.

With these ladies I spent three days in Skelsmore-Vale; and the time we talked, walked, played, and laughed away. Sometimes we rambled about the hills, and low adown the dales. Sometimes we sat to serious ombre; and often went to music by the falling-streams. Miss TURNER sung, Miss JACQUELOT played the fiddle, and on my German flute I breathed the softest airs. We were a happy three, and parted with regret on every side. Fain would they have had me stay, and Scarborough and London should be thought of no more; but the reason of things was against it, and the 28th day of June I took my leave. Through the mountain I had descended, I went up again to TIM and my horses; who were stabled in the mouth of the cavern above, and had got provender from the vale below.

The sun was rising as we mounted the horses, and struck me so powerfully with the surpassing splendour and majesty of its appearance, so cheered me by the gladsome influences, and intimate refreshment of its all-enlivening beams, that I was contriving an apology as I rode on, for the first adorers

of the solar orb, and imagined they intended nothing more than the worship of the transcendent majesty of the invisible Creator, under the symbol of his most excellent and nearly resembling creature; and this according to some imperfect tradition, that man, as a compound Being, had, in the beginning, a visible glorious presence of Jehovah Elohim, a visible exhibition of a more distinguished presence by an inexpressible brightness or glory: this is some excuse for the first worshippers of the solar orb: and when the thing consecrated to the imagery and representation of its Maker, became the rival of his honours, and from being a help to devotion, was advanced into the supreme object of it; yet considering the prodigious glory of this moving orb, and that all animated nature depends upon its auspicious presence, we cannot wonder that the Egyptian ruralists, without a creed, and without a philosophy, should be tempted to some warmer emotion than a merely speculative admiration, and inclined to something of immediate devotion. That universal chorus of joy that is manifested at the illustrious solemnities of opening sun-shine, might tempt the weak to join in a seemingly-religious acclamation. At least I am sure there is much more to be said for this species of idolatry, than for the papists worshipping dead men, stocks, bones, and

clouts. They have not only revelation expressly against them—"Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve." *Matt.* ch. iv. v. 10.—"Neither shalt thou set up any image or pillar." *Deut.* ch. xvi. v. 22. But downright reason demonstrates that the things are useless to the preservers, and offensive to God; whereas on the contrary, when the eye beholds that glorious and important luminary of heaven, and considers the benefits dispensed to mankind by the means of its most beautiful and invigorating beams, it might strike not only an unpractised thinker, and cause the vulgar, who are not able of themselves to raise their thoughts above their senses, and frame a notion of an invisible Deity, to acknowledge the blessings they received, by a devotion to this fancied visible exhibition of divinity. But even some of the wise ones who were a degree above the absurdity of popular thinking, might be led to address themselves to the golden sun, in splendor likest heaven. They might ascribe the origin of their own existence, and the world's, to this seemingly adequate cause, and genial power of the system; when they beheld him returning again in the east, as I now see him, after the gloom and sadness of the night; again the restorer of light and comfort, and the renewer of the world; regent of the day, and all the horizon round,

invested with bright rays; that all inferior nature, the earth's own form, and the supports of its animated inhabitants, seem to depend on his dispensing authority, and to be the effects of his prolific virtue, and secret operation: they might suppose, in the corruption of tradition, or when the revealed truth and direction was lost, and reason not as now in its maturity of age and observation, that some kind of glory should be given to the subordinate divinity, as they fancied, of this heavenly body, and that some homage was due to the fountain of so much warmth and beneficence. This, I imagine, may account for the earliest kind of idolatry; the worship paid to the sun. The effects of his presence are so great, and his splendour so overpowering and astonishing, that veneration and gratitude united, might seduce those ignorant mortals to deify so glorious an object. When they had lost the guard of traditionary revelation*, and wanted those helps to judgment

* When the tribes went off from Noah in Peleg's days, in the æra of the deluge 240, that is, so many years after the flood, we must in reason suppose, that they had from the venerable patriarch, a final and farewell relation of the creation, and the state of innocency, and the fall; the institution of worship; and the hope of acceptance, and the promised seed. We may believe they had, at going off, a distinct repetition of all the capital

which are derived from the experience, observation, and reasoning of past times, the specious idolatry

articles of their faith. They received a clear review of the facts and revelations which Adam and Noah had the knowledge of, and in a compend of every doctrine and duty, speculative and practical, especially the doctrine of the being of a God, his unity and perfections, had a sufficient fund of useful knowledge to set up with, in the new world. This is natural behaviour in all good parents, and we may conclude, that the pious patriarch acted in this manner, when he sent his relations away. But this oral tradition was liable to a gradual declension, and sunk at last into a state of evanescence. Doctrines deduced from facts long since past, and known by tradition only, become precarious. The tradition is rendered obscure and dubious. It might remain nearly perfect, while Peleg, Reu, Serug, Nahor, and Terah lived, as they had their informations from Noah, and were thoroughly advised to make God the object of their supreme love and fear, and trust and worship; and to practise all virtue and righteousness towards each other, as the great instruments and means of a general happiness. With an earnest tenderness, these things were recommended to them. But as the people who came after them never saw Noah, and their information depended on relators, who had it from relators, a dimness prevailed upon the ancient facts, and distance and other objects overshadowed them. A deprivation of tradition might likewise arise from relators forgetting material

might have been introduced, and something tolerably plausible perhaps was pleaded by the better

circumstances, and from a misapprehension of ancient facts. There might likewise be many that designedly corrupted these facts, and out of a dislike to truth, and a distaste to virtue, did their best to weaken the principles of religion. Ingenious bad men there were among mankind then as well as in our time, and as there was no written system and history to go by, they might give the ancient story a turn more favourable to sinners. By this means, contradiction and obscurity came on, endless fables were introduced, and truth was disguised, corrupted and lost.

In respect however of an infinite mind, the author of the universe, it must be confessed that those men could not have lost a right notion of him, if they had been faithful to themselves; for the works of nature still remained in all their wond'rous beauty, and useful order, and furnished daily evidence, that neither chance, nor undesigning necessity, could produce, the beautiful and harmonious, the regular and convenient, the amiable and good, which their eyes beheld whatever way they turned. Not only the heavens, the air, the earth, the sea, demonstrated the wisdom and goodness of God; but every beast, every fowl, every fish they could take, every plant and tree, shewed an exact proportion of parts, and discovered design in the whole of its constitution. Their own intelligence ought likewise to have led them to the

heads of those times. Exclusive of an imperfect notion of the Deity's appearing by *shechinah*, and

great original it was formed by, an uncreated mind. There must be a divine understanding, or there never could be pure intellection in man. It is impossible to solve the phænomena of moral entities, without the being of God. If it were possible for atoms, rencont'ring in an infinite void, to produce by collision and undirected impulse, the corporeal systems, and the various beauteous forms which we see; yet the wild and senseless hypothesis could not be applied by atheism itself to the production of ideas intirely independent of matter, and all its properties and powers. We must have them from an intelligent cause. The human mind is so framed, that we may surely infer the cause of the constitution was intelligent. So that God did not in any age, leave himself without witness, or evidence, of his own being and perfection. We have full proof of creating, ruling intelligence. All the works of nature proclaim it, and especially the human soul.

But through negligence, and false notions of religion brought in by impious men, corrupt customs, and prejudices of education, we find that not only virtue was lost, soon after the dispersion, but even the notion of God. Idolatry and wickedness prevailed for the greatest part of the grand period of tradition, from the dispersion to the imparting the knowledge of letters by Moses. This shews the folly, vanity, and inconsistency of all

that the sun might be the visible exhibition as before observed; they might, in the next place, con-

tradition, and that for the support of virtue, and true religion in the world, a written word is necessary. In the early ages of the postdiluvian world, religious knowledge was decayed, and we can trace the origin and beginning of idolatry very high. Even in Serug's time, who had received a compend of religion from Noah, when he became infirm by years, and was no longer able to inspect the manners of his colony, and go about to take cognizance of their irregularities, we find the innovation had begun. We read in the books, that Terah, the father of Abraham was an idolater, in the 170th year of his age, which was the year that Serug died, and to be sure, that was not the first year of his false religion: and it is not to be supposed, that when he went forth, a worshipper of false gods, from Ur of the Chaldees, with Abraham, his son, and Lot, that the young people were safe from the infection. It prevailed before Abraham was warned to withdraw, and of consequence he was one of the ungodly, that is an idolater. To me it is plain St. Paul says so. They all served other gods. In all probability, that was beginning to be the case when Abraham was born, which was in the year after the flood 352; and as he was forty years old when his father marched him from Ur, we may think he was then a settled idolater; and if it had not been that the divine mercy called him by revelation to true religion, he and

clude from the extraordinary motion of the luminary, that he was an animated being and noble intelligence, placed in the highest post of honour and usefulness, and employed by God as his first minister and servant; for which reason, they thought it their duty to magnify and venerate the sun, whom

the whole world might have remained in their gross innovation, eternal strangers to the original truths. The free grace of the universal Father took him and his posterity into covenant, and used them as a mean to restore true piety and virtue to the world, till such time as he was pleased to shew his astonishing mercy, and inestimable love in Christ Jesus. The Creator and Governor of Gentiles as well as Jews, in his infinite wisdom proceeded in this manner, first selecting one nation to be a beacon upon a hill, a public voucher of the being and providence of God; and in the fulness of time, blessing the human race with a gospel and Redeemer. Adored be his goodness then for the written word. This only can preserve the doctrine of religion free from corruption. The miserable papists may trust to their traditions, and wander where no covenant is to be found: but the religion of protestants must be the gospel of Christ. The written doctrine of the apostles let us receive. The unwritten word of Rome let us despise. There is no security in tradition. It is insufficient for the preservation of truth: and for that reason, God gave us the writings of inspired men.

the creator had exalted so high; as the chief ministers of kings are had in honor, which is reflected back on their royal masters. Thus might the novel impiety come on. They might, in the beginning, worship the sun as the *shechinah*, appearing by a glorious light, or in a celestial train attending the presence, which, at so great a distance, must appear in an indistinct, luminous vision; but more generally as the minister of God; an animated being, who had a principle of consciousness put into it; as the human body has, seated in it, a human soul; and that this glorious creature was enabled to perform the etherial journeys by its own understanding and will, and to make all lower nature happy by his benign and diffusive influence; could see as far as he is seen, and every way was fitted for the noble work he had to execute. Thus did the sun commence a God. He must, they thought, from every appearance, in his wond'rous, useful course, have the most exalted powers: be wise and benevolent, great and good. And when the worship of this luminary was once established, it could not be long before, the moon was deified, and then the stars became conservators of the universe. From thence idolatry went on, and added to the heavenly bodies the emblematic doctrine, and animal apotheosis.

Artificial fire was consecrated, and made the symbol of sidereal splendors. Deity was exhibited to the multitude in the forms of its effects, and innumerable orders of inferior divinities by degrees sprang up. Successive enlargements of the system of natural apotheosis prevailed; and, at last, the world, which ought only to have been regarded, as the magnificent theatre of divine perfections, was itself blasphemously adored, as the independent proprietor of them.

It is evident from hence that a revealed rule was wanting, or man had need of physics, to suppress the rising transports of a too eager gratitude, and guard against the inclination to worship this rising, lucid being, now so glorious before me; whose motion is so steady and uniform, swift, regular, and useful, that it seems to manifest itself a wise and intelligent being. Without the lights of philosophers, or the supernatural assistance of religion, it was hard for recent and wondering mortals, to refrain from worshipping that beautiful body, as they saw it proceeded with the greatest harmony, and shed innumerable blessings on them. But pure revealed religion diffuses such a light as manifests the error: and a correct and philosophic reasoning, in this improved age the safe guide, and proper arbitrator of

religion, not only refuses to address itself to that God of the ancient popular theology, but proves the worship impious and absurd.

Right, reason, and revelation, demonstrate from the matchless graces and glories of nature, which occur in great variety, and without number, wherever we turn our eyes, that there is a Creator of infinite power, wisdom, and goodness; who bountifully provides for the uses and occasions of human life, and produces repeated millions of objects that bear the stamp of omnipotence, and remain perpetual monuments of the divine benevolence. Manifold are thy works, O Lord; in wisdom hast thou made them all!

And especially, when from the earth I lift up my eyes to the heavens, and behold among the wonders of the firmament, that vast and magnificent orb, the sun now rising before me, bright'ning by degrees the horizon, and pouring the whole flood of day upon us; the wonderful and grand scene strikes powerfully on my mind, and causes an awful impression. With sentiments of the greatest admiration, I consider the illustrious object, and feel the kindly heat of that bright luminary, inspiring me with more than usual gladness. And what power is it that supplies this fountain of light and heat, with his genial and inexhausted treasure, who dispenses it

with such munificent, yet wise profusion? It must be some Almighty Being. It must be the work of the Deity, that is, the powerful, wise, and good Parent of mankind, the Maker, Preserver, and Ruler of the world; for his perfections are stamp'd upon the work. The evidence of reason declares it. Chance or necessity cannot form or guide. An active understanding only, and intending cause, can produce, and direct: and this cause, must be all-ruling wisdom, and unlimited power, in conjunction with the most amiable goodness. This is plain to a thorough and rational examination. A supreme Being, an eternal self-existent mind, who comprehends and presides over all, must impart the benefits of that glorious creature before me, using it as an inanimate, unconscious, instrument of conveying light, heat, and prolific influence to the earth; which, by infinite power, is rendered as much active in sending the vegete juices through the vessels of all plants, as the sun is in diffusing its rays upon the surface of the globe we inhabit. The sun, and moon, and stars, are but instruments in his hand, for bringing about mechanically whatever good effects he has created them to produce, Our holy religion and philosophic reasoning evince this truth. This glorious sun bears the signatures of its author, and the finger of God is discernible every where. The

wisdom and loving-kindness of the Lord are visible, whatever way we turn. His bounty appears by its constant, yet voluntary communication, and is the more to be admired as it is a never-failing principle. This rising luminary that visits our earth, is, in particular, a daily fresh instance of the divine favor; and did not God's goodness only, prevent its suspension, we should be involved in the utmost horror, nay, inevitable ruin, and when, in the evening it leaves us overspread by the darkness, to visit others with its benign influences; the change is charming, for night gives man a necessary vacation from the labours of the day. In sleep he takes the sweetest refreshment, till this rising sun, by the beneficent direction of its great Author, again appears in grace and splendor, and displays the face of nature in unspeakable beauties. Every where the bounty of the supreme Spirit I see diffused; through air, through earth, and in the waters. No place is without witnesses of his liberality; and life is the care of his providence.

Of him then should our songs be, and our talking, of all his wonderful works. We should join in adoring him, and acknowledge him 'worthy to receive glory and honour and power, who has created all things, and for his pleasure they are and were

created.' And it follows, that we should likewise absolutely submit to this sovereign Being, and ever resign ourselves to his direction and disposal. Where can ignorance and impotence find so safe and sure a refuge as in infinite wisdom, and almighty power?

In this manner were my thoughts employed, as we rode over the brows of many high hills, with the rising sun before me, till we descended to a narrow wet bottom, which trended due west for an hour, and brought us to the foot of another high mountain. This we ascended with the horses as far as it was possible to bring them, and from thence I climbed up to the top, by a steep craggy way, near two hundred yards. This was very difficult and dangerous, but I had an enchanting prospect, when I gained the summit of the hill. A valley near a mile in breadth appeared betwixt the opposite mountains, and that on which I stood; and a river was running through it that spread sometimes into little lakes, and sometimes fell headlong from the rocks in sounding cascades. The finest meadows, and little thickets, bordered those waters on every side, and beyond them the vast hills had a fine effect in the view: some were covered with forest; and some with precipitating streams. I was charmed with

this assemblage of the beauties of nature. It is a more delightful landscape than art has been able to form in the finest gardens of the world.

The descent was easy to this beautiful vale, and after I had feasted my eyes with the prospect of the place, I went down to see who lived in a house covered with creeping greens, that stood by a sonorous waterfall. Some wise one perhaps, said I, who scorns the character of the libertine, or the sot, and to the pursuits of avarice and ambition leaves the world, to enjoy in this fine retreat the true happiness of man; by embracing that wisdom which is from above, and aspiring to an equality with saints and angels: happy man! if such a man be here. Or, it may be, some happy pair possess this charming spot of earth, and in discharging all the duties of the matrimonial relation, enjoy that fulness of satisfactions and felicities, which the divine institution was designed to produce. Happy pair indeed! if such a pair be here.

But when I came near the mansion, no human creature could I see. nor, for some time, could I find an entrance any way. The gate of the garden, in which the house stood, was fast, and so was every window and door: but as the gardens were in fine order, and full of fruits, vegetables, and flowers, I knew it must be an inhabited place, though its

people were from home. With my pole therefore I leaped a deep moat, which surrounded the garden, and for half an hour continued walking about it, pulling some things, and looking at others, in hopes that some one might be seen: no soul however appeared, and I was going to return to my horses, when, by accident, I came to a descent of stairs, that was planted round with a shade of laurel, evergreen, and branching palm. Down I went immediately, and walked through a long arched passage, in which two lamps were burning, and at the end of it came to an open door, that admitted me into an entry which led to a flight of stairs. Should I go any farther, was the question? If any one within, I might greatly offend: and if it was the habitation of rogues, I might find myself in a pound. What shall I do then? Go on, said curiosity, and bravely finish the adventure.

Softly then I ascended, listening, by the way, if I could hear any voice, and proceeded upwards, to the first floor. A door was there open, and on my tiptoes I went to look in, but all I could see was a room well furnished, and through it I passed to another, which was likewise full of fine things, and had a door unlocked that opened into a large library. The books were all bound in vellum, in an extraordinary manner, the collection valuable, and most

judiciously ordered. Mathematical instruments of all sorts were on a table, and every thing looked as belonging to a scholar and man of fortune. Great was my amazement, as I saw no living creature. I knew not what to think of all these things: nor did my astonishment diminish; when I went from the library into two very handsome bedchambers, and saw in one of them the apparel of a woman; in the other the dress of a man.

Musing on these matters, and looking over the books, I continued near an hour, when I turned round to depart, and saw at the door of the library I was in, a gentleman, and two young ladies in riding-dresses, who seemed more than amazed at the sight of me. The man's face I knew very well, and soon remembered he was one of the company that came over with me from Ireland in the Skinner and Jenkins, and a person I had thought a very odd man; for he never stirred out of his birth all the while he was on board, nor spoke a syllable to any one, except myself; and that only for a couple of hours after we landed; when he was pleased to single me out, and requested we might dine together; to which I said, with pleasure, Sir, and he came with Miss MELMOTH and me to our inn. With us he sat for the time I have said, and talked like a man of sense and virtue. He was but three or four

years older than I was, and yet so very grave, that in respect of temper, he was fit for the bench. He told me, he lived in too remote a place, ever to expect to see me in the country; but he had a house in London, where he was every winter, if not hindered by sickness, and to a part of it I should be welcome, if it was agreeable to me to improve our acquaintance. Many other civil things he said, and shewed a regard for me that I little expected, and could not but wonder at. All this made me as well known to him as he was remember'd by me; but he looked as it were scared at the sight of me, in the place I now appeared in; where I stood leaning on my long pole, when he came to the closet door, and was reading aloud in a book I chanced to take into my hand, the following lines:

Τὰ περὶ τοὺς θεοὺς ποίει μὲν, ἡγοῦ δὲ τοῦτο εἶναι θῦμα κάλλιστον, καὶ θεραπείαν μεγίστην, ἐὰν ὡς βέλτιστον καὶ δικαιότατον σεαυτὸν παρέχῃς μᾶλλον γὰρ ἐλπὶς τοὺς τοιούτους ἢ τοὺς ἱερεῖα πολλὰ καταβάλλοντας πράξειν τι παρὰ τῶν θεῶν ἀγαθόν.

To which I added a few reflections:

Est ut dicis. Vera prædicas, vir sapiens. Quæ ad Deos spectant, pulcherrimum sacrificium et cultum esse maximum ducito, si teipsum quam optimum et justissimum præbeas. Παρέχειν ἑαυτὸν ὡς

βέλτιστον καὶ δικαιοτατον: Præbere se quam optimum ac justissimum, pluris apud Deos quam multæ victimæ. Sperandum est enim tales potius, quam qui victimas multas prosternunt, quidpiam boni a Diis immortalibus accepturos. Quam optimum cor ac justissimum ad aras feramus, et bonum a numine semper lucrabimus.

True, most excellent sage. Rectitude and Benevolence are the perfection of rational nature, and when by philosophy we acquire a temper, disposition and action that are conformable to the truth of things, and continually display strict justice and universal charity, we offer the noblest sacrifice to heaven, and are consimilated with the Deity. By this divine affection, for order and goodness, we manifest a continual use and employment of ourselves for the glory of the supreme virtue, and may by this means, expect to obtain the infinite mercy of God; when slaughtered Hecatombs are despised; and the creeds of incomprehensible mysteries, and the external modes and forms of churchism, may be considered only as the weakness and blindness of reverend heads. Thousands of rams and ten thousand rivers of oil; speculative faith, rites and ceremonies, are nothing, abstracted from that temper and affection, which unites us to the Deity, and to

the whole system of rationals. Virtue and charity is religion.

This passage and reflection pronounced very loud, with an enthusiasm that seizes me when I take a classic in my hand, added greatly to the astonishment of finding me in the closet, and for some time the gentleman was not able to speak, or come forward; but at last, moving towards me, as I did to him, the moment I saw him, he said, "By what strange chance have I the favor of seeing you here? Inform me, I beseech you, in the name of friendship, what surprising accident has thrown you on this solitude; without horse or servant, and how did you get over the broad moat of water, as the two garden gates were locked?"

"Mr. Berrisfort," I answered, "you may well wonder at seeing me in this remote and silent part of the world, and especially at my being in your study, without either horse or attendant in waiting, that you could find, on coming home; but the thing was all natural, in the common course of events, as you shall hear.

"Three weeks after you left me at Whitehaven, I set out from that place for Brugh under Stanemore, and went from thence up the northern mountains, in search of a gentleman I had some business with, who lives but a few miles beyond you, and on

my return from his house, as the road lay very high on the side of yonder vast hill; I quitted my horse out of curiosity, to climb up to the top of the mountain, and see what kind of country lay on the other side of this long range of high hills. It was with great difficulty I got up to the pike, and few, perhaps, but myself, would attempt it: I was rewarded however by the fine prospect, and seeing the descent on this side easy, and a house and large gardens before me, I could not refrain from going down to the bottom. I marched on to take a view of the mansion and improvements, and as I saw some very fine things in the gardens, and no sign of any living creature; the gates shut and every place to appearance fastened, I leaped the moat with this pole, and after I had wandered about the ground, by accident came to the shady inclosure, in which I found the descending stairs from the garden; and seeing the lamps burning in the passage, could not avoid going down, and proceeded till I arrived at this fine library. My admiration was great, you may be sure, and the books too strong a temptation for me not to mind them. With great pleasure I looked into many of them, and at last opened the Greek writer I was reading aloud, when you came to the door of your study. Such were the causes that brought me where you find me."

Mr. BERRISFORT replied, " Sir, I am glad there was any thing in the force and operation of casualties, that could bring you to my house, and I assure you upon my word, that you are most heartily welcome. As I lay in my cabin on ship-board I conceived a great regard for you, on account of many things I heard you say, and particularly for your lively arguments with Dr. WHALEY, before the storm began, in defence of the divine Unity, and against that miserable theology which the monks have invented, and continue to support, though it militates with the revealed truths of God, and the reason and fitness of things. I was greatly pleased with your different definitions of churchism and religion, and honoured you not a little for what you said in opposition to unintelligible mystery, and the glare of ceremony; at the same time, that you contended for the worship of the universal Father, and that sober, righteous and godly life, which springs from the love of truth, virtue, and moral rectitude. Once more then I assure you, Sir, I am most heartily glad to see you, and I shall take it as a great favour if you will pass the summer with me in this wild country place. Every thing shall be made as agreeable as possible, and, exclusive of this closet of books, which you shall possess while you stay here, we will hunt, and set, and shoot, and enjoy all the

pleasures of the field: but in the mean time, as it is now ten o'clock, we ought to think of breakfast, and he desired his sister, a most charming creature, to call for it immediately, and I soon saw several servants bring in every thing that was elegant and excellent. He told me I need be under no uneasiness about my mare and horses, for there was a steep narrow way for them to come down to his stables, about half a mile from the place I left them, and he would immediately send one of his servants to bring them."

This was vastly civil and affectionate, and I told Mr. BERRISFORT, that I was under great obligations to him for his goodness, which I should ever have an extreme sense of, but I was obliged to go on upon business: a few days however I would enjoy the happiness he offered me, and we passed them in a very delightful manner.

Early in the morning, we went out with the hounds, and for half a dozen hours, had the dogs in full cry before us. We had hawks and pointers in the afternoon, and enjoyed abroad all the sports of the field. Within, when our labours were over, we had the most elegant dinners and suppers; every thing, of meat and drink, that the best taste could desire: and the conversation was excellent after the repasts.

Mr. BERRISFORT was a man of letters and breeding: and the ladies had sense, and were no strangers to the best English books. They understood no other language than their mother tongue, but the choicest authors of every kind that our country has produced, they had read with great care. The master of Yeoverin-Green was a learned, worthy, polite man, free in discourse, if he knew his company, and liked them, but otherwise quite mute, and he was instructive in every thing he said. His sister and cousin were very good; discreet in their behaviour, temperate in their discourse, and easy in their manner. They had no learning; they pretended to no criticism; but talked, without vanity, of the best things, and what they did say, they expressed in a most agreeable way. There was no being dull with such people, in such a place. I have seen very few young ladies in my time that I liked better than those girls. They both charmed me with their persons, their faces, their good manners, and their chat; but I could not enough admire Miss BERRISFORT for one particular, in which she not only excelled Miss Fox, but all the women that I have ever seen. This was in hunting. In the field, she seemed the silver-shafted queen.

Mr. BERRISFORT and Miss Fox followed the dogs with caution, and never attempted any thing

that could hazard their necks or their bones: but the charming JULIET BERRISFORT had so violent a passion for the diversion of the field, that she was seized with a kind of enthusiasm when she heard the cry of the hounds, and as if she had been the goddess of the silver bow, or one of her immortal train, went on without a thought of her having brittle limbs. She leaped every thing to keep in with the dogs; five-bar gates; the most dangerous ditches and pales; and drove full-speed down the steepest hills, if it was possible for a horse to keep his feet on them. She frightened me the first morning I was out with her. She made my heart bounce a thousand times. I expected every now and then that she would break her neck—that neck where lillies grew! I was reckoned a very desperate rider by all that knew me, and yet, with this young lady, I paused several times at some leaps, when she did not hesitate at all. Over she went, in a moment, without thinking of the perils in her way; and then, if I broke my neck, I could not but pursue

> When glory call'd, and beauty led the way,
> What man could think of life, and poorly stay?

It was not in my complexion to stay, and by that means, I got a terrible fall the second day; whether by my own fault, or my horse's, I cannot tell: but

as no bone was broke, and I had received no other mischief than a black eye, a bruise in my side, and a torn face, I was soon on my mare again, and by Miss BERRISFORT's side. She laughed immoderately at me, while the dogs were at fault, as my bones were safe, and advised me with a humorous tenderness, to ride with her brother and Miss Fox. It was not long however before I had more satisfaction than I desired; for in half an hour's time, we came to some pales, which the stag went over and I leaped first; but Miss BERRISFORT's horse though one of the best in the world, unfortunately struck, and cleared them in such a manner, that the lovely JULIET came over his head. She fell very safely in high grass, where I waited for her, for fear of an accident of any kind, and did not receive the least hurt; but in the violence of the motion, and the way she came down, the curtain was thrown on her breast, and she lay for some moments stun'd upon the ground. In a minute however I snatched her up, and set her on her feet. She came to herself immediately, and thanked me for my care of her; but was vexed to the heart at what had happened. She requested I would not mention the thing to her brother or Miss Fox, and hoped I would be so generous as not to speak of it to any one. I assured her, "it was not in my soul to ex-

tract mirth from the bad fortune of any one; and much less is it in my power to ridicule, or laugh at a woman of distinction for an accident like this. You may believe me, when I promise you, upon my word, and swear it by every sacred thing, that I will not so much as hint it to any mortal while you remain in this world." This gave her some relief, and by her foot in my hands I lifted her into her saddle again. Two benefits were derived from this mischance. One was, that for the future, this lady hunted with a little more caution, and did not take the leaps she was wont to do; the other, that it gained me her heart, though I did not know it for many months, and thereby secured for me the greatest happiness, against a day of distress. From the most trivial things the most important do often spring, but I proceed.

Vexatious as the fall was to this young lady, it was I however that had all the pain, by the mischief I received when my horse threw me. My eye was in a sad black way, my side troubled me, and the skin was off half my face; yet I did not much mind it, as the diversion was good, and that immediately after the death of the stag we hastened back to an excellent dinner, and some flasks of old generous wine; to which Bob Berrisfort and I sat for two

or three hours. The ladies had left us to change their dress, and walk in the gardens, and we fell into very serious chat.

"I am thinking," said Mr. BERRISFORT, after a considerable pause, as we sat smoking a pipe over against each other, "that the cause you gave Dr. WHALEY, on ship-board, for the decay of Christianity, was the best I have heard. I remember you told this divine, that it was not want of faith in the present generation that made so many renounce Christianity; for, the world were no enemies to a republication of the law of nature by the man Christ Jesus; but the thing that makes infidels, and supports infidelity, is the extravagant doctrines which the theologers have obtruded upon the church, as essential parts of Christianity. Enthusiasm, absurdity, and error, and the blind and bloody scenes of cruelty and superstition have been the great stumbling-blocks to mankind, and given the most sad, severe and lasting stabs, to the interests and success of the pure and peaceable gospel of Christ. This is just. But exclusive of this, may we not say that there are so many seeming contradictions, and a multiplicity of obscure passages in it, that it looks as if it could not be, in its present condition, a rule of faith, and that Christians differ so much about the

meaning of the texts of their Bible, that reason knows not what to say to a religion so variously represented. It is not only the two great camps, papist against protestant, and protestant against papist, who make the religion as different as black and white; that the reformed mission at Malabar tell the Indians they must not hearken to the jesuits, if they expect salvation; and the monks at Coromandel declare, on the contrary, to those Indians, that they will be damned to eternity, if they are converted to what the Danish ministers call Christianity: which made the famous bramin Padmanaba say, that it was impossible for him to become a Christian, till the learned Christian priests had agreed among themselves what Christianity was; for he had not erudition and judgment enough to decide in the intricate controversy; but, exclusive of this, protestants are so divided among themselves, even the church of England against the church of England, dissenters against dissenters, and give such different accounts of the revealed system, that it requires more understanding, and strict serious enquiry, than the generality of people have, or can spare, to be able to determine in what party of the celebrated critics and expositors true religion is to be found: and when the controversy is so dark and various, and the authorised professors can never

agree among themselves, what can a man of a plain understanding say to it? This makes many, I imagine, turn from the scriptures to study nature, and the general laws which are established among the several gradations, ranks and classes of beings, so far as they are connected with intelligent, moral agency. In the natural, agreeable pages of that infinite volume, we see and perceive beauty and order, art, wisdom, and goodness, and are thereby led to the Creator and Governor of the world, the universal cause, preserver, and director of nature. We discover his providence, measures and benevolence, the rules and principles of eternal, immutable wisdom and reason, and by them are compelled to confess a universal, intelligent Efficient; one infinite, eternal, omnipotent, wise, good Being, from whom all others derive, and on whom all others necessarily depend, and that continually. In short, by studying nature, we discover a God of truth, order and rectitude, and as we find perfect universal truth, and moral rectitude to be the highest perfection in the Deity, our reason informs us, that we ought to show our love of God, by a love of these; and that a regular, uniform pursuit of them, must be the only true and rational pursuit of human happiness. Here is a plain and good religion. Can we wonder then that many study and follow nature,

and disregard those interested commentators, who, like opposite counsel at the bar, multiply and make void the law by different and contradictory pleadings on it?" Here Bob ended, and lighted his pipe again, while I laid mine down, and went on in the following manner:

"As Christianity was instituted by its great Author and Publisher, for the benefit of mankind, it is to be lamented that the divines should so differ, concerning what genuine revealed religion *is*, as to cause many to renounce this standing and perpetual rule of faith and manners, but as to contradictions and inconsistencies in the apostle's writings, I have read them over several times, and never could find such things in them. Obscure passages there are a few at first sight; but a little consideration can explain them by other scriptures, if we do not, like some commentators endeavour, by forced constructions, to adapt the sense of them to a system. This is what ruins Christianity. The monks shut out the light of reason, which is to explain scripture by scripture, and in the dark, fancy a metaphysical theology: they speculate a tritheistic mystery, original sin, divine sovereignty, election, reprobation, with many other pieties, and call the things revelation, which are, in reality, an artificial, invented corruption of the gospel. The majority of the doc-

tors insist upon it that their reverend notions are revealed religion, and where they have a power, wattle the people into them; but men who will use the human understanding their Creator has given them, and employ the reason of men in the choice of their religion, very easily perceive that unnatural representation could never come down from heaven: and that whatever the declaimers on human nature may say in praise of their gospel, it is impossible it should be inspiration, when the propositions rather merit laughter and contempt than the attention of rational creatures. This makes the Indians of any understanding flee Christianity. This causes men of sense, in a free country, to declare against revealed religion. The principal offence must remain, while the majority of the clergy continue to blind the human understanding, and instead of couching the cataract, darken the souls of the people with a suffusion of mystery: to which I may add, and obstinately refuse to make use of unexceptionable, scriptural forms of expression in divine public service, though an alteration might be made without any possible danger or injury to the church, and continue to use in our liturgy unscriptural phrases, and metaphysical notions, the imaginations of weak men. While this is done, the Christian religion must suffer, and of consequence, the divines who

contend for mystery, and labour to destroy human reason and the powers thereof: to stifle and extinguish our common notions of things, and preclude all reasoning whatsoever upon the subject of religion; must have the blood of more souls to answer for, in the approaching day of calamity, than they now seem to imagine, while great preferments blind their understanding, and render them insolent and positive. All this however has nothing to do with the true gospel. If men would read the historical, and the argumentative parts of the sacred writings with honesty, and explain them as right reason and true criticism directs; if they would study them with that true zeal, which is guided by a good light in the head, and which consists of good and innocent affections in the heart; and have at the same time a knowledge of the customs which prevailed, and the notions that were commonly received in those distant ages and countries, they would find no inconsistencies and contradictions in the scriptures, even the difficulties would soon disappear. The sacred writings would appear to be what they are, a system of religion that answers to all our wishes and desires; that requires of us that obedience to which as rational beings we are antecedently bound: and offers us rewards for obeying more than nature could ever claim. In the gospel, we have the re-

ligion of nature in perfection, and with it a certainty of mercy and unutterable blessings: but in natural religion, as the reason and understanding of men can collect it, our hopes of pardon and glory have but uncertain foundation. Without revelation, our hopes are liable to be disturbed and shaken by frequent doubts and misgivings of mind: but in revealed religion, that is, the moral law republished by inspired men, the promises of the gospel take in all the wishes of nature, and establish all her hopes. Blessed be God, then for sending his well-beloved Son into the world. From him we have a law that is holy, and the commandment holy, and just, and good: and by a dutiful submission to this plain and perfect law, in which there is no mystery, no inconsistency, no contradiction, we are delivered from condemnation, by the grace of God through Christ. Here is reason for adoring the divine goodness. The gospel gives a better evidence for the truth and certainty of life and immortality than nature before had given, and thereby displays the love that God has for the children of men."

To this Mr. Berrisfort said, that "he thought my plea for original Christianity was good, and allowed it was not the gospel that was faulty in mystery and obscurity, contradiction and inconsistency; but, human ignorance, and human vanity,

which have loaded it with absurdities, while they excluded reasoning about it, and warped its fair and heavenly maxims to the interests of systems and temporalities. However," continued Bob, "you will allow I believe, that the sacred writers had not perpetually the aid of an unerring Spirit, and therefore are sometimes inconsistent in their accounts: that as they were sometimes destitute of divine assistance, they were liable to error when guided only by the human spirit, and did act like common men upon several occasions. This seems to be evident from the relations, and the human sentiments of the apostles. The evangelists speak of the same facts differently; and in citing prophecy, while one adapts a fact to the letter of the prophecy, another accommodates the letter of the prophecy to the letter of the fact: I mean here, the ass and colt in *Matthew*, and the colt only in *John*, and their citing *Zechariah*, ch. ix. v. 9. differently. And as to the other sacred writers, does not the dispute between *Paul* and *Peter*, shew a subjection, sometimes, to ignorance and error? does not the quarrel between *Barnabas* and *Paul* let us see, that one of them was mistaken, and both of them to be blamed? Tell me likewise, what you think of *Mark* and *John's* different accounts of the time of the crucifixion, and does not *Matthew* contradict *Mark* in his relation of the re-

surrection of Jesus?" To this I replied, "that however some zealots may contend for the perpetual inspiration of the sacred writers, yet he could not think such doctrine necessary to the creed of a Christian: Jesus only is called the truth, and was incapable of error. Christ only in all his actions, was directed by a prophetic spirit. All other men, prophets and apostles, were sometimes left to the guidance of their own spirit; and therefore all things which they have signified to us by their words or deeds, are not to be considered as divine oracles. Nec adeo omnia, quæcunque dictis significarunt aut factis, ea pro divinis oraculis habenda. Nullus, excepto Domino, fuit unquam propheta, qui omnia egerit spiritu prophetico. So Limborch, Dodwell, and Baxter say, and of the same opinion were Grotius and Erasmus*. They assert, that

* Erasmus, Grotius, Limborch, Baxter, and Dodwell, were great and excellent men, and their lives and writings highly merit consideration. Of the former it may justly be said, that he in vain lived and died in the Romish communion, and sustained many reflections from some zealous protestants; he was not the less ill treated both during his life, and after his death, by several Romish catholic writers; for though taking all things together, Erasmus was what they called a Roman catholic; yet his *Colloquies* shew his hatred of the monks,

the apostles, on ordinary occasions, were ordinary men. All true Christian critics must allow this, and grant that, the universal inspiration of the sacred

and it was plain from his writings and behaviour, that he did not see without joy the first steps of Luther. Bayle says of Erasmus, that he was one of those witnesses for the truth, who were wishing for a reformation in the church, but who did not think it was to be procured by erecting another society to be supported by leagues, and that should pass immediately *a verbis ad verbera*, from words to blows, for speaking of his contemporary Luther, Erasmus says, "had all that he wrote been good, his seditious freedom would still have been disagreeable to me. I would rather submit to some errors than raise a civil war, and put the whole world in an uproar for the sake of truth." Jo. Manlius *in Locorum Communium Collectaneis*, printed at Francfort on the Maine, in 1568, in 8vo., has this passage: "Erasmus Roterodamus moriturus sæpe ingeminavit hanc vocem, Domine, Domine fac finem, fac finem, sed quid voluerit dicere non possum." Manlius was with Erasmus in his last hour.

Erasmus was born at Rotterdam, October 28, 1466, and died of a bloody flux at Basil, aged 70. July 12, 1536.

The following epitaph is on a marble stone in the cathedral at Basil, where he was buried.

penmen, is a notion founded in the prejudices of

CHRISTO SERVATORI. S.
DES. ERASMO ROTTERODAMO.
VIRO
OMNIBUS MODIS MAXIMO, CUJUS INCOMPARABILEM IN OMNI DISCIPLINARUM GENERE ERUDITIONEM PARI CONJUNCTAM PRUDENTIA POSTERI ET ADMIRABUNTUR ET PRÆDICABUNT; BONIFACIUS AMERBACHIUS, HIER. FROBENIUS, NIC. EPISCOPIUS, HÆREDES ET NUNCUPATI SUPREMÆ SUÆ VOLUNTATIS VINDICES, PATRONO OPTIMO NON MEMORIÆ QUAM IMMORTALEM SIBI EDITIS LUCUBRATIONIBUS COMPARAVIT, IIS TANTISPER DUM ORBIS TERRARUM STABIT SUPERFUTURO AC ERUDITIS UBIQUE GENTIUM COLLOQUUTURO, SED CORPORIS MORTALIS QUO RECONDITUM SIT ERGO HOC SAXUM POSUERE.
MORTUUS EST IV. E I D. JUL.
JAM SEPTUAGENARIUS, ANN. A CHRISTO NATO M.D. XXXVI.

Above this epitaph is the device and seal of Erasmus, to wit, TERMINUS, the god of bounds, and the words—

CONCEDO NULLI.

pious men and their mistaken sense of scripture. Such infallible authority they think the best way to

The inscription to his memory, at Rotterdam, is this:

DESIDERIO ERASMO
MAGNO SCIENTIARUM ATQUE LI-
TERATURAE POLITIORIS VIN-
DICI ET INSTAURATORI
VIRO SUI SÆCULI PRIMARIO
CIVI OMNIUM PRÆSTANTISSIMO
AC NOMINIS IMMORTALITATEM
SCRIPTIS ÆVITERNIS JURE
CONSECUTO.
S. P. Q. ROTTERDAM.
NE QUOD TANTIS APUD SE SUOSQUE
POSTEROS VIRTUTIBUS PRÆMIUM
DEESSET
STATUAM HANC EX ÆRE PUBLICO
ERIGENDAM CURAVERUNT.

BARBARIÆ TALEM SE DEBELLATUR ERASMUS
MAXIMA LAUS BATAVI NOMINIS ORE TULIT
REDDIDIT EN! FATIS ARS OBLUCTATA SINISTRIS,
DE TANTO SPOLIUM NACTA QUOD URNA VIRO
EST
INGENII COELESTE JUBAR MAJUSQUE CADUCO
TEMPORE QUI REDDAT SOLUS ERASMUS ERIT.

silence all objections, and weakly embrace the hypothesis to advance the honour of religion.

Froben published an edition in 1540, of all the works of Erasmus at Basle, in nine volumes, folio. The first, second, and fourth, contain his *Philosophical, Rhetorical,* and *Grammatical Pieces,* his *Colloquies* and *Praise of Folly*: the third, his *Epistles,* which are very fine, and many of them relate to the affairs of the church: the fifth, his *Books of Piety*: the sixth, his version of the *New Testament,* with notes: the seventh, his *Paraphrases on the New Testament*: the eighth, his *Translations of some Greek Fathers*: the ninth, which is the largest, his *Apologies.* His *New Testament, Letters,* and *Colloquies,* are the most valuable of his works. The preface to his *Paraphrase on the Gospel of St. Matthew* is an admirable thing. An English translation of it, with notes, and a good preliminary discourse addressed to Roman catholics, was printed in 1749. Reader, though the edition of 1540, here mentioned is a good one, yet that of Le Clerc's printed at Leyden, in 1703, in eleven volumes, folio, is infinitely superior, and in better estimation.

Hugo Grotius, the son of Jean de Groot was born at Delft in Holland, the 10th of April, 1583, and died at Rostock in Mecklenbourg, Sept. 8, 1645, aged 62.

[In the former editions of this book, a condensed list of the writings of Grotius followed this note, which was derived from M. de Burigny's excellent Life of that

But our allowing this, and that there are some disagreements and variations in the evangelists,

great man, printed in 1752, and translated from the French into English in 1754. With much asperity if not ill-nature, Amory has accused M. de Burigny of being 'a bigotted papist,' and charges him with having 'in a sad and ridiculous manner strained some lines written by Grotius to prove that he died a member of the Church of Rome.' The Abbé Raynal, a judicious French writer, observes that "M. de Burigny, has introduced nothing but facts well supported, or theological discussions delivered, but with the greatest conciseness and accuracy;" and that, the most valuable part of his work, is the just and concise idea which it gives of Grotius's several writings." The commendation given by the Abbé Raynal is wholly and absolutely just; should the reader, therefore, be desirous of becoming better acquainted with the Life and Writings of Grotius, he will find himself agreeably entertained by perusing the Life written by M. de Burigny, and printed in 1754, in 8vo. The list of the works of Grotius occupies pp.563-8, and though it has met with the maledictory censure of Amory, will questionless receive its due meed of praise from the reader. ED.]

The great and good Richard Baxter was a nonconformist divine, who suffered much by the severity of that cruel monster of a man, lord chief justice Jefferies, in a prosecution, in Easter Term, 1685, on account of some

cannot hurt the gospel. St. Paul might reprove St. Peter, and speak himself sometimes after the

passages in his *Paraphrase on the New Testament.* He was confined in the King's Bench prison from the beginning of the year 1685, till Nov. 24, 1686; when, by the mediation of Lord Powis, he obtained a pardon from King James, and was released out of prison. The passages marked for censure, by Sir Roger L'Estrange; were his explications of *Matt.* ch. v. v. 19. *Mark,* ch. ix. v. 39; xi. 31; xii. 38, 39, 40. *Luke,* ch. x. v. 2. *John,* ch. xi. v. 57; and *Acts,* ch. xv. v. 2. Dr. South, is said to have likewise, put into his enemies power, some annotations, from *Romans,* ch. xiii. The charge was, that his paraphrase on these places reflected on the prelates of the church of England, and, consequently, that he was guilty of sedition; but equity at this day can find no such reflection or sedition in the passages so condemned.

Richard Baxter was born November 12, 1615, at Rowton in South Bradford. He was an author fifty-two years, and in that time wrote one hundred and forty-five distinct treatises, whereof four were folios, seventy-three quartos, forty-nine octavos, and nineteen in twelves and twenty-fours; besides single sheets, separate sermons, and prefaces to other men's writings. He began with *Aphorisms of Justification,* printed in 1649; in his thirty-fourth year; and ended with the *Certainty of the World of Spirits,* in 1691; on the 8th of December, in the same year he died at the advanced age of 76 years,

manner of men; yet, we see where they had the divine assistance in their explications, and the

at his house in Charter-house-Yard. The following books of his composing in English, are excellent: *The Saint's Everlasting Rest; Call to the Unconverted; Dying Thoughts; Certainty of the World of Spirits;* and his *Paraphrase on the New Testament.* His Latin pieces are *De Catechisatione Domestica. Aphorismi de Justificatione et Fœderibus. Apologio. Libellus Rationum pro Religione Christiana contra Gassendum et Habesium. Epistola de Generali Omnium Protestantium Unione adversus Papatum. Dissertatio de Baptismo Infantium. Directiones de Reformatione Ecclesiæ. De Religione Grotiana adversus Piercium. De Jure Sacramentorum. Gildas Salvianus, sive Pastor Reformatus. Catechismus Quackerianus. Clavis Catholicorum. De Regimine Ecclesiæ. De Universali Redemptione contra Calvinum et Bezam. De Rep. Sancta. Historia Conciliorum.*

But few I am persuaded in those days of dissipation and pleasure, will sit down to read all or any of what Baxter hath written. It may however, be conscientiously asked, What must become of us when high and low, rich and poor, fly from themselves, and laugh at every thing serious; run into every extravagance and vanity, and wanton life away in dissipation and diversion? For shame, rationals, reflect. Consider what ye

power of working miracles to confirm their doctrine; and there, as rational and thinking men, we must

are. You are beings endued with reason, to the end that you may pursue the true happiness of rational nature, and by a truth and rectitude of life, unite yourselves to the supreme inexhaustible fountain of all intellectual and durable good. You are likewise accountable creatures, standing on the brink of death, resurrection, and judgment; and when this fleeting scene of vanity is over, moral impotence, or natural weakness, as they are now called, will not be accepted as a plea for the offender against nature and reason, for, let reason be heard, and spend some hours of your every day, in reading good books, and in the closet in prayer, with a resolution to do your best to live as you pray, and that power, which darkens the understanding, enslaves the will, and obstructs the operations of conscience, you may easily remove. You will despise every gratification against truth, and delight in being useful and pious here, that you may secure eternal happiness in some future world. Ponder then, rationals, in time. As you are placed here in a mutable condition, capable of bliss and misery; to be made confirmed blessed spirits above, when the time of probation is over, if you have kept the commandments of God; or, to live with Lucifer and the apostates for ever in darkness and woe, if you have not fought the good fight, and kept the faith; therefore, do all that piety and goodness can do in this life. Re-

allow the authority of the sacred books; the few places that have the marks of weakness, only serve

solve by the advice of the gospel, and let nothing in nature be able to divert the execution, but a countermand from the same authority. I speak to the rich and gay, who nightly visit the resplendent and delusive scenes of vitiated life, among the higher orders; as well as to others who frequent the dances given at fairs and sixpenny hops as they are termed; where people of both sexes, of low and middling condition, assemble together, to their destruction in all respects. Here the ruin of many an honest tradesman's daughter commences; and from being men of pleasure at these places, idle young fellows come by degrees to the gallows. Their morals are here corrupted, their time is wasted, and money must be got some way or other, to answer the expences. The women there, are for the most part loose characters, and the greatest part of the men, pickpockets and gamblers; nor do they keep themselves sober; for the last time I looked into one of their dancing rooms, to see how it was with my kind, one night, as I was walking home, I saw some of the men fuddled, fighting for the women; and several unhappy girls, so drunk, they could not stand. The whole was a sad scene.

But you, who are great, honourable, and rational, may be called on, I suppose, to stay every wandering or illicit thought, every inconsiderate word, and to bring

to convince us, that the divine writers of the books made not the least pretension to perpetual inspira-

every intended action before the supreme bar of righteous and impartial reason. You may, perhaps, remember what I beg leave to tell you, that you live under a threefold duty to God, to your neighbours, and to yourselves: and of consequence, that you must flee all those pleasures, and diversions, and alienation of mind, which usually obstruct the love of God, his fear, and honour; that you must have no immoderate desires, which may tempt you to violate the laws of justice and charity; and in the regimen of yourselves, that you must observe a strict moderation and temperance, and make your whole life an oblation, and submission to the will of God. This advice I humbly offer to those intelligent, immortal beings, who waste their precious hours in routs and spectacles, and in every species of plays and sports, frolic it all the long day.

Philip de Limborch, a remonstrant divine, and professor of Theology, was born June 19, 1633. He was a learned and excellent man, and hath written the following excellent books: *Systeme Complet de la Theologie*, which was translated into English, and printed in 8vo. *Collatio Amica de Veritate Religionis Christianæ, cum Erudito Judæo.* At the end of this, is an account of Uriel Acosta, a Portuguese deist, who had been a Jew, and Limborch's *Defence of Christianity* against Acosta's objections. This remarkable life and defence of revealed

tion. "In suo sensu abundat aliquid humanæ fragilitatis dissentio habet;" says Jerome. Human religion were translated into English in the year 1740. But the *Collatio* has not been published in English by any one: at least I never saw such a thing: and for this reason, I have begun a translation of it, and intend to finish it with many notes on the arguments of the two disputants; if death, or sickness, do not hinder. *L'Histoire de ce Terrible Tribunal l'Inquisition*; that is *The History of the Inquisition*; was translated into English by Samuel Chandler*, a dissenting minister; who prefixed,

* This gentleman is still living, [1756,] and greatly to be honoured, on account of several other excellent writings, in defence of true piety, and the gospel of Christ. His *Vindication of the History of the Old Testament* against Dr. Morgan. His *Discourse of the Nature and Use of Miracles*; and his *Answer* to Anthony Collins' *Grounds and Reasons of the Christian Religion*, his *Re-examination of the Witnesses of the Resurrection*, his *Commentary on Joel*, his two sermons called *The Notes of the Church*, in the second volume of the Salter's Hall *Sermons against Popery*, his *Sermon on Superstition*, and two funeral sermons; one on the death of Dr. Hadfield, 'For the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life, through Jesus Christ our Lord.' *Romans*, ch. vi. v. 23. The other on the death of Mr. Smyth. 'Who shall change our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto his glorious

frailty and their own sense honestly appear, when there was not an occasion for infallibility and

in an introduction, a *History of Persecution*, that cannot be sufficiently praised, or enough admired. The History and introduction were published in 4to, in 1731, and the introduction was afterwards re-printed in 8vo.

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body, according to the working whereby he is able to subdue all things to himself.' *Phil.* ch. iii. v. 21. are all fine pieces, well written, with a sense and spirit, that renders all Mr. Chandler's performances very valuable; and therefore, they highly merit the attentive reading of every gentleman. Some other things written by this minister I mentioned in my *Memoirs of Several Ladies of Great Britain*, 1755, 8vo. p. 73, to which the reader is referred.

Reader, on *The Resurrection of Jesus*, first read bishop Sherlock's *Trial of the Witnesses*, and Tipping's *Defence of the Trial*: then take up Mr. Chandler's piece; and when you have seriously read it, see what Dr. Pearce, bishop of Rochester, says on this subject in the first part of his *Four Discourses on the Miracles*; add to them Grove's *Sermons on the Resurrection*; and I imagine, these fine little pieces will give you satisfaction: if a doubt should still remain, open Mr. West's fine book on the Article, and I think you will be easy as to this point. Reduce the strength of what they all say to a few written arguments, and keep them for use.

miracle. But whenever the preachers of the *New Testament* were wanted for the extraordinary pur-

and again by Atmore, in 1813, 8vo. *Commentarius in Acta Apostolorum et in Epistolas ad Romanos et Hebræos*, printed in folio. This is one of the most valuable books in Christian learning; strong and beautiful; just and rational. Let it stand next your bible in your study, and when you sit down to the *Acts of the Apostles*, and the *Epistles to the Romans and Hebrews*, let Limborch's *Commentary* be open before you, and you will be improved and charmed.

Let me likewise advise you, reader, to open, at the same time, Dr. Sykes *on the Hebrews*; a glorious performance; and his most excellent book *on Redemption*: these two have been published very lately. By the way, Dr. Sykes's *Essay upon the Truth of the Christian Religion*, is one of the best, if not the best, of all the good things that have been published for revelation; and his *Connexion and Discourse on the Miracles*, are admirable.

See likewise his *Essay on Sacrifices*, his *True Foundations of Natural and Revealed Religion*, his *Two Defences of Clarke's Exposition of the Catechism*, his *Phlegon*, his *Two Previous Questions, and Defence of the Two Questions of Dr. Middleton* against *Dr. Chapman, Dr. Church, and Mr. Dodwell*. These, and all his pieces, are delightful, useful learning. They illustrate revelation, and give a just and charming account of the Christian religion.

Limborch wrote some other small things, as Letters,

poses of divine providence, they were made superior to the infirmities of nature: their understand-

Prefaces, and Essays. Among the former those addressed by him to Locke are excellent; that on Liberty or Power, was too much even for that distinguished and profound philosopher. But his most celebrated Letter to Locke, in which Limborch gave the history of his arguments, used in bringing back an ingenious lady to Christianity, who had been converted to Judaism, has not been published. It has been seen by several, but is now probably irretrievably lost.

In 1675, Limborch published the valuable works of his master Etienne de Courcelles, an Arminian divine. Courcelles, born in 1586, succeeded Simon Episcopius, who died April 4, 1643; as pastor to the Church of the Remonstrants in Holland, but Courcelles dying May 29, 1659, was followed by Arnold Poelemberg, who was succeeded on his death in 1667, by Limborch; who in 1693, published the *Sermons* of Episcopius, in a large folio, to which he not only prefixed a preface, but an admirable *Life* of Episcopius, which was published separately, in 8vo. Arnoldus Poelemburg, the writer of the Life of Courcelles, prefixed to his works, in 1675; was a learned and pious man. His *Dissertatio Epistolaris contra Hoornbeekium*, and his *Examen Thesium Spanhemii*, are fine things. His preface to the second volume of Episcopius's *Theological Works*, is excellent; and in a valuable book called *Epistolæ*

ings were enlarged and enlightened and an inspired knowledge rendered them incapable of error. This,

Præstantium Virorum, you will find many letters by Poelemburgh, that are extremely beautiful, in respect of the charms of his style, and his judicious manner of treating his subjects.

The best thing of Courcelles is his *Quaternio Dissertationum Theologicarum*, in which he treats, as an able, rational divine, of the Trinity, Original Sin, the Knowledge of Jesus Christ, and Justification. The next in value to this, are his *Institutiones Religionis Christianæ; Diatribe de Jesu Sanguinis; Vindiciæ contra Amyraldum;* and *Avis d'un Personage Desinteressè;* in which he acted the Mediator between the Calvinists and Arminians; but without success. It is a vain attempt to unite parties. Every party is a church, and infallible in its own conceit. Happy they that are of no party, but devoted to Jesus Christ only, and his plain gospel; doing their best to be pure and good, even as the Lord Jesus Christ was pure and good, and worshiping God the Father Almighty, in the name of Jesus, as his disciples, without speculating, inventing, or perplexing ourselves with imaginations. This was our Lord's direction. When you pray, say, Our Father, whatever ye ask in my name, without holiness no man shall see the Lord. Here it is, gentlemen of the laity, as the doctors call us, and will have us to be an inferior tribe to them. Adhere to these few, plain things, and

in my judgment, is so far from ruining the authority of scripture, that it is the greatest confirmation of

you will be for ever happy, though the church damns you by bell, book, and candle-light.

The learned and pious Henry Dodwell, who was some time fellow of Trinity-College, Dublin; and Camden Professor of History in Oxford, till he was ejected for refusing to take the oaths to King William; was born at Dublin, in October 1641. His works are the following: *Prolegomena ad Tractatum Joannis Stearnii de Constantia in Rebus Adversis. Two Letters of Advice on going into Holy Orders, and Theological Studies, with a Tract concerning Sanchoniatho. Considerations of Present Concernment, how far the Romanists may be Trusted by Princes of another Persuasion. An Account of the Fundamental Principle of Popery, and an Answer to six queries proposed to a Lady by a Romish Priest. Separation of Churches from Episcopal Government Schismatical, and a Defence of it. Dissertations on St. Cyprian. A Dissertation on a passage of Lactantius. A Treatise of the Priesthood of Laics. Additional Discourses to the Posthumous works of Dr. Pearson,* published by Dodwell. *Dissertations on Irenæus. A Vindication of the Deprived Bishops,* Sancroft, Lloyd, Turner, Ken, Frampton, White; to whom succeeded Tillotson, Moore, Patrick, Kidder, Fowler, Cumberland; and a *Defence*

its truth. It shews the honesty of the preachers of the new Testament, in owning they were only occa-

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of the Vindication. Four Camdenian Lectures, called *Prælectiones Academica. The Annals of Velleius Paterculus, &c. An Account of the Lesser Geographers. The Lawfulness of Church Music. An Account of the Greek and Roman Cycle. A Letter against Toland, relative to the Canon of the New Testament. The Annals of Thucydides and Zenophon:* and an *Apology for the Philosophical Works of Cicero. A Letter on the Soul to Mr. Layton,* and a *Letter to Dr. Tillotson on Schism. Two Dissertations on the Age of Phalaris and Pythagoras. An Admonition to Foreigners concerning Schism. An Epistolary Discourse to prove the Soul a Principle naturally Mortal, but Immortalized by its Union with the Divine Baptismal Spirit; that the Bishops only can give this Immortalizing Spirit; and that Sacerdotal Absolution is Necessary for the Remission of Sins. Three Treatises in Defence of the Epistolary Discourse.*

These are the works of the learned Dodwell. Some are very valuable, many of them good for nothing; and all of them written with great perplexity; without any beauty of stile, or any order. Dodwell's learning was very great, but beside the singularity of his notions, which he affected, his learning lay like a lump of puzzled silk in his head, and he could draw few useful

sionally inspired: and when the incredulous see the ingenuous acknowledgment of what is human in the inspired writings, the truth of our religion must be more conspicuous to their eyes: whereas the truths of the Testament are hid from them, by making God the dictator of the whole; because they think that impossible, and therefore conclude, the Christian religion has no better foundation. In short there is no reason to believe that the apostles were extraordinarily inspired, when they say it not; and when their discourses have in them no mark of such like inspiration. It is sufficient, says Le Clerc, if we believe that, no prophet of the New Testament has

threads. Dodwell in the fifty-second year of his age, married a very young girl, the daughter of a gentleman, in whose house he boarded in the country; having been her preceptor for five years; from a regard to her fine understanding, and by her had ten children. Two sons and four daughters survived him; one of the sons is the present [1756] rector of Shottesbrook, well known by the title of ORTHODOX DODWELL, on account of his writings for the fathers against Dr. Middleton; and to distinguish him from the author of a bad book, finely written [by Tindal], called, *Christianity not Founded on Argument.*

Dodwell, the elder, died at Shottesbrooke, June 7, 1711; aged 70

said any thing in the name of God, or by his order, which God has not effectually ordered him to say; nor has undertaken to foretel any thing, which God had not indeed truly revealed to him: that every matter of fact related in the books is true, and the records, in general, the truest and most holy history that ever was published amongst men, notwithstanding the writers may be mistaken in some slight circumstances: that all the doctrines proposed are really and truly divine doctrines, and there is no sort of reasoning in the dogmatical places of the Holy Scriptures, that can lead us into error, or into the belief of any thing that is false, or contrary to piety; that Jesus Christ was absolutely infallible, as well as free from all sin, because of the Godhead that was always united to him, and which perpetually inspired him; insomuch, that all he taught is as certain as if God himself had pronounced; and in the last place, that God did not often dictate to the apostles the very words which they should use. These five heads are enough to believe. We allow in these things the authority of the Holy Scriptures, and they who affirm more are deceived*.

* Let me recommend to you, reader, two large volumes written in an epistolary form; the first, is *Sentimens de Quelques Theologiens d'Hollande sur*

The case is the same as to differences, want of exactness, and small mistakes. We may justly

l'Histoire Critique du Vieux Testament, et de Nouveau Testament, par P. R. Simon, and the second *Defense des Sentimens contre Bolville*. These are fine books: my reason for mentioning them, is, that the eleventh and twelfth letters in the former, are on the Inspiration of the Sacred Writers; and the tenth and eleventh letters in the *Defence, &c.* are a continuation of the subject in a very extraordinary manner, i. e. by giving a solid demonstration of the truth of our religion, without interesting it in this controversy, by clearly proving, that the Christian religion is true, though the apostles had not been continually inspired. Le Clerc, was the author of these works; and the letters here spoken of were translated into English, and printed in 1690, in duodecimo. Some account of Le Clerc and his writings, will be found in the *Memoirs of Several Ladies of Great Britain*, pp. 356. 358.

The famous Father Richard Simon, who wrote the *Critical History of the Old Testament*, was born at Dieppe, 13th of May 1638, became a priest of the Oratory, and was the author of many learned works, which a general reader should be no stranger to. His *Lettres Choisies*, his *Bibliotheque Critique*, and his *Nouvelle Bibliotheque Choisie*, in which there is much curious learning, mixed with a no less portion of prejudice, are still worthy of commendation. Simon was a

celebrate the harmony or agreement of the sacred writers, with regard to the principal transactions by

great man, and bad as the *Histoire Critique*, is in respect of design, it is a learned work, and of great use to those, who have heads fit to use it. Simon died at Dieppe, April 7, 1712. Herman Witsius, who defended Simon in his *Miscellanea Sacra*, by abusing Le Clerc, was a Doctor in Divinity and Professor of the faculty at Francker, and beside the *Miscellanea Sacra*, published some other works, entitled, *Œconomia Fœderum, &c. Exercitationes Sacræ in Orationem Dominicum*; and *Ægyptiaca*. If like me, reader, you have nothing else to do but read, I advise you to read them as curious things; there is learning, though not much good in them. See M. Mark's *Funeral Oration on Witsius*. Simon's *Eloge* you will find in the *Journal Litter.* tom. 3. p. 225. And if you have a critical head I recommend to you Father Simon's *Dissertation Critique* against Du Pin's *Nouvelle Bibliotheque des Auteurs Ecclesiastiques*: it is an arch piece of criticism, though it does not hurt Du Pin's *Bibliotheque*.

The learned and excellent Louis Ellies Du Pin, author of the valuable *Bibliotheque Ecclesiastique*, was born June 17, 1657, and died at Paris, June 16, 1719, aged 62. He wrote many other excellent works: but the *Bibliotheque Nouvelle des Auteurs Ecclesiastique*, from Jesus Christ to the year 1710, printed in thirty-five

them mentioned, as a strong proof of the integrity of the evangelists, and of the certainty of the

volumes in 8vo, was the principal labour of his life. The best edition in English of this fine work, is that printed by Grierson, at Dublin in folio.

The other works of Du Pin are *Dissertation Preliminaire ou Prolegomenes sur la Bible*, in three volumes, 8vo. *De Antiqua Ecclesiæ Disciplina, in seven Dissertations. De la Puissance Ecclesiastique et Temporelle. La Doctrine Chretienne et Orthodoxe. Notes on the Pentateuch. Les Pseaumes en Latin, et des Notes*, in 8vo. *Version François des Pseaumes, avec des Notes. A Defence of his Notes on the Psalms.*

He edited in folio, the Works of Optatus Aser, a Numidian bishop, who was living anno 368; to this edition, he prefixed an History of the Donatists, and the Sacred Geography of Africa. He also superintended the edition of Gerson's works in five volumes folio; to which he joined a work of his own, called *Gersoniana*; containing the Life of Gerson, the History of his Times, and the doctrines and Lives of Contemporary Authors. *Critique sur l'Histoire d'Apollonius de Tyanne. Une Lettre sur l'Ancienne Discipline touchant la Messe. Un Traite de l'Excommunication. Une Histoire de l'Eglise en Abregè. Une Histoire Profane depuis les Tems les Plus Reculez jusqu'a Present. Une Analyse de l'Apocalypse, avec des Dissertations sur Differentes Matieres Curieuses. Une Histoire*

fact. This evinces the truth of Christianity: but in matters of very small moment, we must allow a want of accuracy, or slips of memory, or different informations. This cannot hurt the authority of the gospels, as it proves the honesty of the writers by shewing they did not compose by compact: and I think, that some of the evangelists having been

du xvii *Siecle. Un Traite de l'Amour de Dieu;* and *Bibliotheque des Historiens Profanes.* Of this last work, he did not publish more than two volumes, which have been translated into English: and so far as he went are so well done, that it is to be lamented, that he did not finish his noble design. As to his edition of Basnage's *Histoire des Juifs*, without mentioning the name of Basnage, and his making many alterations in it contrary to its author's mind, it brought on him a severe castigation from Basnage; as I mentioned in my account of the writings of that writer, in my *Memoirs of Several Ladies of Great-Britain*, p. 350; where I referred the reader to a fine piece, called the *Histoire des Juifs reclaimè.*

Note: next to the *Bibliotheque des Auteurs Ecclesiastiques*, the best books of Du Pin are, his *Seven Dissertations de Antiqua Disciplina Ecclesiæ:* in Latin, in one volume, 4to, and his *Puissance Ecclesiastique et Temporelle;* in one volume, 8vo. In these volumes, he works the pope in a fine manner, as to supremacy and infallibility.

eye-witnesses of, and actors in the facts of the several gospels; and others having written for the information of those who had got a perfect information of all things from the very beginning, is an argument solid and rational for the credibility of the evangelical history. It is sufficient. I am sure it is better to allow this, than to say the writers of the four gospels were mere organs, when the little omissions and inaccuracies observable in their records, cannot be accounted for, if we suppose that God conveyed the facts and truths through them, as pipes, to the world. It must needs be a perfect work, which the spirit of God directs.

As to St. Mark and St. John's accounts, I see no contradiction in the relations. St. John says, reckoning as the Romans did, as he was then in Asia, and Jerusalem destroyed; that at the sixth hour, that is, six o'clock in the morning, he brought Jesus out to them again, the last time and strove to mitigate the rage of the Jews, and save the life of Christ: but as this was what he could not do, he washed his hands before them all, to let them know he was not the author of the innocent man's death, and after that delivered him up to the soldiers, to be crucified, when they had scourged him.

When all this was done, says St. Mark, reckoning in the Jewish manner; it was the third hour,

that is nine o'clock in the morning, and they crucified him. This perfectly reconciles the two evangelists. There is no sign of a contradiction in the places.

As to St. Matthew and St. Mark's accounts of the resurrection of Jesus, they are not so free from obscurity, but I can see no inconsistency in them. If St. Matthew says, "the Lord appeared to Mary Magdalene, and the other Mary," that might be, without a contradiction, though St. Mark says, "he appeared first to Mary Magdalene." The case to me appears to be this. Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, and the other women, went with spices and ointments to embalm the body, Sunday the 28th of April, early in the morning, about six and thirty hours after it had been laid in the sepulchre, and when they arrived at the place, found not the body, but two angels, as young men in white apparel, who told them Jesus of Nazareth was risen to life again, as he himself foretold, and therefore they must make haste to his apostles, to acquaint them with the news, and let them know that they would see him in Galilee, according to his prediction. With these joyful tidings the women hastened away to the eleven disciples, and related to them what they had heard and seen. The apostles looked upon this account as a dream or vision;

but however, on Mary Magdalene's assuring Peter and John apart, that she had really been in the tomb, and found it empty; from whence it was most certain, that either Jesus was risen, or they had removed his body; these apostles ran both to the sepulchre, and Mary Magdalene went with them. Peter and John then saw, that it was as she had affirmed, and after they had viewed the tomb, the clothes, and the napkin, returned from the sepulchre, greatly wondering what was become of their master's body; but Mary continued at the monument, lamenting very greatly, that she could not see Jesus either alive or dead, and while she thus bemoaned herself, the Lord appeared to her. As St. Mark says "Jesus appeared first to Mary Magdalene, out of whom he had cast out seven devils;" and after she had reverenced her dear Lord and master, he bid her go immediately to his disciples, and tell them she had seen him: "let them also know that I have assured thee, I shall quickly leave this world, and ascend to the God and Father of us all, my Father and your Father, my God and your God, unto those happy mansions where he manifests his presence in a most especial manner; there to receive full power over all things both in heaven and earth, and to prepare a place for you; that where I am, there ye may be also."

Mary accordingly departed. She told the apostles that Jesus had appeared to her, and acquainted them with the joyful message.

As to the other women, it is evident that they likewise went a second time to the sepulchre, to look for the body of their master, and having in vain searched for it, were returning to the apostles to let them know they had enquired to no purpose, when Jesus himself met them, saying "All hail." Does not this reconcile Mark's account with Matthew's? I think so. To me it is so very plain from what all the sacred relators have declared of the matter, that I am astonished how Jerome could be so perplexed with the two accounts, as to say, that Mark's account, which constitutes the last twelve verses of his gospel; might be rejected here as spurious, because it was found only in a few copies of that gospel, and contradicted the other evangelists. Non recipimus Marci testimonium, quod in raris fertur evangeliis, præsertim cum diversa atque contraria evangelistis ceteris narrare videatur.

In the next place, if the account I have given was liable to any objection, and you could shew me that it was not the truth of the case; which, at present, I think impossible: If it was evident from the gospels, that the women were not a second time at the tomb, but that Jesus appeared to Mary Magda-

lene and the other women, the first time they were all there together, yet this may be, as I apprehend, without Mark's contradicting Matthew. The meaning of the words of Mark, " he appeared first to Mary Magdalene" might be, that as she and the women were returning from the monument, to tell the news to the apostles, Jesus appeared to them, and in particular, addressed himself to Mary Magdalene; directing his discourse to her, and speaking familiarly and affectionately to her, to distinguish her as his constant follower in his life-time, and one on whom he had worked a great miracle of healing. This, I imagine might very justly be termed " he appeared first to Mary Magdalene" To appear first to any one of a company, as I take it, is to come up to, or stand before some particular person, in order to speak to such person. This, in my imagination, removes the difficulty, and reconciles Mark to Matthew; but to this explication I prefer the women's being a second time at the sepulchre: that is, Mary Magdalene a second time, when Peter and John went to the tomb, on what she had earnestly told them apart: and afterwards, the other Mary, Salome, Joanna, &c. a second time. The gospels, in my opinion, make this very plain *.

* Long since my conversation with Mr. Berrisfort, I

"What has been said," rejoined Mr. BERRISFORT, "seems plausible, and ought to satisfy every honest man. It gives me content: but there is one thing still that perplexes me, and that is the various lections of the New Testament. Do they not hurt the book?"

"No: I replied, "notwithstanding the cry of infidels, and that some learned men of the church of Rome have endeavoured to shake the credit of the two testaments, and to bring the people to the papal chair, to know the truth, on account of the various readings; yet, nevertheless, they are rather an advantage and security to the sacred text than a detriment to the written word. They corroborate the authority of the sacred book, and give it additional advantages.

have seen an excellent book, written by the learned minister of Maybole, in which he labours, through several 4to. pages, from p. 213, to reconcile Mark and Matthew, by virtue of a second visit to the monument by Mary Magdalene, when the Lord appeared first to her; and a second visit to the sepulchre by the other women, when Jesus appeared next to those women; and in my opinion, he has proved it, beyond a possibility of rational reply. See Macknight's *Harmony*. Le Clerc, in his *Harmony*, does likewise evince the thing clearly to conviction.

" It is a truth that there are many various readings in Terence, Livy, Virgil, Cæsar, Thucydides, Homer, Plutarch, and others, yet who denies the genuineness and great use of those noble authors of sense and politeness? who is so hardy as to question whether the works universally ascribed to them be their own and the product of those immortal wits? On the contrary, men of thought and clear heads, conversant in those studies, will agree that those authors of antiquity of which there are the most various readings, are rendered the most pure and correct. And why should not the various readings of the Bible rather lead men of sound learning and judgment to the true meaning of the divine writers, than endanger their mistaking their genuine language and sense.

" Where there are several readings, it is highly probable one of them is the original; and it is easier by their help to rectify the mistakes of some copies, for when we have only one manuscript, there may be scope for fancy; but none for judicious comparison and well-grounded criticism.

" Style and language may be distinguished by a happy genius of natural sagacity, improved by true learning and proper application, as well as statues, pictures and medals. No age can counterfeit Cicero, Terence, St. Mark, St. John, St. Paul, no more than

a counterfeit picture, or medal, can be imposed on and deceive the complete masters and judges of those ingenious professions and sciences.

"Secondly, there is nothing in the various lections that affects the essentials of religion, or can imply a considerable depravation of the copies, that alters or weakens one moral contained in the divine books. And therefore, though it cannot with reason be supposed, that God Almighty should work perpetual miracles to prevent the mistakes and blunders of every careless or corrupt hand, of those numerous transcribers of those sacred volumes, no more than by a resistless power and restraint to prevent all the errors and villanies committed by free and accountable creatures; yet the argument receives strength, that notwithstanding the innumerable variations, mistakes and contradictions in small matters, the all-seeing eye of Providence has so watched his own blessed and glorious revelations to mankind, that all the transcripts of that divine volume agree in the essential doctrine and grand design of Christianity. This is a truth that Infidels and Papists cannot disprove.

"I observe in the last place, that exclusive of the care of Providence, there could not possibly happen any detriment to our sacred records by various readings: for though in an innumerable

number of copies of the gospel that were made before printing was known, and in the many translations of it into several languages, where the idioms are different, and the phrase may be mistaken, it was almost impossible there should not be various lections, and slips of amanuenses, yet the sacred volumes in the early ages of Christianity, were disposed into innumerable hands, translated into so many languages, kept in so many libraries, churches, and in private families of believers, and so carefully preserved and revered as the authentic deeds and charters of eternal happiness, that they were not capable of being falsified.

" Nor could those inestimable copies, scattered as they were over the then discovered world, and in the noble language so universally known and acceptable, be liable to hazards, by sudden revolutions and public disasters; because those convulsions and surprizing calamities, could not happen alike in every country at one time.

" Neither could a general corruption of manners, a spirit of profuseness or superstition, nor the wicked example, and strong influence of tyrannical princes, of an apostate clergy, and atheistical ministers of state, prevail over many distant and independent nations, to endeavour to corrupt and destroy their sacred book.

"On the contrary, we are to consider that Christianity was the ecclesiastical law of all Christian nations under the sun. The great law which assured to them their religious rights and properties, their claims and titles to immortality, to the inheritance of the saints in light, an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away, reserved for them in the heavens. Which, to every one that deserves the name of man and Christian must be infinitely more dear than titles to lands on this earth. For men are naturally more watchful in a matter so dear to them, and every believer would think himself concerned, no more to let a change of consequence to pass uncorrected, than the children of this world, who are wisest in their generation, would overlook a flaw in deeds of sale, or contract, which would assert their title, and evacuate the main intention of making such indentures.

The primitive Christians must be supposed to be exceeding watchful and jealous that no corruption or abuses should be put on that sacred book, more dear and valuable to them than all other interests and treasures. When these brave champions of the cross were brought to the tribunals of the heathen persecutors, and were commanded to deliver their Bible to the flames, they most courageously refused

it, and gave their bodies to be burnt rather than the divine book.

"In short, it is easier to suppose, a new Bible or a new statute book might be imposed at this time of day upon this nation, without discovery, than to suppose a forged gospel, a New Testament corrupted so far as to be insufficient for the good ends Providence designed by it, could be imposed on the universal Christian world. It is easier to suppose that any forgery might creep into the municipal law of any particular nation, than that all the nations, whither Christianity is spread, should conspire in the corruption of the gospel: which most sacred institution is to all Christians of infinitely greater concern and value than their temporal laws, and all the secular immunities and privileges which they secure to them.

"And without such a wicked concert, or such an astonishing carelessness and negligence in all Christian people and nations supposed, which would be a monstrous supposition. No such forgery, no such alteration of essentials could pass undiscovered in the gospel, which was spread in the hands, hearts, and memories of myriads of rational devout Christians of all ranks, qualities and sex, was constantly read in private families, frequently explained

in schools, and daily used in public divine offices. It was impossible then in the nature of things that there could be any such alterations or corruptions introduced into the sacred text as would affect its doctrines, morals, or truth of its historical relations, or defeat the blessed end and design of the gospel revelation in any period of time, from the beginning of Christianity to this present age *.

" And if from this unanswerable way of reasoning in defence of the genuine purity of the sacred scriptures, we look next upon the Providence of the Great God in this important case, is it not consonant to sound sense, and the notions that rational

* For further Satisfaction on this Article, and to be convinced that the books of the *New Testament*, as we now have them, are the word of God, see, reader, Blackwell on *The Sacred Classics*, and Jones's *Method of Settling the Canonical Authority of the Testament*. By the way, if Jacob Ilive, who stood in the pillory, the 30th of June, 1756, for writing and publishing a thing called *Modest Remarks on* (Dr. Sherlock) *the bishop of London's Sermons in a letter to his lordship*, had read with attention the books I have mentioned, and Dr. Lardner's *Credibility of the Gospel-History*, he would not, I imagine, have composed a pamphlet, that manifests not only an impious licentiousness, but an ignorance at once great and despicable, in relation to the subjects he pretended to write on.

creatures must have of the supreme and all-perfect Being, firmly to believe that the same goodness and providence, which took care for the writing, would likewise take care for preserving these inestimable books, so free at least from corruption, that they might be sufficient for the gracious ends for which they were written, and be able to make us wise to salvation? I think so. To me it is evident, that since infinite goodness was pleased to reveal a religion, that teaches men to know Jehovah to be the true God, and to know Jesus Christ, whom he hath sent; his providence must not only preserve the book on which the doctrine depends, but so secure it from corruption, as to render it a plain rule to mankind. While there is a Providence, the Holy Scriptures will remain the sacred and unalterable standard of true religion."

"What you say," replied Mr. BERRISFORT, "seems to me to be true. I have nothing to object. But once more, let me ask you, in respect of the ascension, which followed the resurrection of Jesus, is it not very strange, that this is not mentioned by any of the apostles who are said to have been eye-witnesses of the fact, but *Luke* and *Mark* only are the relators of the thing, who were not apostles, and had all they wrote from the information of the apostles. If the apostles, *Matthew* and *John*, did

really see with their eyes the Lord Jesus taken up from them into heaven, might we not expect, that they would write the history of that still more wonderful transaction, as well as they had so exactly related the resurrection of Jesus? for the men, who stood gazing up into heaven, after the Lord was carried up in a cloud, as *Luke* says they did, not to mention so very wonderful and interesting an affair in their gospels; and men who did not see the thing, to relate it as a part of the history they had received from the apostles; this is what astonishes me. If it was a truth, surely so important a one ought not to be omitted by those who saw it: since *Matthew* and *John* did write histories of Christ, why should they be silent on this grand article, and take no notice of it in their records? What do you say to this?'

"I will tell you," I replied; "in the first place, nostrum non est providentiæ divinæ rationes reddere. Placuit spiritue sancto ita dirigere calamos Matthæi et Joannis, ut narratione resurrectionis dominicæ evangelia sua concluderent. Sic refert Limborch. It does not become us to call Providence to account, or assign the ways it ought to act in: infinite wisdom thought fit to appoint, that *Matthew* and *John* should end their gospels with the relation of our Lord's resurrection: the resurrection

demonstrated the divine mission of Jesus Christ. To it, as a proof the most valid, and unexceptionable, our Lord referred the Jews, and therefore, to it, as the great fundamental, *Matthew* and *John* appealed: they proved it by declaring that they had conversed with Jesus Christ after he arose from the sepulchre; and when that was proved, there could be no dispute about any thing else. The divinity of the Christian religion, and the ascension and glory of their Lord, rest on this base. All the blessings likewise of the gospel, regeneration, our resurrection, and life eternal, are ascribed by the apostles, Peter and Paul, to the resurrection of Christ; and for these reasons, to be sure, when John had described his Lord's resurrection, he added, 'and many other signs truly did Jesus in the presence of his disciples, which are not written in this book. But these are written, that ye might believe that Jesus is the Christ, the Son of God, and that believing, ye might have life through his name.' We must allow then, that the account of the ascension by *Luke* and *Mark*, may be authentic, though not mentioned by *Matthew* and *John*.

"In the next place, St. *John* is not totally silent as to the ascension of our Lord. In his sixth chapter, ver. 62, it is written 'What and if ye shall see the Son of Man ascend up where he was

before?' and in the 7th chapter, ver. 39th. 'But this spake he of the Spirit, which they that believe in him should receive. For the Holy Ghost was not yet given, because that Jesus was not yet glorified.' Here most certainly the apostle speaks of the ascension of his Master, and though he did not write the history of it, yet, not obscurely, says the thing was to be; which confirms the accounts of St. Luke and St. Mark. And since, in the 14th and 15th chapters of St. John, ver. 16 and 26, the apostle declares, that Jesus foretold he would send to them, his disciples, the Comforter or Holy Spirit from the Father, after his ascension to heaven; and that the apostles demonstrated by miracles, after the death of their Lord, that they had received this Comforter or divine Spirit, it follows, that the ascension and glorification of Jesus is as much asserted and confirmed by the gospel of St. *John*, as if that apostle, like *Luke*, had wrote the history of it. This is evident to me, and I think, it is not possible to dispute it.

"The sum of the whole is, that the prejudices of the pious, and the arts of the crafty and interested, have defaced the true gospel of Christ, and substituted human notions and consequences in the place of divine revelation: but let us strip the sacred records of the false glosses and systems,

with which the theorists have covered it, and allow the enemy, that the apostles, sometimes wanting the unerring spirit of their Master, were liable to slight mistakes, and inadvertencies, in the representation of ordinary events; that they did, sometimes, by too great an affection for their Master's doctrine, strain some things, and cite prophecies that did not relate to Jesus in any sense at all;*— let this be done to remove incumbrances, to clear

* Let us now see, says a great man and upright Christian, what use the enemies of Christianity have endeavoured to make of the prophecies, as the evangelists apply them; and what answer the truth of the case will oblige us to give to them.

They assert that the foundation of the Christian religion is laid by the evangelists, on the proof of this point, that the mission and character of Jesus were foretold by the prophets; and that the validity of this proof depends entirely on the force of those particular prophecies which the same evangelists have applied to the illustration of it, in their several gospels. Upon this hypothesis, the enemy undertakes to shew, that the prophecies, so applied by them, do not at all relate to Jesus, in their proper and literal signification, but only in secondary, typical, and figurative sense: but then this way of interpreting them is equivocal, precarious, and incapable of yielding any rational satisfaction; and of consequence Christianity has no foundation. Such

up difficulties, and to answer objections otherwise unanswerable, and the writings of the apostles will

is the use the enemy make of the prophecies applied by the evangelists.

In truth, if we admit that Christianity has no other foundation than what its enemies assign it, it might not perhaps be difficult for them to make good the rest: for upon that supposition, many objections are thrown in our way, which it is scarce possible to get rid of. But while they fancy themselves to be demolishing foundations, they are battering only such parts of the edifice, as serve for its ornaments rather than its support: and had the enemy gone farther, and shewn that some of the prophecies cited by Matthew did not relate to Jesus in any sense at all, they would have done no more than what some of the primitive fathers, as well as modern critics had done before them, without designing or doing the least hurt to Christianity.

Jesus declared in general, that Moses and the prophets had testified of him: but since the evangelists did not think it necessary to give a precise account, or deduction of the several prophecies, which were alleged by him in proof of that declaration, it is sufficient to take it, just as we find it, without thinking ourselves obliged to defend all the particular instances or applications, which were offered afterwards in support of it by fallible men. Whiston, in his *Literal Accomplishment of the Scripture Prophecies*, has produced forty-five prophecies from the *Old Testament*, which are cited in the New, in proof

appear to be a globe of light from heaven; to irradiate the human understanding, and conduct the

of the Messiahship of Jesus, and which he declares to have been clearly and directly fulfilled, without the least pretence of any reply from any author whatsoever. Now if any number of these, how small soever, are found to be as clearly accomplished, as he takes them to be, they are sufficient to support the authority of the gospel, though all the rest were thrown aside.

But to say the truth, the grounds of our faith, in these latter ages of the church, do not lie in the particular interpretations of prophecies, made by men, who might be mistaken, and who, as Jerome* says more

* St. Jerome is one of the four great doctors of the Latin church, who support the magnificent bronze chair of St. Peter, in this saint's church in Rome. The other three doctors are St. Augustin, St. Ambrose, and St. Gregory. Great might be the piety of those doctors, for any thing I can say to the contrary: but this is certain, from their writings, that they did not understand Christianity.

St. Jerome, born at Stridon, in Dalmatia, in the year 340; was a hot, abusive man, and quarrelled even with St. Augustin. In his disputes, he is more like a madman than a saint, and ever in the wrong. He wrote *comments* on all the prophets, Ecclesiastes, St. Matthew, and the epistles to the Galatians, Ephesians, Titus, and Philemon; but they are sad stuff in respect

sons of men to the realms of bliss. Their lessons are the dictates of the Spirit of God: their sanctions

than once, by trusting to their memories, in citing these very prophecies, were frequently mistaken in the words,

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of some modern performances. Compare them with the comments of Dr. Clarke, Locke, Dr. Benson, and others of our country, and you will see what a poor creature this saint was in respect of our English divines and philosophers. He translated the *Old Testament* into Latin from the Hebrew; without understanding the Hebrew well: and he corrected the antient Latin version of the *New Testament*. This is far from being correct, though the church of Rome has decreed it to be infallible, and appointed it to be used in the church. The best and most useful thing this saint hath written is his *Treatise of Illustrious Men*; which contains a summary of the lives, and the titles of the books, written by ecclesiastical authors, to his time. The next in worth to this, in my opinion, is his book of letters; in which are several fine moral sentiments, and much good advice; though his criticisms on the Bible in this work are weak enough. He will have it, that it was *wisdom*, and not a young woman, that David took into bed to him, when he was old and cold; which is a mere fancy, that plainly contradicts the history of that affair in the Bible. But St. Jerome, in his *Letters*, tells us, he abhorred a woman, as much as Mrs. Astel did a man; detesting and black-

are of such force, in a certainty of future judgment and retribution, that they incline a rational to have a serious regard to them.

and sometimes in the sense of them. Nor is the evidence of prophecy so proper in these days, to convert men to the faith of Christ, as to confirm those who have

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ening matrimony and a wife, to extol and exalt that whim of his brain virginity. He owns that he beheld with detestation every pregnant woman though rendered so in the holy matrimonial bed, and could not bear looking at her, but as he reflected that she carried a virgin. He was consequently a fit supporter of St. Peter's chair. Of the works of St. Jerome, who died in the year 420, aged 80, there is a good edition, in nine volumes, in folio, printed at Paris, in 1623; but the later one, edited by Martianay, the Benedictin, is much finer and more valuable.

St. Ambrose is the next supporter and saint. This holy prelate, born at Treves in the year 340, was a great contender for tritheism and the rights of the church, and wrote many worthless pieces for them and persecution. He acted an insolent and senseless part, when the emperor Theodosius, in the affair of Thessalonica, ordered the seditious to be destroyed: and died soon after, in April anno 397, 'the greatest and most blessed of men,' so say Paulinus and Baronius who have both written his life. The best edition of his works

In a word, the religion of nature is perfect, but men are imperfect, and therefore it pleased God to

already embraced it: serving chiefly, as St. Paul expresses it, not to them, who believed not, but to them who believe.

The sum then of this article is, that upon the first promulgation of the gospel, while the conversion of the Jews was the principal object of our Saviour's ministry, and afterwards of his apostles, the argument of prophecy was, of all others, the best adapted to persuade, and conquer the prejudices of that nation. But in preaching the gospel to the Gentiles, not acquainted with the Jewish scriptures, nor tinctured with any

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is that enriched with many notes by the Benedictins, and printed at Paris in 1691, in two volumes, folio.

As to St. Gregory of Neocaesarea, and the four other saints of the name, to wit, the two Nazianzens, Nysse, and Armenia, I shall have occasion to mention them in the next volume of my journal, and therefore shall here only observe, in respect of Neocaesarea, usually called Thaumaturgus, or the *wonder-worker*, that he died in the year 265, according to Baronius, and the saint of Armenia, or in 270, according to Fabricius: and that the best edition of his works is that by Gerard Vossius, printed at Mayence in 1604, 4to. His pieces were likewise printed in a collection of things written by some minor saints, at Paris, in 1621, in a single volume, in folio.

send our Saviour into the world, to republish the law of reason by his preaching, and in the writings of the apostles, and by him to give many motives to men, to incite them to perform their duty, as set forth in his written laws, and in the more striking example of our Lord, his only-begotten Son. Let us be Christians then, my dear Bob, and adore the divine goodness, for the life eternal prepared for the righteous, as declared in the sacred records. Let us hearken to the apostles, who, knowing the terror of the Lord, persuade men, and so govern and conduct ourselves by the rules of revelation, that when the man Christ Jesus, who appeared in the world to redeem us, will return to judge us by the gospel, we may ascend with him to the unbounded regions of eternal day, and in ever-blooming joys, live for ever in the presence of God. I have done. Where you think I am wrong, you will be pleased to say."

Jewish prejudices, the testimony of its miracles, and the purity of its doctrines, were the most affecting proof of its divine origin. Yet when by the evidence of these, people had once received the Christian faith, and acquired a competent knowledge of it, they would then perceive, that the argument of prophecy, was a part also of the evidence, essentially necessary to complete the demonstration of its truth.

My friend replied, that he had no objection to make: he was quite satisfied; and obliged to me for my advice. Thus ended the conversation between BOB BERRISFORT and JACK BUNCLE.

The third day of July, I left Yeoverin-Green, and set out again for Ulubræ, to get my horses and portmanteau, but proceeded now on foot; because, by climbing over a high mountain, which it was impossible for a horse to ascend, and then walking half a mile over a shaking-bog, where a beast could not go, I was to save many miles; and beside, Mr. BERRISFORT was so obliging as to send one of his servants back with Mr. HARCOURT's horses, which I knew not which way to return. With my pole in my hand then I set out, and after I had bade adieu to my friends, who walked with me a couple of miles to the foot of the hills, I began to mount the Alp at six in the morning, and at eight arrived on its summit. Here I had a fine road, due south, for an hour, till I came to a very steep descent, that led to the shaking-bog, as my paper of directions informed me. It was an ugly way down, and the better to go it, I resolved first to breakfast, and bid TIM see what he had got in his wallet. Immediately he produced a roast fowl, a manchet, and a bottle of cyder, and among some trees, on the brow of a hill, by the side of a spring, that ran off the

way I was to go, I sat down to the repast. I gave my lad half the bird, and the other half I dispatched in a very short time, drank a pint of cyder, and was on my feet again. I then began to descend, and in an hour made a shift to get to the bottom, though the way was bad; being very steep, wet, and slippery. I came to a dirty lane, about two hundred yards long, and that ended at the shaking-bog.

This kind of bog I take to be an abyss of standing water, covered with a thin arch of earth, that is, a water communicating with the abyss so covered, or weakly vaulted over: and of this opinion I find the right Reverend Erich Pontoppidan is, in his *Natural History of Norway*. The bishop does not tell his reason for so thinking; but mine is, that I have seen in Ireland the arches of several of those bogs broken, and a deep unfathomable water at some distance from the arch. They are very dangerous, frightful places, and many of them play up and down, like a long plank, in a very surprising manner.

To go half a mile over such a bog, and the most elastic of them I had ever tried, was what I did not much like; though the author of my paper of directions, an old servant of Mr. BERRISFORT, affirmed it was quite safe; and as to TIM, he would not, on

any consideration, cross it. He was positive we should sink beyond recovery. What to do then, was the question? I tried for some time to go round the bog, at the bottom of the enclosing mountains, but that was soon found impossible, and therefore, it only remained, to go up again to the top of the hill, and try onwards for some other descent beyond the bog. We did so, and after walking two hours south-west, at a good rate, had a view of a deep glen, to which we descended by an easy slope, and marched through it, to the west, and north-west for two hours, till it ended at a wood. This we passed without any difficulty, as there were walks cut through it, and came out into a broad valley, that had a river very near us, and a sweet pretty cottage on the margin of the flood. I went up to the house to ask my way, and found at the door three men, the eldest of whom seemed to be about thirty years old. They asked me very civilly to walk in, and seemed to wonder not a little at seeing me and my man, in such a place, with our poles in our hands.

These men were three brothers, and Roman catholics. Two of them were gentlemen-farmers, who lived together, and jointly managed the country business. The eldest was a Franciscan friar, who

came to visit them. Their good manners, in their plain dress, surprised me; and their benevolence made me wonder a great deal more. Their maid laid a clean cloth in a minute, and brought some cold roast beef, good bread, and fine ale. They bid me heartily welcome many times, and were so frank and generous, so cheerful and gay; especially the eldest of the farmers, who sang several good songs over a bowl of punch after dinner, that I could not think of leaving them immediately, if I had known my road, and was easily prevailed on to stay several days. A friendship commenced immediately between the eldest FLEMING and me, and there was not one cold or cross minute in it for the few years that he lived. He loved me as his brother from the first day he saw me, and I had so great a regard for him, that with a sorrow I cannot help, I think of his death to this day. How to account for such sudden passions I know not, and have always appeared to me very strange. FLEMING was a man of a bright and very extraordinary understanding, though no more than a farmer, had a most happy temper, a generosity too great for his fortune, and was for ever cheerful and free; but these, however pleasing, could not be the cause of the sudden and lasting friendship between us, as I

have been acquainted with men of fortune who equalled him in these respects, and yet they never struck me more than for the present time. Whatever might be the cause, the fact is certain. No two men ever liked one another more than we did from the first hour of our acquaintance, and as I had the happiness of converting him to the protestant religion,* it is possible, that might cement a friend-

* The arguments I used to make a convert of FLEMING, the reader will find in the appendix to this journal, among other interesting matters, that are too long to be inserted in the story of my life. I shall print them in hopes that they may be of service to some other soul. They were introduced the first day I was at FLEMING'S house, by his saying to me, after dinner, "Dear sir, will you give me leave to ask you, by what strange cause it has happened, that you are thus travelling on foot in this unvisited country. It must be an extraordinary affair I am sure." "Sir," I replied, "my case is very uncommon. I do not believe that any thing like it ever was before, and, perhaps, such another affair may never happen again." I little thought then, that I should afterwards meet with two instances of the same kind of thinking and resolution in the female world, to wit, Miss Chawcer and Miss Janson; whose histories I have given in my *Memoirs of Several Ladies of Great Britain*, p. 41—64. The critics, I remember, had some doubts as to the reality of these two cases: but to this

ship, which, a sameness of disposition had helped to produce. This is all I can say as to the reason

I answer, that they may as well doubt the truth of my own story; and from thence proceed to deny the reality of my existence; because several incidents in my life are strange, and such as they have not heard of before. It is not, however, in the power of criticism to invalidate what I deliver as facts. I will tell you my story: and so began to relate the religious dispute between my father and me, and how it was brought to a head by the devil possessed by a woman, called a mother-in-law. As the glass went round, I let them know, how a man in the twenty-second year of his age, forsook all for the true gospel of Christ, and at a time of life, when very few think of religion, resolved to confess himself a Christian deist, to all whom it concerned, if it brought him to want, and from a morsel of bread to the grave. So far I was heard without interruption, though I declaimed by the way against the dreadful heresy of three gods: but not thinking I was in company with catholics, for then I imagined that such subjects of the king of England were only to be found in Ireland, I brought into my oration against false religion, the diabolism of popery, and gave it several thrusts; as, indeed, I always do, whenever it comes in my way: for, good reader, though I love the catholic men and women, because I am a friend to man, and nearly related to many Romanists of great fortune; yet, popery I abhor; and

of this matter? In respect of the thing, it was of the greatest service to me. My new acquired friend assisted me to the utmost of his power, in the accomplishment of my designs, in that part of the world I then was. I had his head, his hand, and his house at my service, and by them I was enabled

look upon it as the greatest woe that ever the devil introduced into this lower world, to ruin mankind: but when I began to touch this string, and was raking Rome papal fore and aft, FLEMING the friar, changed colour several times, which I took notice of, and knew not what to ascribe it to, unless he was very sick; and at last he told me, by way of game, that I was an eloquent young gentleman, and had a flow of language; but my mistakes as to the church of Rome were very great, and he begged leave, as he was a priest of the holy Roman church, to set me right in my notions. This was a great surprise to me. It struck me silent for some minutes. At last, however, I told the gentlemen, that I asked their pardons for making so free with their religion, which I should not presume to have done, but that I thought they had been protestants; that, as to his offer to set me right, he did me great honour, and I would with pleasure hear him. I would, to be sure, be a convert to the strength of his arguments, if unanswerable; or, offer such reasons for remaining a protestant, as must satisfy a rational man. He then went on, and my reply followed.

to give a roundness to a system, that was too happy to last long.

But as to the shaking bog I was to have passed to go to the gentlemen at Ulubræ, FLEMING told me, I had had a fortunate escape in not venturing over it; for, though it be passable in one narrow way, about a yard broad, yet a stranger to the bog must perish in attempting to cross; as the timber causeway that was made over the great marsh, time out of mind, is invisible in many places, and one sinks for ever, the moment he steps off that way; but I will shew you an easy road, continued my new friend, to the gentlemen's house, to whom I am no stranger, and will make you acquainted with some passes through the mountains, that will render it easier riding over this country than you have found it. He did so, and by his guidance I arrived at Ulubræ, the 7th day of July; being the 17th day from the morning I left the philosophers. The gentlemen were startled at the sight of me, as they concluded I had perished, and had, as they assured me, mourned my sad fate: they were impatient to hear the adventure of the mountain, and by what strange means I was jumbled all the way to TOM FLEMING'S; who lives so far from the hill I went into; and the road from it to his house,

scarce passable for a mortal. "Inform us, we beseech you, how these strange things came to pass."

"Gentlemen," said I, "I am extremely obliged to you for your concern for me, and will tell you my story as soon as we have dined, as the servants are now bringing the dishes in," and accordingly, when we had done, I gave them a relation in detail. They were greatly pleased with my history, and much more, to have me returned to them in safety again. If they had not seen me, they said, they could not believe the thing, and they would order the whole account to be entered in the journal of their society, as the most extraordinary case they had ever known: or, perhaps, should ever hear related again. Their secretary, as directed, wrote it down in their book of transactions, and it remains in their records to this day. In short, reader, these worthy men were so greatly rejoiced at my being alive, when they thought me for certain among the dead, that they put the bottle round in a festal manner after dinner. We drank and laughed till it was midnight.

The 8th day of July, I took my leave of the gentlemen at Ulubræ, and proceeded to the East-riding of Yorkshire, to look for Miss MELMOTH. FLEMING came with me as far as Eggleston to

shew me the passes between the hills, and the best ways over the mountains. Many vast high ones we crossed, and travelled through very wonderful glens. Several scenes were as charming as any I had before seen, and the low ways as bad; but he knew all the roads and cross turnings perfectly well, and shortened the journey a great many miles. I had told him the business I was going on, and he requested, if I succeeded, that I would bring Miss MELMOTH to his house, that his brother might marry us; and as to Orton-Lodge, which I had described to him, and told him where to find, for he had no notion of it, nor had ever been among the fells of Westmoreland; as he thought that country unpassable; he promised me, he would go there himself, and bring with him two labouring men to assist my lad, in putting the garden and house in the best condition they were capable of receiving; that he would bring there seeds, and trees, such as the season allowed, and do every thing in his power, to render the place convenient and pleasing: he would likewise sell me a couple of his cows, a few sheep, and other things, which I should find before me at the lodge, and let me have one of his maids for my servant in the house. This was good indeed. I could not wish for more.

The 9th of July, early in the morning, FLEMING

and I parted, and I proceeded as fast as I well could to the appointed station, but when I came up to Mrs. ASGILL's door, on the second day in the evening, July 10, and asked for Miss MELMOTH, an old man, the only person in the house, told me, Mrs. ASGILL had been dead near a month, and Miss MELMOTH went from thence immediately after the funeral of her friend; that she had left a letter with him for a gentleman that was to call upon her; but that letter by an accident was destroyed, and where the lady then was, he could not so much as guess; he farther told me, that Miss MELMOTH had sold the goods of the house, and the stock, bequeathed to her by her deceased friend, to the gentleman who inherited the late Mrs. ASGILL's jointure, and she would return no more to the place. This was news to me. It struck me to the soul. Doleful tidings, how ye wound. What to do I could not tell, but as I rode to the next town, determined at last, to try if I could hear of her at York. To that city I went the next day, asked at the inns, walked the walls, and went to the assembly-room. My enquiries were all in vain. One gentleman only did I see who was acquainted with her, and he knew nothing of her present abode. From York then I proceeded the next morning to search other towns, and left no place unexamined

where I could think she might be. Three weeks were spent in this manner, without hearing a syllable of her, and then I thought it was best to return to my lodge; for what signified my five hundred pounds to appear with in the world. It must be soon gone as I had not the least notion of any kind of trade; and if I joined any one that was in business, I might be mistaken in the man, and so cheated and undone. Then what could I do but carry a brown musket, or go a hand before the mast; for, as to being an usher to a school for bread, were I reduced to want, that was the life of all lives that I most abhorred. Nothing else then had I for it but my silent mountain-lodge, which kind Providence had brought me to. There I resolved to go, and in that charming solitude, peruse alone the book of nature, till I could hear of some better way of spending my time.

To this purpose then I went the second of August, 1725, to Barnard's Castle in Durham, and intended the next morning to set out for FLEMING's house in Stanemore, to go from thence to my cottage on the side of a Westmoreland-Fell, but after I had rode a mile off the road to Eggleston, where I purposed to dine, I called out to my lad to stop. A sudden thought came into my head, to ride first to Gretabridge, as I was so near it, to see some fine Roman

monuments, that are in the neighbourhood of that village. To that place I went then, and passed the day in looking over all the antiquities and curiosities I could find there. I returned in the evening to my inn, and while a fowl was roasting for my supper, stood leaning against the house-door, looking at several travellers that went by, and some that came to rest where I did that night. Many figures I beheld, but none I knew. At last there came riding up to the inn, full speed, a young lady on a most beautiful beast, and after her, two horses more; on one of which was her man servant, and on the other her maid. She had a black mask on her face, to save her from the dust and sun, and when she alighted from her horse, she did not take it off, but went with it on into the house, after she had looked for a moment or two at me. This I thought very strange. "A charmer to be sure?" said I. "With what life and grace did she come to the ground! but how cruel the dear little rogue is, to conceal the wonders of its face." "Landlord," said I, to the master of the house, who was coming up to me, "can you contrive a way to get me one view of that masked lady, and I will give you a pint." "Sir," mine host replied, "that I can do very easily, for this lady has sent me to let you

know, she wants to speak with you." "With me? Transporting news!" I flew to her apartment, and there saw that dear irresistible creature, who had added to the inferior charms of face and person, that wisdom and goodness of conduct and conversation, which are the true glory of a woman. It was Miss MELMOTH. She had heard I had been at Mrs. ASGILL'S house, and did not get the letter she left for me; which made her think of riding towards Greta-bridge, on an imagination she might find me thereabout; as she remembered to have heard me say, in one of our conversations, that I intended as soon as I could, to look at the Roman antiquities in this place; but she had very little hopes, she added, of succeeding in her enquiry; as little as I had of her riding up to the inn; and this made the meeting the more pleasing. It did enhance the pleasure indeed. It turned the amour into an adventure, and gave it that delicious flavour, which the moderns read of in the histories of past times, but rarely experience in these days. The reader that has been engaged in such a wonderful and tender scene, can only form an idea of felicity, which words would in vain attempt to express.

As soon as we had supped, I recited my adventures since we parted, and gave Miss MELMOTH a

flowery description of Orton-Lodge; then asked if she would bless me with her hand, and sit down with me in my pretty solitude.

"Sir," replied Miss MELMOTH, "if you required it, I would go with you to Hudson's-Bay, had I a hundred thousand, instead of four thousand pounds; which is my fortune exclusive of some personal estate, which my friend Mrs. ASGILL by her will bequeathed me: and the whole is at your service, to dispose of as you please."

"Give me thy hand then," said I, "thou generous girl. You make me the happiest of men, and in return I swear by that one, supreme, tremendous Power I adore, that I will be true and faithful to thee, till death dissolves the sacred obligation. Twice do I swear by the great Spirit, in whose dread presence I am, with your right hand now locked fast in mine across this table, and call on him as witness to our vows, that neither time, nor chance, nor aught but death's inevitable hand, shall e'er divide our loves." "Amen," responded Miss MELMOTH.

Early the next morning, the third of August, we rode to Eggleston, where we breakfasted and proceeded from thence to FLEMING's house up Stanemore hills, where we arrived at nine o'clock in the evening, and had beds there that night. My friend

Tom and his brother Jemmy, were gone to a fair; but the eldest brother, the Franciscan friar, was at home and entertained us very well. We took him with us very early the next day to Orton-Lodge, which we reached at eight in the evening, and found the house and garden in good order. My friend, Fleming, had done every thing possible, to make it a convenient and comfortable place. He had made near the Lodge two little rooms for servants, and had put a bed in the green-house in the garden for a friend. He had likewise sent there a couple of cows, some sheep and lambs, ducks and geese, cocks and hens, and every necessary he thought we might want there. Good Tom Fleming! there never was a better man, or a kinder friend, to his small power.

We had likewise fish in abundance, in the waters at the foot of our hills, and goats and kids, and plenty of wild fowl. Few things were wanting that reason could desire; and for us, who thought that happiness, that is, pleasure and repose did not precariously depend on what others think, or say, or do; but solidly consisted in what we ourselves did feel, and relish, and enjoy, there could not be a more delightful station discovered on this globe.

To conclude, the best things that Orton-Lodge afforded, were ordered to the fire, and before they

were brought on the table, the man of God threw the fillet or ribband over our hands, according to the Romish manner, and pronounced the nuptial benediction on us. Husband and wife we sat down to supper.

Thus did the stars preside with friendly rays,
And bid me hail at last the happy days,
When sheltered within this wild retreat,
Above the scorn, below the rage of fate;
Blest in a wife, a friend, and books, alone;
To this mad world, and all its plagues unknown;
The smooth-paced hours did sweetly pass away,
And happy nights still clos'd each happy day.

When I consider how happy I have been in the married state, and in a succession of seven wives, never had one uneasy hour; that even a Paradise, without an Eve, would have been a wilderness to me; that the woods, the groves, the walks, the prospects, the flowers, the fruits, the day, the night, all would have wanted a relish, without that dear, delightful companion, a wife; it amazes me to hear many sensible people speak with abhorrence of matrimony, and insist upon it, that wedlock produces so many troubles, even where the pair have affection, and sorrows so very great, when they have no love for each other, or begin to fail in the kind and

obliging offices, that it is contrary to reason to contract, if we have a just regard to peace and satisfaction of mind, and would avoid, as much as possible, the woes and bewailings of this turbid period. If you have acquired the divine habits, marriage may unhinge them. It often forces even the pious into immoralities. True, unhappy are many a wedded pair: years of calamity this engagement has produced to thousands of mortals; it has made the most pious divines become very cruel, as I could relate: it has caused the most generous, sensible men, to murder the women they adored before they were their wives.

THE HISTORY OF ORLANDO AND BELINDA.

This story has been told before by the Tatler, in his 172d paper; but as he has related it only by hearsay, and was mistaken in several particulars, the account I give of this extraordinary affair, may be grateful to the reader.

When I was a little boy in Dublin, between seven and eight, Mr. EUSTACE and his Lady lived next door to my father, in Smithfield, and the two families were intimate. Being a lively prating thing, Mrs. EUSTACE was fond of me, and by tarts and fruit encouraged me to run into her parlour as often as I could. This made me well acquainted in the

house; and, as I was a remarker so early in my life, I had an opportunity of making the following observations.

ORLANDO EUSTACE was a tall, thin, strong man, well made, and a very genteel person. His face was pale and marked with the small pox; his features were good, and yet there was something fierce in his look, even when he was not displeased. He had sense and learning, and, with a large fortune, was a generous man; but passionate to an amazing degree, for his understanding; and a trifle would throw him into a rage. He had been humoured in every thing from his cradle, on account of his fine estate; from his infancy to his manhood, had been continually flattered, and in every thing obeyed. This made him opinionated and proud, obstinate, and incapable of bearing the least contradiction.

BELINDA COOTE, his Lady, with whom he had been passionately in love, was as fine a figure as could be seen among the daughters of men. Her person was charming; her face was beautiful, and had a sweetness in it that was pleasing to look at. Her vivacity was great, and her understanding extraordinary; but she had a satirical wit, and a vanity which made her delight in shewing the weakness of other minds, and the clearness of her own

conception. She was too good, however, to have the least malice, in such procedure. It was human weakness, and a desire to make her neighbours wiser. Unfortunately for her, she was married to a man, who, of all men in the world, was the unfittest subject for her quick fancy to act on.

But, notwithstanding this, EUSTACE and BELINDA were, for the most of their time, very fond. As she was formed in a prodigality of nature, to shew mankind a finished composition, and had wit and charms enough to fire the dullest and most insensible heart; a man of ORLANDO'S taste for the sex, could not be without an inflamed heart, when so near the transporting object of desire. She was his delight for almost a year, the dear support of his life. He seemed to value her esteem, her respect, her love; and endeavoured to merit them by the virtues which fortify love: and therefore, when by his being short, positive, and unreasonable in his dictates, as was too often his wont; and on her being intemperate in the strong sentiments her imagination produced upon the occasion, which was too frequently the case; when they seemed to forget the Apostle's advice for a while, 'that ye love one another with a pure heart, fervently;' 1 *Peter*, ch. i. v. 22. and had strifes and debates, which shewed, for the time they lasted, that they were far from being

perfect and entire, wanting nothing; then would her throwing her face into smiles, with some tender expression, prove a reconciling method at once. Till the fatal night, this always had a power to soften pain, to ease and calm the raging man.

But poor at best is the condition of human life here below; and, when to weak and imperfect faculties, we add inconsistencies, and do not act up to the eternal law of reason, and of God; when love of fame, curiosity, resentment, or any of our particular propensities; when humour, vanity, or any of our inferior powers, are permitted to act against justice and veracity, and instead of reflecting on the reason of the thing, or the right of the case, that by the influence this has on the mind, we may be constituted virtuous, and attached to truth; we go down with the current of the passions, and let bent and humour determine us, in opposition to what is decent and fit: if in a state so unfriendly as this is, to the heavenly and divine life, where folly and vice are for ever striving to introduce disorder into our frame, and it is difficult indeed, to preserve, in any degree, an integrity of character, and peace within: if, in such a situation, instead of labouring to destroy all the seeds of envy, pride, ill-will, and impatience, and endeavouring to establish and maintain a due inward œconomy and har-

mony, by paying a perpetual regard to truth, that is, to the real circumstances and relation of things in which we stand, to the practice of reason in its just extent, according to the capacities and natures of every being; we do, on the contrary, disregard the moral faculty, and become a mere system of passions and affections, without any thing at the head of them to govern them; what then can be expected, but deficiency and deformity, degeneracy and guilty practice? This was the case of EUSTACE and BELINDA. Passion and own-will were so near and intimate to him, that he seemed to live under a deliberate resolution not to be governed by reason. He would wink at the light he had, struggle to evade conviction, and make his mind a chaos and a hell. BELINDA, at the same time, was too quick, too vain, and too often forgot to take into her idea of a good character, a continual subordination of the lower powers of our nature to the faculty of reason. This produced the following scene.

MARIA, sister to BELINDA, returned one evening with a five-guinea fan she had bought that afternoon, and was tedious in praising some Indian figures that were painted in it. Mrs. EUSTACE, who had a taste for pictures, said, the colours were fine, but the images ridiculous and despicable; and her sister must certainly be a little Indian-mad, or her

fondness for every thing from that side of the globe could not be so excessive and extravagant as it always appeared to be.

To this MARIA replied with some heat, and EUSTACE very peremptorily insisted upon it, that she was right. With positiveness and passion, he magnified the beauties of the figures on the fan, and with violence reflected so severely on the good judgment BELINDA, upon all occasions, pretended to, as he expressed it; that at last, her imagination was fired, and, with too much eagerness, she not only ridiculed the opinion of her sister, in respect of such things, but spoke with too much warmth against the despotic tempers of self-sufficient husbands.

To reverence and obey, she said, was not required by any obligation, when men were unreasonable, and paid no regard to a wife's domestic and personal felicity; nor would she give up her understanding to his weak determination, since custom cannot confer an authority which nature has denied: It cannot license a husband to be unjust, nor give right to treat her as a slave. If this was to be the case in matrimony, and women were to suffer under conjugal vexations, as she did, by his senseless arguments every day, they had better bear the reproach and solitude of antiquated virginity, and be

treated as the refuse of the world, in the character of old maids.

This too lively, though just speech, enraged EUSTACE to the last degree, and from a fury, he sunk in a few minutes into a total sullen silence, and sat for half an hour, while I stayed, cruelly determining, I suppose, her sad doom. BELINDA soon saw she had gone too far, and did all that could be done to recover him from the fit he was in. She smiled, cried, asked pardon; but 'twas all in vain. Every charm had lost its power, and he seemed no longer man. When this beauty stood weeping by his chair, and said "My love, forgive me, as it was in raillery only I spoke, and let our pleasures and pains be hereafter honestly shared." I remember the tears burst from my eyes, and in that condition I went away. It was frightful to look at EUSTACE, as he shook, started, and wildly stared; and the distress his Lady appeared in, was enough to make the most stony heart bleed, it was a dismal scene.

This happened at nine at night, and at ten ORLANDO withdrew to bed, without speaking one word, as I was informed. Soon after he lay down, he pretended to be fast asleep, and his wife rejoicing to find him so, as she believed, in hopes that nature's soft nurse would lull the active instruments of

motion, and calm the raging operations of his mind, she resigned herself to slumbers, and thought to abolish for that night every disagreeable sensation of pain, but no sooner did this furious man find that his charming wife was really asleep, than he plunged a dagger into her breast. The monster repeated the strokes, while she had life to speak to him, in the tenderest manner, and conjured him, in regard to his own happiness, to let her live, and not sink himself into perdition here, and hereafter, by her death. In vain she prayed; he gave her a thousand wounds, and I saw her the next morning a bloody, mangled corpse, in the great house in Smithfield, which stood at a distance from the street, with a wall before it, and an avenue of high trees up to the door; and not in the country as the Tatler says.

EUSTACE fled, when he thought she was expiring, though she lived for an hour after, to relate the case to her maid, who heard her groan and came into her room; and went from Dublin to a little lodge he had in the country, about twenty miles from town. The magistrates, in a short time, had information where he was; and one JOHN MANSEL, a constable, a bold and strong man, undertook for a reward, to apprehend him. To this purpose he set out immediately, with a case of pistols and a hanger, and lurked several days and nights in the

fields, before he could find an opportunity of coming at him; for EUSTACE lived by himself in the house, well secured by strong doors and bars, and only went out now and then to an ale-house, the master of which was his friend. Near it, at last, about break of day, MANSEL chanced to find him, and, upon his refusing to be made a prisoner, and cocking a pistol to shoot the officer of justice, both their pistols were discharged at once, and they both dropt down dead men. EUSTACE was shot in the heart, and the constable in the brain. They were both brought to Dublin on one of the little low-back'd cars there used; and I was one of the boys that followed the car, from the beginning of James-street, the out-side of the city, all through the town. EUSTACE's head hung dangling near the ground, with his face upwards, and his torn bloody breast bare: and of all the faces of the dead I have seen, none ever looked like his. There was an anxiety, a rage, a horror, and a despair to be seen in it, that no pencil could express.

Thus fell EUSTACE in the twenty-ninth year of his age, and by his hand his virtuous, beautiful, and ingenious wife: and what are we to learn from thence? is it, that on such accounts, we ought to dread wedlock, and never be concerned with a wife? No, surely, but to be from thence convinced, that it

is necessary in order to a happy marriage, to bring the will to the obedience of reason, and acquire an equanimity in the general tenour of life. Of all things in this world, moral dominion, or the empire over ourselves, is not only the most glorious, as reason is the superior nature of man, but the most valuable, in respect of real human happiness. A conformity to reason, or good sense, and to the inclination of our neighbours, with very little money, may produce great and lasting felicity; but without this subservience to our own reason, complaisance to company, and softness and benevolence to all around us, the greatest misery does frequently sprout from the largest stock of fortunes.

It was by ungoverned passions, that EUSTACE murdered his wife and died himself; the most miserable and wretched of all human beings. He might have been the happiest of mortals, if he had conformed to the dictates of reason, and softened his passions, as well for his own ease as in compliance to a creature formed with a mind of a quite different make from his own. There is a sort of sex in souls; and, exclusive of that love and patience which our religion requires, every couple should remember, that there are things which grow out of their very natures, that are pardonable, when considered as such. Let them not, therefore, be spying

out faults, nor find a satisfaction in reproaching; but let them examine to what consequences their ideas tend, and resolve to cease from cherishing them, when they lead to contention and mischief. Let them both endeavour to amend what is wrong in each other, and act as becomes their character, in practising the social duties of married persons, which are so frequentlyand strongly inculcated by revelation and natural reason; and then, instead of matrimony's being a burthen, and hanging a weight upon our very beings, there will be no appearance of evil in it, but harmony and joy will shed unmixed felicities on them; they will live in no low degree of beatitude in the suburbs of heaven.

This was my case, wedlock to me became the greatest blessing; a scene of the most refined friendship, and a condition to which nothing can be added to complete the sum of human felicity. So I found the holy and sublime relation, and in the wilds of Westmoreland enjoyed a happiness as great as human nature is capable of, on this planet. Sensible to all the ties of social truth and honour, my partner and I lived in perfect felicity, on the products of our solitary farm. The amiable dispositions of her mind, cheerfulness, good nature, discretion, and diligence, gave a perpetual dignity and lustre to the grace and loveliness of her person;

and as I did all that love and fidelity could do, by practising every rule of caution, prudence, and justice, to prevent variance, soften cares, and preserve affection undiminished, the harmony of our state was unmixed and divine. Since the primitive institution of the relation, it never existed in a more delightful manner. Devoted to each other's heart, we desired no other happiness in this world, than to pass life away together in the solitude we were in. We lived, hoped, and feared but for each other; and made it our daily study to be what revealed religion prescribes, and the concurrent voice of nature requires, in the sacred tie. Do so likewise, ye mortals, who intend to marry, and ye may, like us, be happy. As the instincts and passions were wisely and kindly given us, to subserve many purposes of our present state, let them have their proper, subaltern share of action; but let reason ever have the sovereignty, the divine law of reason and truth, and be as it were, sail and wind to the vessel of life.

Two years, almost, this fine scene lasted, and during that period, the business and diversions of our lone retreat appeared so various and pleasing, that it was not possible to think a hundred years so spent, in the least degree dull and tedious. Exclusive of books and gardening, and the improvement

of the farm, we had, during the fine season, a thousand charming amusements on the mountains, and in the glens and vallies of that sweet silent place. Whole days we would spend in fishing, and dine in some cool grot by the water-side, or under an aged tree, on the margin of some beautiful stream. We generally used the fly and rod, but had recourse if in haste to one of the little water-falls, and, by fixing a net under one of them, would take a dozen or two of very large trouts, in a few minutes time.

By a little water-fall I mean one of those that are formed by some small river, which tumbles there in various places, from rock to rock, about four feet each fall, and makes a most beautiful view from top to bottom of a fall. There are many of these falling waters among the vast mountains of Westmoreland, and I have seen them likewise in the Highlands of Scotland.

At Glencrow, half way between Dunbarton and Inverary, there are some very fine ones, and just by them one CAMPBELL keeps a poor inn. There we were entertained with water and whisky, oat-cakes, milk, butter, and trouts he took by the net, at one of the little falls of a river that descends a prodigious mountain near his lone house, and forms, like what we have at Orton-Lodge, a most beautiful scene. Several happy days I passed at this

place, with a dear creature, who is now a saint in heaven.

At other times we had the diversion of taking as much carp and tench as we pleased, in a large, standing, fenny water, that lies about two miles from the lodge, in a glen, and always found the fish of this water of an enormous size, three feet long, though the general length of fish of this species is eleven inches in our ponds. This vast bigness must be owing to the great age of these fish, which I may suppose, at least, an hundred years; for it is certain, that in garden-ponds, which have for experiment's sake, been left undisturbed for many years, the carp and tench have been found alive, and grown to a surprising bigness.

A gentleman, my near relation, who lived to a very advanced age, put some fish of these species into a pond, 20th Nov. 1648; the day that Colonel Ewer, at the head of seven other officers, presented to the commons that fatal remonstrance, which in fact took off the head of Charles; and in the year 1727, seventy-nine years after, on his return to that seat, he found them all alive, and near two feet and a half in length. This demonstrates that fish may live to a very great age. It likewise proves that they continue to grow till they are an hundred years old, and then are the finest eating.

Another of our amusements, during the summer's bright day, was the pointer and gun, for the black cock, the moor cock, and the cock of the wood, which are in great plenty on those vast hills*.

* The black cock, is as large as our game cocks, and flies very swift and strong. The head and eyes are large, and round the eyes is a beautiful circle of red. The beak is strong, and black as the body; the legs robust and red. It is very high eating, more so than any native-bird in England except the fen-ortolan; but in one particular it exceeds the fen birds, for it has two tastes, being brown and white meat; under a lay of brown is one of white meat: both delicious, the brown is higher than the black moor cock, and the white much richer than the pheasant.

The moor cock is likewise very rare, but is to be had sometimes in London, as the sportsmen meet with it now and then on the hilly-heaths, not very far from town, particularly on Hindhead-heath, in the way to Portsmouth. It is as large as a good Darking fowl, and the colour is a deep iron-grey. Its eyes are large and fine as the black cock's; but, instead of the red circle round them, it has bright and beautiful scarlet eye-brows.

The cock of the wood, as unknown in London as the black cock, is almost as large as a turkey, but flies well. The black is a mixture of black, grey, and a reddish brown; the belly grey, and the breast a pale brown,

CHARLOTTE was fond of this sport, and would walk with me for hours to see me knock down the game: till, late in the evening, we would wander over the fells, and then return to our clean, peaceful, little house, to sup as elegantly on our birds, as the great could do, and with a harmony and unmixed joy they are for ever strangers to. After supper, over some little nectared-bowl, we sweetly chatted, till it was bed-time; or I played on my flute, and CHARLOTTE divinely sung. It was a happy life, all the riches and honours of the world cannot produce such scenes of bliss as we experienced in a cottage, in the wilds of Westmoreland. Even the winter, which is ever boisterous and extreme cold in that part of the world, was no severity to us. As we had most excellent provisions of every kind in abundance, and plenty of firing from the ancient woods, which cover many of those high hills; and two men servants, and two maids, to do whatever tended to being and to well-being, to supply our wants, and to complete our happiness. This softened the hard

with transverse lines of black, and a little white at the tips of the feathers. It has a large round head, of the purest black, and over its fine hazle eyes, there is a naked space, that looks like an eye-brow of bright scarlet. It is delicious eating, but far inferior to the black cock.

rough scene, and the roaring waters; and the howling winds, appeared pleasing sounds. In short, every season, and all our hours, were quite charming, and full of delight. Good Tom Fleming, our friend, did likewise enhance our felicity, by coming once or twice a week to see us, and staying sometimes two or three days. In the summer time, we also went now and then to visit him; and, if one was inclined to melancholy, it was impossible to be dull while he was by. His humour, and his songs, over a bowl of punch, were enough to charm the most splenetic, and make even rancour throw its face into smiles.

1727.—Two years, as I have said, this fine scene lasted; and during that soft transporting period, I was the happiest man on earth. But in came Death, when we least expected him, snatched my charming partner from me, and melted all my happiness into air—into thin air. A fever, in a few days, snapp'd off the thread of her life, and made me the child of affliction, when I had not a thought of the mourner. Language cannot paint the distress this calamity reduced me to; nor give an idea of what I suffered, when I saw her eyes swimming in death, and the throes of her departing spirit. Blest as she was, in the exercise of every virtue that adorns a woman, how inconsolable must her hus-

band be! and, to add to my distress, by the same fever fell my friend TOM FLEMING, who came the day before my wife sickened to see us. One of my lads likewise died, and the two servant maids. They all lay dead around me, and I sat like one inanimate by the corpse of CHARLOTTE, till friar FLEMING, the brother of TOM, brought coffins and buried them all. Thus did felicity vanish from my sight, and I remained like a traveller in Greenland, who had lost the sun.

"O eloquent, just, and mighty death!" says Raleigh, it is thou alone puts wisdom into the human heart, and suddenly makes man to know himself. It is death that makes the conqueror ashamed of his fame, and wish he had rather stolen out of the world, than purchased the report of his actions, by rapine, oppression, and cruelty; by giving in spoil the innocent and labouring soul to the idle and insolent; by emptying the cities of the world of their ancient inhabitants, and filling them again with so many and so variable sorts of sorrows. It is death tells the proud and insolent, that they are but abjects, and humbles them at the instant; makes them cry, complain, and repent; yea even, to hate their former happiness. It is death takes the account of the rich, and proves him a beggar, a naked beggar, which hath interest in nothing but

the gravel which fills his mouth. It is death holds a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, and makes them see therein their deformity and rottenness; and they acknowledge it.

'Whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded: what none have dared, thou hast done: and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world, and despised. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition, of man; all the powerful charms of beauty; and covered it all over with these two narrow words, 'Hic jacet.'

Nor is this all, mighty Death! It is thou that leadest to the resurrection of the dead; the dissolution of the world: the judgment day; and the eternal state of men. It is thou that finishes the trial of men, and seals their characters, for happiness or misery for ever.

Be thou then, Death, our morning and evening meditation: let us learn from thee the vanity of all human things; and that it is the most amazing folly, to melt away time, and misapply talents, as the generality of reasonable beings do: that we were not made men, thinking, rational beings, capable of the noblest contemplations, to spend all our thoughts and time in sense and pleasure, in dressing, feeding, and sporting; or, in purchases, building and plant-

ing; but to prepare for a dying hour; that, when at the call of God, we go out of the body, not knowing whither we go, we may, like Abraham, travel by faith, and trust to the conduct of the Lord of all countries. Since we must die, and thy power, O Death, we see, is uncontroulable; since to the dust we must return, and take our trial at the bar of Almighty God, as intelligent and free agents; for under moral government, and God is a perfectly wise and righteous governor, the wickedness of the wicked will be upon him, and the righteousness of the righteous will be upon him; since we must be numbered with the dead, and our circumstances and condition indicate a future judgment, surely we ought to remove our chief concern from this world to the other, and transfer our principal regard to the immortal spirit; that in the hour of agony, a virtuous mind, purity of conscience, and good actions, may procure us the favour of God, and the guidance of his good spirit to the mansions of the blessed, where new pleasures are for ever springing up, and the happiness of the heavenly inhabitants is perpetually increasing. This is the one thing needful. Death demonstrates, that this world of darkness and error, changes and chances, is not worth fixing our heart on. To secure our

passage into the regions of perfect and eternal day, should be the employment of immortal mortals.

Thus did I reflect as I sat among the dead, with my eyes fastened on the breathless corpse of CHARLOTTE, and I wished, if it was possible, to have leave to depart, and in the hospitable grave, lie down from toil and pain, to take my last repose; for I knew not what to do, nor where to go. I was not qualified for the world; nor had I a friend, or even an acquaintance in it, that I knew where to find. But in vain I prayed, it was otherwise decreed; I must go on, or continue a solitary in the wild I was in. The latter it was not possible for me to do, in the state of mind I was in; overwhelmed with sorrow, and without a companion of any kind: and therefore, I must of necessity go to some other place. I sold all the living things I had to friar FLEMING, and locked up my doors. My furniture, linen, clothes, books, liquors, and some salt provisions, instruments of various kinds, and such like things, I left in their several places. There was no one to take them, or probability that any one would come there to disturb them; and perhaps, some time or other, the fates might bring me back again to the same lone place. Though it was then a desolate, silent habitation, a striking me-

mento of the vanity and precarious existence of all human good things; yet it was possible, that hearty friendship, festivity, and social life, might once more be seen there. The force and operation of casualties did wonders every day, and time might give me even a relish for the solitude in a few years more. Thus did I settle affairs in that remote place; and, taking leave of my friend, the friar, with my lad O'FIN, rode off.

August 4, 1727.—The sun was rising when we mounted our horses, and I again went out to try my fortune in the world; not like the Chevalier La Mancha, in hopes of conquering a kingdom, or marrying some great Princess; but to see if I could find another good country girl for a wife, and get a little more money; as they were the only two things united, that could secure me from melancholy, and confer real happiness. To this purpose, as the day was extremely fine, and O'FIN had something cold, and a couple of bottles at the end of his valise, I gave my horse the rein, and let him take what way his fancy chose. For some time he gently trotted the path he had often gone, and over many a mountain made his road; but at last, he brought me to a place I was quite a stranger to, and made a full stop at a deep and rapid water, which ran by the bottom of a very high hill I had not been up before. Over

this river I made him go, though it was far from being safe, and in an hour's ride from that flood, came to a fine rural scene.

It was pasture-ground, of a large extent, and in many places covered with groves of trees, of various kinds; walnuts, chesnuts, and oaks; the poplar, the plane-tree, the mulberry, and maple. There was likewise the Phœnician cedar, the larix, the large-leafed laurel, and the cytissus of Virgil. In the middle of this place were the ruins of an old seat, over-run with shrubby plants; the Virginia creeper, the box-thorn, the jessamine, the honey-suckle, the periwinkle, the birdweed, the ivy, and the climber; and near the door was a flowing spring of water, which formed a beautiful stream, and babbled to the river we came from. Charming scene! so silent, sweet, and pretty, that I was highly pleased with the discovery.

On the margin of the brook, under a mulberry tree, I sat down, and dined on some cold tongue and ham, and potted black cock, which O'Fin produced from his wallet; and having drank a pint of cyder, set out again, to try what land lay right onwards. In an hour, we came to a large and dangerous watery moor, which we crossed over with great difficulty, and then arrived at a range of mountains, through which there was a narrow pass,

wet and stony: a long and tedious ride which ended on the border of a fine country: at four in the afternoon, we arrived on the confines of a plain, of about a hundred acres, which was strewed with various flowers of the earth's natural produce that rendered the glebe delightful to behold, and was surrounded with groves. The place had all the charms that verdure, forest, and vale, can give a country. In the centre of this ground was a handsome square building, and behind it a large and beautiful garden, encompassed by a low, thick, holly-hedge. As the door of this house was not locked, but opened by a silver spring turner, I went in, and found it was one fine spacious room, filled on every side with books, bound in an extraordinary manner. Globes, telescopes, and other instruments of various kinds, were placed on stands, and there were two fine writing tables, one at each end of the library, which had paper, ink, and pens. In the middle of the room there was a reading-desk, which had a short inscription, and on it leaned the skeleton of a man. The legend said "THIS SKELETON WAS ONCE CHARLES HENLEY, ESQ."

Amazed I stood, looking on these things, and wondered much at the figure of the bones, tacked together with wires; once, to be sure, the master of this grand collection of books and manuscripts, and

this fine room, so sweetly situated in the centre of distant groves: had a striking effect on my mind; and the more so, as it held a scroll of parchment, on which was beautifully written in the court-hand, to appear more remarkable, I suppose, the following lines:

"Fellow-mortal, whoever thou art, whom the fates shall conduct into this chamber, remember, that before many years are passed, thou must be laid in the bed of corruption, in the dark caverns of death, among the lifeless dust, and rotten bones of others, and from the grave proceed to the general resurrection of all. To new life and vigour thou wilt most certainly be raised, to be brought to a great account. Naked and defenceless thou must stand before the awful tribunal of the great God, and from him receive a final sentence, which shall determine and fix thee in an eternal state of happiness or misery.

"What an alarm should this be! Ponder my fellow-mortal, and remember, God now commandeth men every where to repent, because he hath appointed a day, in which he will judge the world in righteousness, by that man, whom he hath ordained; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead. Judge the world! judgment! the very sound is solemn.

Should it not deaden some part, at least, of your concern for things temporal, and quicken your care and industry for the future life; ought it not to make us condemn, before the dying hour, our vanity and devotion to bodily things, and make us employ the greatest part of our time in the acquisition of wisdom, and an improvement in virtue, that when we appear at the session of righteousness, a sacred knowledge, a heavenly piety, and an angelic goodness, may secure us from eternal punishment, and entitle us to a glorious eternity? Since a future judgment is most certainly the case, and the consequence eternal damnation or salvation, how contemptible a thing is a long busy life, spent in raking through the mire of trade and business, in pursuit of riches and a large estate; or in sweating up the steep hill of ambition, after fame and ambition; or in living and dressing as if we were all body, and sent into time for no other purpose, than to adorn like idols, gratify like brutes, and waste life in sensuality and vanity; how contemptible and unreasonable is this kind of existence for beings, who were created to no other end, than to be partakers of a divine life with God, and sing hallelujahs to all eternity; to separate the creature from error, fiction, impurity, and corruption, and acquire that purity and holiness, which alone can see God.

Away then with a worldly heart: away with all those follies, which engage us like fools and madmen; and let the principal thing be, to follow the steps of our great master, by patience and resignation, by a charity and contempt of the world; and by keeping a conscience void of offence, amidst the changes and chances of this mortal life; that at his second coming, to judge the world, we may be found acceptable in his sight.

"What a scene must this second coming be! I saw, says an apostle, a great white throne, and him that sat on it, from whose face the earth and the heavens fled away, and there was no place found for them; and I saw the dead small and great stand before God; and the books were opened, and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books: and the sea gave up her dead, and death and hell delivered up their dead which were in them, and they were judged every man, according to their works. The secret wickedness of men will be brought to light; and concealed piety and persecuted virtue be ackowledged and honoured. While innocence and piety are set at the right hand of the judge, and the righteous shall shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their father for ever and ever, shame and confusion must sit upon the faces of the sinner and the ungodly. Damna-

tion will stand before the brethren in iniquity, and when the intolerable sentence is executed, what inexpressible agonies will they fall into? what amazement and excesses of horror must seize upon them?

"Ponder then, in time, fellow-mortal, and choose to be good, rather than to be great: prefer your baptismal vows to the pomps and vanities of this world; and value the secret whispers of a good conscience more than the noise of popular applause.

"Since you must appear before the judgment-seat of Christ; that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad, let it be your work from morning till night, to keep Jesus in your hearts; and long for nothing, desire nothing, hope for nothing, but to have all that is within you changed into the spirit and temper of the holy Jesus. Wherever you go, whatever you do, do all in imitation of his temper and inclination; and look upon all as nothing, but that which exercises and increases the spirit and life of Christ in your souls. Let this be your Christianity, your church, and your religion, and the judgment-day will be a charming scene. If in this world, the will of the creature, as an offspring of the divine will, wills and works with the will of God, and labours, without ceasing, to

come as near as mortals can to the purity and perfection of the divine nature; then will the day of the Lord be a day of great joy, and with unutterable pleasure, you shall hear that tremendous voice: Awake, ye dead, and come to judgment. In transports, and full of honour and glory, the wise and righteous, will hear the happy sentence, Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world."

This, and the skeleton, astonished me not a little; and my wonder at the whole increased, as I could find no human creature living, nor discover any house or cottage for an inhabitant. This I thought exceeded all the strange things I had seen in this wonderful country. But perhaps, it occurred at last, there might be a mansion in the woods, before me, or somewhere in the groves on either side; and therefore, leaving the library, after I had spent an hour in it, I walked onwards, and came to a wood, which had private walks cut through it, and strewed with sand. They shewed only light enough to distinguish the blaze of day from evening shade, and had seats dispersed, to sit and listen to the chorus of the birds, which added to the pleasures of the soft silent place. For about three hundred yards the walk I was in extended, and then terminated in meadows, which formed an oval of twenty

acres surrounded by groves, like the large plain I came from. Exactly in the middle of these fields, part of which were turned into gardens, there stood a very handsome stone house, and not far from the door of it, a fountain played. On either side of the water was a garden-chair, of a very extraordinary make, curious and beautiful; and each of them stood under an ever-green oak, the broad leaved ilex, a charming shade.

In one of these chairs sat an ancient gentleman, a venerable man, whose hair was white as silver, and his countenance had dignity and goodness. His dress and manner shewed him to be a person of fortune and distinction, and by a servant in waiting it appeared, he was Lord of the seigneurie I was arrived at. He was tall and graceful, and had not the least stoop, though he wanted but a year of an hundred. I could not but admire the fine old gentleman.

On the same chair, next to him, sat a young Lady, who was at this time just turned of twenty and had such diffusive charms as soon new fired my heart, and gave my soul a softness even beyond what it had felt before. She was a little taller than the middle size, and had a face that was perfectly beautiful. Her eyes were extremely fine, full, black, and sparkling; and her conversation was as

charming as her person; both easy, unconstrained, and sprightly. When I came near two such personages, I bowed low to the ground, and asked pardon for intruding into their fine retirement. But the stars had led me, a wanderer, to this delightful solitude, without the least idea of there being such a place in our island, and as their malignant rays had forced me to offend, without intending it, I hoped they would pardon my breaking in upon them.

To this the old Gentleman replied, "You have not offended, Sir, I assure you, but you are welcome to the Groves of Basil. It gives me pleasure to see you here; for it is very seldom we are favoured with any one's company. It is hard to discover or make out a road to this place, as we are surrounded almost by impassible mountains, and a very dangerous morass, nor can I conceive how you found the way here without a guide, or ventured to travel this country, as there are no towns in this part of the county. There must be something very extraordinary in your case, and as you mentioned your being a wanderer, I should be glad to hear the cause of your journeying in this uninhabited region. But first," said Mr. HENLEY, "as it is now near eight at night, and you must want refreshment, having met with no inn the whole day, we will go in to

supper." He then arose, and brought me to an elegant parlour, where a table was soon covered with the best cold things, and we immediately sat down. Every eatable was excellent, and the wine and other liquors in perfection. Miss HENLEY sat at the head of the table, her grandfather over-against her, and placed me at her right hand between them both. The young lady behaved in a very easy genteel manner; and the old gentleman, with freedom, cheerfulness, and good manners. 'Till nine this scene lasted, and then Mr. HENLEY again requested I would oblige him with an account of my travels in that part of the world. This, I said, I would do in the best manner I could, and while he leaned back in his easy chair, and the beautiful STATIA fastened her glorious eyes upon me, I went on in the following words:

"I am an Englishman, Sir, but have passed the greatest part of my life in Ireland, and from the western extremity of it I came. My father is one of the rich men in that kingdom, and was, for many years, the tenderest and most generous parent that ever son was blessed with. He spared no cost on my education, and gave me leave to draw upon him, while I resided in the university of Dublin five years, for what I pleased. Extravagant as I was in

several articles, he never set any bounds to my demands, nor asked me what I did with the large sums I had yearly from him. My happiness was his felicity, and the glory of his life to have me appear to the greatest advantage, and in the most respected character, that money can gain a man.

"But at last he married his servant maid, an artful cruel woman, who obtained by her wit and charms so great an ascendant over him, that he abandoned me, to raise a young nephew this stepmother had, to what splendor and power she pleased. He had every thing he could name that money could procure, and was absolute master of the house and land. Not a shilling at this time could I get, nor obtain the least thing I asked for, and because I refused to become preceptor to this young man, and had made some alteration in my religion, having renounced that creed, which was composed nobody knows by whom, and introduced into the church in the darkest ages of popish ignorance; a symbol, which strongly participates of the true nature and spirit of popery, in those severe denunciations of God's wrath, which it pours so plentifully forth against all those whose heads are not turned to believe it; my father was so enraged that he would not even admit me to his table any longer, but bid

me be gone. My mother-in-law likewise for ever abused me, and her nephew, the lad, insulted me when I came in his way.

"Being thus compelled to withdraw, I set sail for England as soon as it was in my power, and arrived in Cumberland by the force of a storm. I proceeded from thence to the mountains of Stanemore, to look for a gentleman, my friend, who lived among those hills; and as I journeyed over them, and missed him, I chanced to meet with a fine northern girl, and a habitation to my purpose. I married her, and for almost two years past was the happiest of the human race, till the sable curtain fell between us, and the angel of death translated her glorious soul to the fields of paradise. Not able to bear the place of our residence, after I had lost my heart's fond idol, I left the charming spot and mansion, where unmixed felicity had been for some time my portion, and I was travelling on towards London, to see what is ordained there in reserve for me; when by accident I lost my way, and the fates conducted me to the groves of Basil. Curiosity led me into the library I found in the plain, without this wood, from whence, in search for some human creatures, I proceeded to the fountain, where I had the pleasure of seeing you, Sir, and this young lady. This is a summary of my past life;

what is before me heaven only knows. My fortune I trust with the Preserver of men, and the Father of spirits. One thing I am certain of by observation, few as the days of the years of my pilgrimage have been, that the emptiness, and unsatisfying nature of this world's enjoyments, are enough to prevent my having any fondness to stay in this region of darkness and sorrow. I shall never leap over the bars of life, let what will happen; but the sooner I have leave to depart, I shall think it the better for me."

The old gentleman seemed surprised at my story, and after some moments silence, when I had done, he said, "Your measure, Sir, is hard, and as it was, in part, for declaring against a false religion at your years, you please me so much, that if you will give me leave, I will be your friend, and as a subaltern providence, recompense your loss as to fortune in this world. In what manner you shall know to-morrow, when we breakfast at eight. It is now time to finish our bottle, that we may, according to our custom betimes retire."

May 5th, 1727.—At the time appointed I met the old gentleman in the parlour, and just as we had done saluting each other, STATIA entered, bright and charming as Aurora. She was in a rich dress, and her bright victorious eyes flashed a celestial fire. She made our tea, and gave me some of

her coffee. She asked me a few civil questions, and said two or three good things on the beauties of the morning, and the charms of the country. She left us the moment we had done breakfast, and then the old gentleman addressed himself to me in the following words.

"I do not forget the promise I made you, but must first relate the history of my family. I do it with the more pleasure, as I find you are of our religion, and I cannot help having a regard for you, on your daring to throw up a fortune for truth; for bravely daring to renounce those systems, which have an outward orthodox roundness given to them by their eloquent defenders, and within are mere corruption and apostacy.

"The skeleton you saw in the library was once my son, CHARLES HENLEY, a most extraordinary man. He had great abilities, and understood every thing a mortal is capable of knowing, of things human and divine. When he was in his nineteenth year, I took him to France and other countries, to see the world, and, on our return to England, married him into a noble family, to a very valuable young woman, of a large fortune, and by her he had the young lady you saw sitting on the chair near the table by me. This son I lost, three years after his marriage, and with him all relish for the world; and

being naturally inclined to retirement and a speculative life, never stirred since from this country-house. Here my son devoted himself entirely to study, and amused himself with instructing his beloved STATIA, the young lady you have seen. At his death he consigned her to my care; and as her understanding is very great, and her disposition sweet and charming, I have not only taken great pains in educating her, but have been delighted with my employment. Young as she is, but in the second month of her one and twentieth year, she not only knows more than women of distinction generally do, but would be the admiration of learned men, if her knowledge in languages, mathematics, and philosophy, were known to them: and as her father taught her music and painting, perhaps there is not a young woman of finer accomplishments in the kingdom.

"Her father died towards the end of the year 1723, in the thirty-ninth year of his age, when she was not quite sixteen, and, by his will left her ten thousand pounds, and Basil-House and estate; but she is not to inherit it, or marry, until she is two and twenty. This was her father's will. As to the skeleton in the library, it was my son's express order it should be so, and that the figure should not be removed from the place it stands in, while the

library remained in that room; but continue a solemn memorial in his family, to perpetuate his memory, and be a *memento mori* to the living.

"This is the history of Basil Groves, and the late owner of this seat, and his daughter STATIA. We live a happy, religious life here, and enjoy every blessing that can be desired in this lower hemisphere. But as I am not very far from a hundred years, having passed that ninety-two which Sir William Temple says, he never knew any one he was acquainted with arrive at, I must be on the brink of the grave, and expect every day to drop into it. What may become of STATIA, then, gives me some trouble to think, as all her relations, except myself are in the other world. To spend her life here in this solitude, as seems to be her inclination, is not proper; and to go into the world by herself, when I am dead, without knowing any mortal in it, may involve her in troubles and distresses. Hear then, my son, what I propose to you. You are a young man, but serious. You have got some wisdom in the school of affliction, and you have no aversion to matrimony, as you have just buried, you say, a glorious woman, your wife. If you will stay with us here, till STATIA is two and twenty, and in that time render yourself agreeable to her, I promise you, she shall be yours the day

she enters the three and twentieth year of her age, and you shall have with her fortune, all that I am owner of, which is no small sum. What do you say to this proposal?"

"Sir," I replied, "you do me vast honour, much more I am sure than my merits can pretend to. I am infinitely obliged to you, and must be blind and insensible, if I refused such a woman as Miss HENLEY, were she far from being the fortune she is. But I have not vanity enough to imagine, I can gain her affections; especially in my circumstances; and to get her by your authority or power of disposing of her, is what I cannot think of. I will stay however, a few months here, since you so generously invite me, and let Miss HENLEY know, I will be her humble servant, if she will allow me the honour of bearing that title." This made the old gentleman laugh, and he took me by the hand, saying, "This is right. Come, let us go and take a walk before dinner."

There I passed the winter, and part of the spring, and lived in a delightful manner. The mornings I generally spent in the library, reading, or writing extracts from some curious MSS. or scarce books; and in the afternoons Miss HENLEY and I walked in the lawns and woods, or sat down to cards. She was a fine creature indeed in body and soul, had a

beautiful understanding, and charmed me to a high degree. Her conversation was rational and easy, without the least affectation from the books she had read; and she would enliven it sometimes by singing, in which kind of music she was as great a mistress as I have heard. As to her heart, I found it was to be gained; but an accident happened that put a stop to the amour.

1728.—In the beginning of March, the old gentleman, the excellent Mr. HENLEY, STATIA's grandfather and guardian, and my great friend, died, and by his death a great alteration ensued in my affair. I thought to have had Miss HENLEY immediately, as there was no one to plead her father's will against the marriage, and intended to send O'FIN for friar FLEMING; but when STATIA saw herself her own mistress, without any superior, or controul, and in possession of large fortunes, money, and an estate, that she might do as she pleased; this had an effect on her mind, and made a change. She told me, when I addressed myself to her, after her grandfather was interred, "that what she intended to do, in obedience to him, had he lived, she thought required very serious consideration now she was left to herself: that, exclusive of this, her inclination really was for a single life; and had it been otherwise, yet it was not proper, since her guardian was

dead, that I should live with her till the time limited by her father's will for her to marry was come; but that, as she had too good an opinion of me to imagine her fortune was what chiefly urged my application, and must own she had a regard for me, she would be glad to hear from me sometimes, if I could think her worth remembering, after I had left the Groves of Basil." This she said with great seriousness, and seemed by her manner to forbid my urging any further.

"I assured her, however, that time only could wear out her charming image from my mind, and that I had reason to fear, she would long remain the torment of my heart. She had a right to be sure to dismiss me from her service; but in respect of her inclination to live a single life, I begged leave to observe, that it was certainly quite wrong, and what she could not answer to the wise and bountiful Father of the Universe, as she was a Christian, and by being so, must believe, that baptism was a memorial of the covenant of grace.

"The Catholics, and the Vision-mongers of the protestant side, the Rev. Wm. Law, and others of his row, may magnify the excellence of celibacy as high as they please, and work it into Christian perfection, by sounding words and eloquent pens; but most surely, revelation was directly against them,

and required the faithful to produce in a regular way.

"Consider, illustrious STATIA, that when the Most High gave the Abrahamic covenant in these words, I will be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, and in thy seed shall all the families, or nations of the earth be blessed; which includes an interest in God, as a God, father and friend for ever, and a share in all the blessings wherewith the Messiah, in the gospel hath inriched the world; these inestimable blessings and promises of life and favour, were designed by the divine munificence for rising generations of mankind; and it was most certainly intended, not only that they should be received with the highest gratitude and duty, but that they should be strongly inculcated upon the thoughts of succeeding generations, by an instituted sign or memorial, to the end of the world.

"Circumcision was the first appointed token or memorial, and at the same time, an instruction in that moral rectitude to which the grace of God obliges: and when the New Testament succeeded the Law, then was the covenant interest of infants, or their right to the covenant of grace, to be confirmed by the token or sign called baptism; that action being appointed to give the expected rising

generation an interest in the love of God, the grace of Christ, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, that is, in all covenant blessings. But what becomes of this great charter of heaven, if Christian women, out of an idle notion of perfection, will resolve to lead single lives, and thereby hinder rising generations from sharing in the honours and privileges of the church of Jesus Christ. Millions of the faithful must thereby be deprived of the token instituted by God to convey to them those covenant blessings, which his love and goodness designed for the rising generations of his people. Have a care then what you do, illustrious STATIA, in this particular. It must be a great crime to hinder the regular propagation of a species, which God hath declared to be under his particular inspection and blessing, and by circumcision and baptism, hath made the special object of divine attention and care. Away then with all thoughts of a virgin life, whatever becomes of me. As God hath appointed matrimony and baptism, let it be your pious endeavour to bear sons and daughters, that may be related to God, their Father; to Jesus, their Redeemer, and first born in the family; and to all the excellent, who are to enjoy, through him, the blessings of the glorious world above. Marry, then, illustrious STATIA, marry, and

let the blessing of Abraham come upon us gentiles. Oppose not the gospel covenant; that covenant which was made with that patriarch; but mind the comfortable promises; I will circumcise thy heart, and the heart of thy seed. I will pour out my spirit upon thy seed, and my blessing upon thine offspring. The seed of the righteous is blessed. They are the seed of the blessed of the Lord, and their offspring with them. Such is the magna charta of our existence and future happiness: and as infants descending from Abraham, in the line of election, to the end of the world, have as good a right and claim as we to the blessings of this covenant, and immense promise, I will be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee, in their generations; it must be a great crime, to deprive children of this intailed, heavenly inheritance, by our resolving to live in a state of virginity. In my opinion, it is a *sin* greater than murder. What is murder, but forcing one from his post against the will of Providence; and if the virgin hinders a being or beings from coming on the post, against the will of Providence, must she not be culpable; and must she not be doubly criminal, if the being or beings she hinders from coming on the stage, or into this first state, were to be a part of the perpetual generations, who have a

right to the inheritance, the blessing, and were to be heirs according to the promise made to Abraham? Ponder, illustrious STATIA, on the important point. Consider what it is to die a maid, when you may, in a regular way, produce heirs to that inestimable blessing of life and favour, which the munificence of the Most High was pleased freely to bestow, and which the great Christian mediator, agent, and negociator, republished, confirmed, and sealed with his blood. Marry then in regard to the gospel, and let it be the fine employment of your life, to open gradually the treasures of revelation to the understandings of the little Christians you produce.

This I am sure your holy religion requires from you: and if from the sacred oracles we turn to the book of nature, is it not in this volume written, that there must be a malignity in the hearts, of those mortals, who can remain unconcerned at the destruction and extirpation of the rest of mankind; and who want even so much good will as is requisite to propagate a creature, in a regular and hallowed way, though they received their own being from the meer benevolence of their divine Master? What do you say, illustrious STATIA? Shall it be a succession, as you are an upright Christian? And

may I hope to have the high honour of sharing in the mutual satisfaction that must attend the discharge of so momentous a duty?*

* If succession be the main thing, and to prevent the extirpation of the rest of mankind by junction, why may it not be carried on as well without marriage, as in that confined way? I answer, that as the author and founder of marriage was the Antient of Days, God himself, and at the creation, he appointed the institution: as Christ, who was vested with authority to abrogate any laws, or supersede any custom, in which were found any flaw or obliquity, or had not an intrinsic goodness and rectitude in them, confirmed the ordinance, by reforming the abuses that had crept into it, and restoring it to its original boundary: As he gave a sanction to this amicable covenant, and statuted that men should maintain the dignity of the conjugal state, and by virtue of this primordial and most intimate bond of society, convey down the race of mankind, and maintain its succession to the final dissolution; it is not therefore to be neglected or disregarded. We must not dare to follow our fancies, and in unhallowed mixtures, or an illegal method, have any posterity. As the great God appointed and blessed this institution only, for the continuance of mankind, the race is not to be preserved in another way. We must marry in the Lord, to promote his glory, as the apostle says, 1 *Cor.* ch. vii. v. 39. The earth is not to be replenished by licentious junction, or the promis-

All the smiles sat on the face of STATIA, while I was haranguing in this devout manner, and her

cuous use of women. Dreadful hereafter must be the case of all who slight an institution of God.

I am sensible, the libertine who depreciates and vilifies the dignitiy of the married state, will laugh at this assertion: The fop and debauchee will hiss it, and still do their best to render wedlock the subject of contempt and ridicule. The Roman clergy will likewise decry it, and injuriously treat it as an impediment to devotion, a cramp upon the spiritual serving of God, and call it an instrument of pollution and defilement, in respect of their heavenly celibacy.

But as God thought marriage was suitable to a paradisaical state, and the scriptures declare it honourable in all: as this is the way appointed by heaven to people the earth; and the institution is necessary, in the reason and nature of things, considering the circumstances in which mankind is placed; to prevent confusion, and promote the general happiness; as the bond of society, and the foundation of all human government; sure I am, the rake and the mass-priest, must be in a dreadful situation at the sessions of righteousness; when the one is charged with libertinism and gallantries, with madness and folly, and with all the evils and mischief they have done by illicit gratification, contrary to reason, and in direct opposition to the institutes of God: and when the other the miserable mass-priests, are called to an

countenance became a constellation of wonders. When I had done, this beauty said, " I thank you,

account, for vilifying the honour and dignity of the married state, and for striving to seduce mankind into the solitary retirements of celibacy, in violation of the laws of God; and more especially of the primary law or ordinance of heaven. Wretched priests; your institutions are breaches in revealed religion, trespasses upon the common rights of nature, and such oppressive yokes as it is not able to bear. Your celibacy has not a grain of piety in it. It is policy and impiety.

Hear me then, ye libertines and mass-priests: I call upon you of the first row, ye rakes of genius, to consider what you are doing, and in time turn from your iniquities: Be no longer profligate and licentious, blind to your true interest and happiness, but become virtuous and honourable lovers, and in regard to the advantages of this solemn institution, called wedlock, as well to the general state of the world, as to individuals, marry in the Lord; so will you avoid that dreadful sentence, Fornicators and adulterers God will judge, that is, punish; and in this life, you may make things very agreeable, if you please; though it is in the heavenly world alone, where there shall be all joy and no sorrow. Let there be true beauty and gracefulness in the mind and manners, and these with discretion, and other things in your power, will furnish a fund of happiness commensurate with your lives. It is possible, I am sure, to make mar-

Sir, for the information you have given me. I am a Christian. There is no malignity in my heart. You

riage productive of as much happiness as falls to our share in this lower hemisphere; as the nature of man can reach to in his present condition. For, as to joy flowing in with a full, constant and equal tide, without interruption and without allay, there is no such thing. Human nature doth not admit of this. "The sum of the matter is this: To the public the advantages of marriage are certain, whether the parties will or no; but to the parties engaging, not so: to them it is a fountain that sendeth forth both sweet and bitter waters. To those who mind their duty and obligations sweet ones; to those who neglect them bitter ones."

In the next place, ye monks, I would persuade you, if I could, to labour no longer in striving to cancel the obligations to marriage by the pretence of religion. The voice of heaven, and the whispers of sound and uncorrupted reason are against it. It is will-worship in opposition to revelation. It is such a presumption for a creature against the author of our nature, as must draw down uncommon wrath upon the head of every mass-priest, who does not repent their preaching such wicked doctrine. Indeed I do not know any part of popery that can be called Christianity: but this in particular is so horrible and diabolical, that I can consider the preachers for celibacy in no other light than as so many devils. May you ponder in time on this horrible affair.

have altered my way of thinking, and I now declare for a succession. Let Father FLEMING be sent for, and without waiting for my being two and twenty, or minding my father's will, as there is no one to oblige me to it, I will give you my hand." Charming news! I dispatched my lad for the friar. The priest arrived the next day, and at night we were married. Three days after we set out for Orton-Lodge, at my wife's request, as she longed to see the place. For two years more I resided there; it being more agreeable to STATIA than the improved Groves of Basil. We lived there in as much happiness as it is possible to have in this lower hemisphere, and much in the same manner as I did with CHARLOTTE my first wife. STATIA had all the good qualities and perfections which rendered CHARLOTTE so dear and valuable to me; like her she studied to increase the delights of every day, and by art, good humour, and love, rendered the married state such a system of joys as might incline one to wish it could last a thousand years: But it was too sublime and desirable to have a long existence here. STATIA was taken ill of the small-pox, the morning we intended to return to Basil Groves; she died the seventh day, and I laid her by CHARLOTTE's side. Thus did I again become a mourner. I sat with my eyes shut for three days,

but at last, called for my horse to try what air, exercise, and a variety of objects could do.

April 1, 1729.—Very early, as soon as I could see day, I left Orton-Lodge, and went to Basil-Groves, to order matters there. From thence I set out for Harrowgate-Spa to amuse myself in that agreeable place; but I did not go the way I came to Mr. HENLEY's house. To avoid the dangerous morass I had passed, at the hazard of my life, we went over a wilder and more romantic country than I had before seen. We had higher mountains to ascend than I had ever passed before; and some vallies so very deep to ride through, that they seemed as it were descents to hell. The patriarch Bermudez, in journeying over Abyssinia*, never travelled in more frightful glens. And yet, we often came to plains and vales which had all the charms a paradise could have. Such is the nature of this country.

Through these scenes, an amazing mixture of the terrible and the beautiful, we proceeded from five in the morning till one in the afternoon, when we arrived at a vast waterfall, which descended from a precipice near two hundred yards high, into a

* Relation de l'Ambassade, dediée a Don Sebastien, roy de Portugal.

deep lake, that emptied itself into a swallow fifty yards from the catadure or fall, and went I suppose to the abyss. The land from this head-long river, for half a mile in length and breadth, till it ended at vast mountains again, was a fine piece of ground, beautifully flowered with various perennials, the acanthus, the aconus, the adonis or pheasant's eye, the purple bistorta, the blue borago, the yellow bupthalmum, the white cacalia, the blue campanula, and the sweet-smelling cassia, the pretty double daisy, the crimson dianthus, the white dictamnus, the red fruximella, and many other wild flowers. They make the green valley look charming; and as here and there stood two or three ever-green trees, the cypress, the larix, the balm of Gilead, and the Swedish juniper, the whole spot has a fine and delightful effect. On my arrival here, I was at a loss which way to turn.

I could not however be long in suspense how to proceed, as I saw near the water-fall a pretty thatched mansion, and several inhabitants in it. I found these were a religious society of married people, ten friars and their ten wives, who had agreed to retire to this still retreat, and form a holy house on the plan of the famous Ivon, the disciple of Labadie, so celebrated on account of his connection with

Maria Schurman*, and his many fanatical writings. A book called the *Marriage Chretien*, written by this

* Maria Schurman, was born at Cologne, on the 5th of Nov. 1607, and died at Wieuwert in Friesland, on the 5th of May, 1678, in the seventy-first year of her age. Jean le Labeurer, in his *Histoire du Voyage de la Reyne de Pologne*, printed at Paris in 1648, speaking of her surprising endowments, says, " Elle respondit en Italien a Monsieur d'Orange, qui l'interrogeoit par ordre de la Regne, and elle argumenta tres-subtilement en Latin sur quelques poincts de theologie. Elle repartit aussi fort ellegamment en mesme langue, au compliment que je lui fis pour Madame la Mareschalle. Elle parla grec avec le Sieur Corrade premier medicin de la Regne. Enfin elle nous eust encore parlé d'autres langues si nous les eussions sçeuës; car outre la Grecque, la Latine, la Francoise, l'Italienne, l'Espagnole, l'Allemande, et le Flaman, qui lui est naturel, elle a encore beaucoup de connoissance de l'Hebreu, Syriacque et Chaldaïque; et il ne luy manque qu'un peu d'habitude pour les parler." Her writings entitled Opuscula Hebræa, Græca, Latina, were published by Frederic Spanheim, Professor of Divinity, in 1648, in 12mo. There are some admirable Latin letters on moral subjects in this book. Her epistle *de Vitæ Termino* to Berovicius, is a fine thing. See how she concludes: Unam tantum sollicitudinem nobis reliquit Deus, ut, quam

Ivon was their directory, and from it they formed a protestant La Trappe; with this difference from the

nobis imposuit provinciam curemus sedulo ante rerum eventum; post vero in hoc uno secure acquiescamus, quod ille sic voluit, qui nisi optima velle non potest. Audiamus, obsecro, divinam illam Epicteti vocem; semper magis volo quod Deus vult, quam quod ego. Adjungar et adhærebo illi, velut minister et assecla: cum illo appeto, cum illo desidero, et simpliciter atque uno verbo quod Deus vult, volo. Hic unica Halcyonia curarum æstibus; hic animorum per ancipitia fluctuantium statio tutissima: hic denique terminus in quo mente et calamo acquiesco. This is beautiful.

Her other work is called *Eukleria, or Bona Pars*, in allusion to Mary's chusing the better part. This is hard to be met with. It is one octavo in Latin, and though it be not without some vision, yet it is in the main a beautiful and solid performance. It is in the manner of Law's *Christian Perfection*, and has several sentiments resembling those of Madam Guion, in her *Comment on the New Testament*, and Madam Bourignon, in her numerous works. It was the famous Labadie, the fanatic, who brought Mrs. Schurman over to the interior life and silent worship, in the forty-third year of her age, and from that time to her dying-day, she renounced the world, and never went to public worship. The men of learning and worth were no longer seen in crouds at her house, engaged with her in the noblest literary conver-

Catholic religious men, that the friars of the reformed monastery were to have wives in their consations; for the advancement of truth and the sciences; but in a solitude, purchased by herself, she moped away her remaining life in quietism, and holy reveries, and parting from reason in religion, sunk into passive unions of nothing with nothing, and became the prey of cunning and stupid religionists. Her house was always full of them. She would see no other company. The holy Labadie expired in her arms, aged sixty-four, in the year 1674; Mrs. Schurman being then sixty-seven. What a deplorable change was here, and owing to no reason in religion. Adhere to reason I enjoin you, for whoever tells you, you must give it up in religion, is the son of darkness, and the truth is not in him.

Labadie, born Feb. 13, 1610, had been many years a Jesuit, then Jansenist, Carme Solitaire, Missionnaire, and Devot, and afterwards by the interest of the marquis de Favas, a protestant, was made minister of Montauban.

Bayle, Bernard, and Basnages, in the *Nouvelles de la Republique des Lettres*, tell a strange story of this man, while he was minister at Montauban: that he had brought over a beautiful young lady, Madamoiselle de Calonges, to the interior or spiritual life, and to make her perfect in what they call 'la spiritualité et l'oraison mentale,' he told her she must be absolutely alienated from all sensible objects in her meditations, and lost in

vent: the better to enable them to obtain Christian perfection in the religious life. These Regulars,

the depths of reflection, 'dans le reueillement interieure.' To this purpose he gave her a point to meditate on, and desired she would give it her whole application, as she sighed after Christian perfection. Miss began, and the director left her, under a 'detachement absolu;' but returned in an hour or two to her chamber. He found her like contemplation on a monument; her eyes fixed, and her whole body, as if it were a petrefaction. Softly the holy man approached; strange pleasures filled his soul, as he gazed upon his heavenly disciple, and believing her quite perfect, from her attitude, in the interior way, he gently put his pious hand upon her lovely breast, and began to feel the finest tetons in the world. But as Madamoiselle de Calonges was a woman of sense and virtue, she could not resign to this part of interior religion, and started up in a passion, giving the director a pounce, and asking him what he meant by such behaviour?

The minister replied, " sans être déconcerté, et avec un air devot; je vois bien ma fille, que vous étes encore bien éloignèe de la perfection reconnoissez, humblement vôtre foiblesse, et demandez pardon a Dieu d'avoir été si peu attentive aux mysteres que vous deviez meditter. Si vous y aviez apporté tout l'attention nécessaire, vous ne vous fussiez pas apperçue de ce qu'on faissoit à votre gorge Mais vous étiez si peu détachée

men and women, were a most industrious people, never idle; but between their hours of prayer

des sens, si peu concentrée avec la divinite, que vous n'avez pas été un moment à reconnoître qu je vous touchois. Je voulois éprouver si votre serveur dans l'oraison vous élevoit au dessu de la matiére, et vous unissoit au souverain etre, la vive source de l'immortalité et de la spiritualité, et je vois avec beaucoup de douleur, que vos progres sont très petits: vous n'allez que que terre à terre. Que ce la vous donnez de la confusion, ma fille, et vous porte à mieux remplir les saints devoirs de la priére mentale."

This speech, continue the historians, was so far from satisfying the beautiful Miss Calonges, as she perceived the dreadful consequence of such doctrine, and knew it might be extended to the most impure transactions, in order to be thoroughly concentered with the divinity, that it enraged her as much as the action of Labadie, and she would never after have any more to say to him. "Elle rompit entierement avec luy." Bayle says he will not warrant the truth of this story, and Bernard tell us he has some doubt about it; but Henry Basnage in his *Histoire des Ouvrages des Savans*, assures us he had the account of this affair from the mouth of Mademoselle de Calonges: he says he heard her relate it several times, and that she always spoke of the false and hypocritical devotion of Labadie with horror. But, notwithstanding all this, I have some doubts as to the veracity

always at work: the men were employed in a garden of ten acres, to provide vegetables and fruit, on

of Miss Calonges' relation, not that I think such behaviour has never been practised by a mystic, for there is a lady now living, who was debauched by a mass-priest, while he was instructing her how to be perfect in the interior life and abstraction He first made a convert of her to popery, and then to raise her to the tip-top saints, consolidated her soul to an impenetrable centre, and taught her to pray in silence in the inward sanctuary, without any regard to what was outward; the more insensible, the more perfect. This continued for some time, and the confessor told her she was in a fair way to the highest degree of perfection; a little more absence from the body, and she was quite glorious. In short, from touching the tip of her ear, as she sat like one inanimate, he proceeded to the most illicit liberties. She thought him an angel of a man, and was undone by the uncommon sanctity he wore, and the strong desire she had to be a perfect mystic.

But as to Labadie, if he was the man Miss Calonges reported him, is it to be thought Mrs. Schurman would have made him her nearest friend, and first minister in the management of her house and religionists, and have travelled with him wherever he went. Beside, Mrs. Bourignon did not make this an objection against joining him and Mrs. Schurman. Among the many books written by Labadie, and by him published, there are

which they chiefly lived; or in cutting down old trees, and fitting them for their fire: and the women

some of them moral, and extremely pious: and more than this, Yvon was his principal disciple, and all I think allow he was one of the most pious of mortals, though a thorough visionary. He founded a society at Wiewert, which was another la Trappe. "Espéce d'Abbaye de la Trap dans le parti protestant, tres éloignée de l'esprit de mondanité, reformez dans leurs mœurs et dans leurs dogmes, says Bayle in his *Nouvelles* for November 1685. And the *Marriage Chrétien* of Yvon, published immediately after the death of Labadie, is a piece of sanctification too severe I think for mortals. I imagine then, that in contempt of those mystics and visionaries, there may be some things overtold, and some stories received, that would bear mitigation, if all the circumstances relating to them were known. It is bad enough that there are mystics and visionaries in the world: and therefore, if I could, I had rather discover virtue amidst their intellectual immoralities, than have an opportunity of displaying imperfections in any of their hearts. As to Labadie, supposing the worst, and that as Henry Basnage, says, he began to feel the breasts of Miss Calonges, might not the attitude of the charming image, and the privacy of the place, be too much for the poor man, as they say she was a prodigious fine girl, and tempt him to commit an indiscretion he might be very sorry for after? He was at that time a huge, strong, healthy he-

were knitting, spinning, or twisting what they had spun into thread, which they sold for three shillings

mystic, and perhaps had a bottle of generous in his stomach.

Madame Bourignon, whom I have mentioned, was separated from her earthly tabernacle the 20th of October, 1680, St. Vet. anno; having lived sixty-four years, nine months and fourteen days. She died at Franeker, in West Friesland, and had suffered greatly in many persecutions. She had an extraordinary fine understanding, and would have been a valuable and useful creature, if she had not gone in to vision. There are however many admirable things in her works, which she published herself at several times, and to that purpose, had a printing house of her own, in the island of Nord-Strand in Holstein; which island she purchased from Monsieur Cort, one of the fathers of the oratory. Her works were afterwards printed at Amsterdam, 1686, in nineteen volumes in 8vo. A presiding good sense appears every now and then in her writings, which kept her from sinking into the profundities, unions, and annihilations, of Labadie, whom she despised, though Mrs. Schurman was so fond of him. Labadie wanted her to come and live with him and Mrs. Schurman, and be one of the perfectionists in their retreat. He pressed her to it but she would have no connection with them. She told them their plan and economy were weak, and they had not the operation of the spirit in

a pound: they were all together in a large, handsome room: they sat quite silent, kept their eyes on

what they schemed and did. The two best books in this lady's works are, *The Light of the World*, and *Solid Virtue*. They have been translated into English; but are not now to be found.

Madame Guion, another illustrious visionary died the 9th of June, 1717, at Blois, in the seventieth year of her age. Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray's troubles were all owing to this lady. She debauched his understanding with her splendid visions and notions of perfection and quiet, and to his last moment he had the most singular veneration for her, and thought her to be what our grand visionary, the reverend William Law, calls her in one of his pieces against Dr. Trapp, the 'enlight'ned Guion.' Notwithstanding the prelate made a public recantation, through fear, of his maxims of the saints, yet he was to his extreme unction, a thorough Guionist; that is, by associating and concentering with the divinity, as Madame directed, he was all light, all eye, all spirit, all joy, all rest, all gladness, all love; pure love. These are their terms. They rest in quietness, and are absorbed in silent spiritual pleasure, and inexpressible sweetness. Filled with a rapt'rous stillness, they sit the hours away at a royal banquet, and enjoy a divine repose in the sweet fellowship of the bridegroom. They even become sometimes like angels without bodies, so exceeding light and easy do they feel themselves with the

their work, and seemed more attentive to some inward meditations, than to any thing that appeared,

body. Wretched delusion. It is all a wild, senseless fancy. It wants the beams of eternal and unalterable reason, and therefore can never be that useful, glorious piety, called Christianity; can never be that heavenly religion which was promulgated by Jesus; which consists in offering prayers with our lips, praising and giving thanks to the one true God the Father, at proper seasons; and in reducing the principles of the gospel to practice; by a righteousness of mind, and an active universal benevolence.

Madame Guion's works are twenty volumes of *Explications and Reflections on the Old and New Testament, concerning the Interior Life.* Five volumes of *Spirituel Cantiques* and *Emblems on Pure Love.* Two volumes of religious discourses. Four volumes of *Letters.* Her *Life* in three volumes. Three volumes of *Justifications in defence of herself against her persecutors.* And two volumes entitled *Opuscules.*

As to Fenelon, archbishop of Cambray, he was a great and beautiful genius, and his *Telemaque* cannot be enough admired: but that bright genius he laid at the foot of mystery: His noble reason he would not use in religion, and therefore, in this article, was as poor a creature as any of the people. His maxims of the saints declare the weak visionary; and his submitting them afterwards to the censure of the man of sin, called

or passed by them. They looked as if they were contented and happy. They were all extremely handsome, and quite clean; their linen fine and white, and their gowns a black stuff. The women dined at one table, the men at another; but all sat in the same room. The whole house was in bed by ten, and up by four in the morning, winter and summer. What they said at their table I could not hear, as they spoke low and little, and were at a distance from me, in a large apartment: but the

the sovereign pontiff, renders his speculating religious character very despicable. He was a thorough visionary; and at the same time a thorough papist. The letter he dictated for Lewis the XIVth's confessor, after he had received extreme unction, shews that no man ever had more at heart that monstrous, and most audacious corruption of the Christian religion, called popery. In his expiring moments he conjures that bloody tyrant, the king of France, to order him a successor that will, like him, do every thing to oppose and suppress the Jansenists; the only remaining light within the vast black realms of papacy: Je prendrai la liberté de demandez a sa majesté deux graces, qui ne regardent, ni ma personne ni aucun de miens. La premiere est que le roi ait la bonté de me donner un successeur pieux, et régulier, bon et ferme contre le Jansenisme, lequel est prodigieusement accredité sur cette frontiére."

conversation of the men, at table, was very agreeable, rational and improving. I observed they had a great many children, and kept four women-servants to attend them, and do the work of the house. The whole pleased me very greatly. I thought it a happy institution.

As to the marriage of the friars in this cloist'ral house, their founder, Ivon, in my opinion, was quite right in this notion. Chaste junction cannot have the least imperfection in it, as it is the appointment of God, and the inclination to a coit is so strongly impressed on the machine by the author of it; and since it is quite pure and perfect; since it was wisely intended as the only best expedient to keep man for ever innocent, it must certainly be much better for a regular or retreating priest, to have a lawful female companion with him; and so the woman, who chuses a convent, and dislikes the fashions of the world, to have her good and lawful monk every night in her arms; to love and procreate legally, when they have performed all the holy offices of the day; and then, from love and holy generation, return again to prayer, and all the heavenly duties of the cloistered life; than to live, against the institution of nature and providence, a burning, tortured nun, and a burning, tortured friar; locked up in walls they can never pass, and under the govern-

ment of some old, cross, impotent superior. There is some sense in such a *Marriage Chrètien* in a convent. Ivon's convent is well enough. A cloister may do upon his plan, with the dear creature by one's side, after the daily labours of the monk are over. It had been better, if that infallible man, the Pope, had come into this scheme. How comfortable has Ivon made it to the human race, who renounce the dress and pageantry, and all the vanities of time. Their days are spent in piety and usefulness; and at night, after the *completorium*, they lie down together in the most heavenly charity, and according to the first great hail, endeavour to increase and multiply. This is a divine life. I am for a cloister on these terms. It pleased me so much to see these monks march off with their smiling partners, after the last psalm, that I could not help wishing for a charmer there, that I might commence the Married Regular, and add to the stock of children in this holy house. It is really a fine thing to monk it on this plan. It is a divine institution, gentle and generous, useful and pious.

On the contrary, how cruel is the Roman church, to make perfection consist in celibacy, and cause so many millions of men and women to live at an eternal distance from each other, without the least regard to the given points of contact! How unfriendly

to society! This is abusing Christianity, and perverting it to the most pernicious purposes; under a pretence of raising piety, by giving more time and leisure for devotion. For it never can be pious either in design or practice, to cancel any moral obligation, or to make void any command of God: and as to prayer, it may go along with every other duty, and be performed in every state. All states have their intermissions; and if it should be otherwise sometimes, I can then, while discharging any duty, or performing any office, pray as well in my heart, O God be merciful to me a sinner, and bless me with the blessing of thy grace and providence, as if I was prostrate before an altar. What Martha was reproved for, was on account of her being too solicitous about the things of this life. Where this is not the case, business and the world are far from being a hindrance to piety. God is as really glorified in the discharge of relative duties, as in the discharge of those which more immediately relate to himself. He is in truth more actively glorified by our discharging well the relative duties, and we thereby may become more extensively useful in the church and in the world, may be more public blessings, than it is possible to be in a single pious state. In short, this one thing, celibacy, were there nothing else, the making the unmarried state a more

holy state than marriage, shews the prodigious nonsense and impiety of the Church of Rome, and is reason enough to flee that communion, if we had no other reasons for protesting against it. The tenet is so superstitious and dangerous, that it may well be esteemed a doctrine of those devils, who are the seducers and destroyers of mankind; but it is, says Wallace, in his *Dissertation on the Numbers of Manhood*, suitable to the views and designs of a church, which has discovered such an enormous ambition, and made such havock of the human race, in order to raise, establish, and preserve an usurped and tyrannical power.

But as to the Married Regulars I have mentioned; they were very glad to see me, and entertained me with great civility and goodness. I lived a week with them, and was not only well fed with vegetables and puddings on their lean days, Wednesdays and Fridays, and with plain meat, and good malt drink, on the other days; but was greatly delighted with their manner and piety, their sense and knowledge. I will give my pious readers a sample of their prayers, as I imagine it may be to edification. These friars officiate in their turns, changing every day; and the morning and evening prayers of one of them, were in the words following. I took them off in my shorthand.

A PRAYER FOR MORNING.

" Almighty and everlasting God, the creator and preserver of all things, our law-giver, saviour, and judge, we adore thee the author of our beings, and the father of our spirits. We present ourselves, our acknowledgments, and our homage, at the foot of thy throne, and yield thee the thanks of the most grateful hearts for all the instances of thy favour which we have experienced. We thank thee for ever, O Lord God Almighty, for all thy mercies and blessings vouchsafed us; for defending us the past night from evil, and for that kind provision which thou hast made for our comfortable subsistence in this world.

" But above all, most glorious Eternal, adored be thy goodness, for repeating and reinforcing the laws and the religion of thy creation, by supernatural revelation, and for giving us that reason of mind, which unites us to thee, and makes us implore thy communications of righteousness, to create us again unto good works in Christ Jesus.

" We confess, O Lord, that we have done violence to our principles, and alienated ourselves from the natural use we were fitted for: we have revolted from thee into a state of sin, and by the operation of sense and passion, have been moved to such

practices as are exorbitant and irregular: but we are heartily sorry for all our misdoings: to thee in Christ we now make our address, and beseech thee to inform our understandings, and refine our spirits, that we may reform our lives by repentance, redeem our time by righteousness, and live as the glorious gospel of thy Son requires. Let the divine spirit assist and enable us to over-rule, conduct, and employ, the subordinate and inferior powers, in the exercise of virtue, and the service of our Creator, and as far as the imperfections of our present state will admit, help us so to live by the measures and laws of heaven, that we may have the humility and meekness, the mortification and self-denial of the holy Jesus, his love of thee, his desire of doing thy will, and seeking only thy honour. Let us not come covered before thee under a form of godliness, a cloke of creeds, observances and institutions of religion; but with that inward salvation and vital sanctity, which renounces the spirit, wisdom, and honours of this world, dethrones self-love and pride, subdues sensuality and covetousness, and opens a kingdom of heaven within by the spirit of God. O let thy Christ be our Saviour in this world; and before we die, make us fit to live for ever with thee in the regions of purity and perfection.

" Since it is the peculiar privilege of our nature,

through thy mercy and goodness, that we are made for an eternal entertainment in those glorious mansions, where the blessed society of saints and angels shall keep an everlasting sabbath, and adore and glorify thee for ever, let thy inspiring spirit raise our apprehensions and desires above all things that are here below, and alienate our minds from the customs and principles of this mad, degenerate, and apostate world: mind us of the shortness and uncertainty of time, of the boundless duration, and the vast importance of eternity, and so enable us to imitate the example of the holy Jesus in this world, that we may hereafter ascend, with the greatest ardour of divine love, to those realms of holiness, where our hearts will be filled with raptures of gladness and joy, and we shall remain in the highest glory for ever and ever.

"We live, O Lord, in reconciliation and friendship, in love and good will, with thy whole creation, with every thing that derives from thee, holds of thee, is owned by thee; and under the power of this affection, we pray for all mankind; that they may be partakers of all the blessings which we enjoy or want, and that we may all be happy in the world to come, and glorify thee together in eternity. To this end bring all the human race to the know-

ledge of thy glorious gospel, and let its influence transform them into the likeness of Christ.

" But especially, we pray for all who suffer for truth and righteousness sake, and beseech thee to prosper those that love thee. Defend, O Lord, the just rights and liberties of mankind, and rescue thy religion from the corruptions which have been introduced upon it, by length of time, and by decay of piety. Infatuate the counsels, and frustrate the endeavours of the priests of Rome, and against all the designs of those, who are enemies to the purity of the gospel, and substitute human inventions in the place of revealed religion; prosper the pious labours of those who teach mankind to worship one eternal and omnipresent being: in whose understanding, there is the perfection of wisdom; in whose will, there is the perfection of goodness; in whose actions, there is the perfection of power; a God without cause, the great creator, benefactor, and saviour of men:—And that the duty of man is to obey, in thought, word, and deed, the precepts of godliness and righteousness, without regard to pleasure, gain, or honour: to pain, loss, or disgrace; diligently imitating the life of the holy Jesus, and stedfastly confiding in his mediation.

" In the last place, O Lord God Almighty, we

beseech thee to continue us under thy protection, guidance, and blessing this day, as the followers and disciples of thy Christ, through whom we recommend our souls and our bodies into thy hands, and according to the doctrine of his religion, say, Our Father, &c."

In this manner, did these pious Ivonites begin their every day; and when the sun was set, and they had finished their supper, they worshipped God again in these words.

A PRAYER FOR NIGHT.

"Most blessed, glorious, and holy Lord God Almighty, who art from everlasting to everlasting, God over all, magnified and adored for ever! we, thy unworthy creatures, humble our souls in thy presence, and confess ourselves miserable sinners. We acknowledge our miscarriages and faults, and condemn ourselves for having done amiss. We deprecate thy just offence and displeasure. We cry thee mercy. We ask thee pardon: and as we are quite sensible of our weakness and inability, and know thou lovest the souls of men, when they turn and repent, we beseech thee to give us true repentance, and endue us with the grace of thy sanctifying spirit, that we may be delivered from the bondage and slavery of iniquity, and have the law of the spirit of

life which is in Christ Jesus. Upon thee our God, we call for that help which is never wanting, and beseech thee to give us thy heavenly assistance, that we may recover our reasonable nature, refine our spirits by goodness, and purify ourselves even as the Lord Jesus is pure. O thou Father of Lights, and the God of all comforts, inform our understandings with truth, and give us one ray of that divine wisdom which sitteth on the right hand of thy throne. O let us be always under thy communication and influence, and enable us, through the recommendation of thy Son, our mediator and redeemer, to lay aside all passion, prejudice, and vice, to receive thy truth in the love of it, and to serve thee with ingenuity of mind, and freedom of spirit: that we may pass through a religious life to a blessed immortality, and come to that eternal rest, where we shall behold thy face in righteousness, and adore and bless thee to eternity, for our salvation through him who hath redeemed us by his blood.

" We praise and magnify thy goodness, O Lord God Almighty, for our maintenance and preservation, by thy constant providence over us, and we beseech thee to take us into thy special care and protection this night. Defend us from all the powers of darkness, and from evil men and evil things, and raise us in health and safety. Do thou,

most great and good God, protect us and bless us this night, and when we awake in the morning, let our hearts be with thee, and thy hand with us. And the same mercies we beg for all mankind; that thy goodness and power may preserve them, and thy direction and influence secure their eternal salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord, by whom thou hast taught us to call upon thee as our Father, &c."

By the way, I cannot help observing, that these disciples of Ivon are much reformed in respect of what his cloistered followers were in his time. It appears from Ivon's books, that he was as great a visionary and tritheist as his master Labadie, or any of our modern mystics now are. But these Regulars I found among the fells, though on Ivon's plan, are as rational Christians as ever adorned the religion of our Master by a purity of faith. You see by their prayes, that their devotions are quite reasonable and calm. There is no rant, nor words without meaning, no feeling instead of seeing the truth; nor expectation of covenant mercy on the belief of a point repugnant not only to the reason and nature of things, but to the plain repeated declarations of God in the Christian religion. Their prayer is a calm address to the great Maker, Governor, and Benefactor of the universe; and honour and

obedience to Christ as Mediator, according to the will and appointment of God the Father.

Upon my asking one of these gentlemen, how they came to differ so much from Ivon, their founder, and cease to be the patrons of vision, and an implicit incomprehensible faith? He told me, they had read all the books on both sides of the question, that had been written of late years, and could not resist the force of the evidence in favour of reason and the divine unity. They saw it go against mechanical impulse, and strong persuasion without grounds, and therefore they dismissed Ivon's notions of believing without ideas, as they became sensible it was the same thing as seeing without light or objects. Without dealing any longer in a mist of words, or shewing themselves orthodox, by empty, insignificant sounds, they resolved, that the object of their worship, for the time to come, should be, that one supreme self-existent being, of absolute, infinite perfection, who is the first cause of all things, and whose numerical identity and infinite perfections are demonstrable from certain principles of reason, antecedent to any peculiar revelation; and confessed that the blessing, with which Jesus Christ was sent by God to bless the world, consists in turning men from their iniquities. They now

perceived what the creed-makers, and Ivon, their founder, could not see, to wit, that it is against the sacred texts, to ascribe to Each Person of Three the nature and all essential attributes and properties of the One only true God, and yet make the Three the One true God only, when considered conjunctly; for if Each has all possible perfections and attributes, then each must be the same true God as if and when conjoined; and of consequence, there must then be Three One true Gods, or One Three true Gods; Three One Supreme Beings, or One Three Supreme Beings, since to each of the three must be ascribed, as the orthodox say, any thing and every thing, that is most peculiar and appropriated to the divine nature, without any difference. In short, by conjobbling matters of faith in this manner, they saw we had three distinct selfs, or intelligent agents, equal in power and all possible perfections, agreeing in one common essence, one sort of species, like a supreme magistracy of distinct persons, acting by a joint exercise of the same power, and so the three are one, not by a numerical but specific identity; three Omnipotents and one Almighty, in a collective sense. This, continued the gentleman on searching the scriptures, we found was far from being the truth of the case. We discovered, upon a fair examination, and laying aside our old prejudices, that

there was nothing like this in the New Testament. It appeared to us to be the confused talk of weak heads. In the Bible we got a just idea of one Eternal Cause, God the Father, almighty, all-wise, unchangeable, infinite; and are there taught how to worship and serve him. The greatest care is there taken to guard against the ill effects of imagination and superstition; and in the plainest language, we are ordered to pray to this blessed and only potentate, the King of kings, and Lord of lords, who only, or alone hath immortality; and this in imitation of Jesus, who in the morning very early went out into a solitary place, and there prayed *. Who dismissing his disciples departed into a mountain to pray †. And he continued all night in prayer to GOD ‡: We are ordered to glorify and bless this only wise God for ever §. Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ ||. To God and our Father be glory for ever ¶. And to love him truly by keeping the commandments **. Cui Jesus sic respondit: primum omnium præceptorum est: audi Israelita. Dominus Deus vester dominus unus est.

* *Mark*, ch. i. v. 35. † *Mark*, ch. vi. v. 46. ‡ *Luke*, ch. vi. v. 12. § *Romans*, ch. xvi. v. 27. || 2 *Cor.* ch. i. v. 3. ¶ *Phil.* ch. iv. v. 20. ** *Mark*, ch. xii. v. 29, 30, 31.

Itaque dominum Deum tuum toto corde, toto animo, tota mente, totisque viribus amato. Hoc primum est præceptum. Hear, O Israel, the Lord our God is one Lord. And thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength. This is the first commandment.

Et voicy le second. Vous aimerez vostre prochain comme vous même. And the second is like the first. Hunc simile est alterum, alterum ut teipsum amato. His majus aliud præceptum nullum est. Though shalt love thy neighbour as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these.

To say it; we became fully satisfied, that the supreme God and governor of the world, who exists by a prior necessity, and therefore must be one, a perfect moral agent, and possessed of all moral perfections, is the sole object of religious worship: that Jesus Christ was a temporary minister, with a legatarian power, to publish and declare the spiritual laws of this great God: and that it is incumbent on mankind to yield a perfect obedience to these spiritual laws of this Supreme Being: that is, the duty of all, to make the object proposed by Christ, his God and our God, his Father and our Father, the sole object of faith; and to expect hap-

piness or salvation, on the term of being turned from all our iniquities. This seemed a matter worthy of the Son of God's appearing in the world. Every thing else must be enthusiasm and usurpation.

Here the Ivonist had done, and I was greatly pleased with his sense and piety. "What a heavenly Christianity should we profess," I said, "if the notions of our modern enthusiasts were as consistent with Christ's great design and profession! We should then set up the Kingdom of God among men, and be diligent and active in promoting the laws of that kingdom. We should then believe, like Jesus Christ and his apostles, that there is but one God, the Father Almighty. There is no one good, so commonly called, but one that is God; or only the one God*. Nullus est bonus nisi unus Deus. *Castalio.* And *Cant. MS. Clem. Alex.* adds, My Father who is in Heaven. This is life eternal, to acknowledge thee, O Father, to be the only true GOD†. It is one God who will justify‡. We know that there is none other Gods but one. For to us there is one GOD the Father§. There is one GOD and Father of all, who is over all, and through

* *Mark*, ch. x. v. 18. † *John*, ch. xvii. throughout.
‡ *Romans*, ch. iii. v. 30. § 1 *Cor.* ch. viii. v. 4-6.

all, and in you all *. And we should confess one Mediator,—the man Christ Jesus †. We should be consistent, and not throw off those principles upon which Christianity was founded, and alone could be first built. We should invite men into our religion, by representing to them the perfection of that primary law of God, reason or natural religion; by declaring the plainness and clearness of it to all attentive and well-disposed minds; and then shew them how worthy it was of the Supreme Governor to give such creatures as he has made us the gospel; that by the religion of favour, he has, with glory to himself, displayed his paternal regard for us, by doing much more than what is strictly necessary for our eternal good. God, on a principle of love, sends his Christ, to advise us and awaken us to a sense of our danger in passing through this world, in case, which he saw would be the thing, we should not constantly attend to the light we might strike out ourselves with some trouble. He calls us in an extraordinary manner to forsake vice and idolatry, and practise the whole system of morality. We might expect, that a good God, would once at least, interpose by such an extraordinary method as revelation, to turn and incline

* *Eph.* ch. iv. v. 6. † 2 *Tim.* ch. ii. v. 5.

his reasonable creatures, to the study and practice of the religion of nature. This was acting like the Father of the universe, considering the negligence and corruption of the bulk of mankind. The reason he gave us, the law of nature, was giving us all that was absolutely necessary. The gospel was an addition of what is excellently useful. What, my beloved, might a rational divine say, can be more paternal, and worthy of the Almighty Creator, than to reveal plainly the motive of a judgment to come, in order to secure all obedience to the religion of nature? Reason may, to be sure, be sufficient to shew men their duty, and to encourage their performance of it with the assurance of obtaining a reward, if they would duly attend to its dictates, and suffer them to have their due effect upon them: it may guide mankind to virtue, and happiness consequent to it, as God must be a rewarder of all those who diligently seek him, and was enough to bring them to the knowledge, and engage them in the practice of true religion and righteousness, if they had not shut their eyes to its light, and wilfully rejected the rule written in their hearts. But as this was what mankind really did, and now do; as errors and impieties, owing to an undue use or neglect of reason, became universal; just as the case

of Christians, is, by disregarding the New Testament; and reason, through men's faults, was rendered ineffectual, though still sufficient, which justifies both the wisdom and goodness of God, in leaving man for so many ages to his natural will, and so great a part of the globe to this day with no other light than the law of nature; and reason, I say, was rendered ineffectual, though still sufficient to teach men to worship God with pious hearts and sincere affections, and to do his will by the practice of moral duties; to expect his favour for their good deeds, and his condemnation of their evil works; then was revelation a more powerful means of promoting true religion and godliness. The gospel is a more effectual light. It is a clearer and more powerful guide; a brighter motive and stronger obligation to universal obedience than reason can with certainty propose. And therefore, though there was not a necessity for God to give a new rule in vindication of his providence, and in order to render men accountable to him for their actions; yet the divine goodness was pleased to enforce the principles of reason and morality more powerfully by an express sanction of future rewards and punishments, and by the gospel restore religious worship to the original uncorrupted rational service of the Deity. This displays his paternal regard to his

children, with glory to himself. Love was the moving principle of his sending Christ into the world, to reform the corruptions of reason, to restore it to its purity, and most effectually to promote the practice of the rules of it. The gospel revelation considered in this manner appears to be the pure effect of the divine goodness. It is a conduct accompanied with the greatest propriety and glory.

If this representation of Christianity was as much the doctrine of the church as it is of the Ivonites I have mentioned, we might then, with hopes of success, call upon the rational infidels to come in. They could hardly refuse the invitation, when we told them, our religion was the eternal law of reason and of God restored, with a few excellently useful additions: that the gospel makes the very religion of nature, a main part of what it requires, and submits all that it reveals to the test of the law of reason: that the splendor of God's original light, the light of nature, and the revelation of Jesus, are the same; both made to deliver mankind from evils and madness of superstition, and make their religion worthy of God, and worthy of men; to enable them by the voice of reason in conjunction with the words of the gospel, to worship One God the Maker, the Governor, the Judge, of the world; and to practise all

that is good, and praise-worthy: that we may be blessed as we turn from iniquity to virtue; and by entering cordially into the spirit of the meritorious example or exemplary merits of Christ, be determined dead to sin, and alive to righteousness: in short, my brethren, in the suffering and death of Jesus, his patient, pious, and meek, his benevolent and compassionate behaviour, under the most shocking insult, indignity, and torture, we have what we could not learn from the religion of nature, a deportment that well deserves both our admiration and imitation. We learn from the perfect example of Jesus, recommended in his gospel, to bear patiently ill-usage, and to desire the welfare of our most unreasonable and malicious enemies. This is improving by religion to the best purpose; and as we resemble the Son of God, the man Christ Jesus, in patience, piety, and benevolence, we become the approved children of the Most High, who is kind and good to the unthankful and to the evil. In this view of the gospel, all is fine, reasonable, and heavenly. The gentile can have nothing to object. We have the religion of nature in its original perfection, in the doctrine of the New Testament, enforced by pains and pleasures everlasting; and we learn from the death of the Mediator, not only an unprecedented patience, in bearing our sins in his

own body on the tree: but the divine compassion and piety with which he bore them. We have in this the noblest example to follow, whenever called to suffer for well-doing or for righteousness-sake; and by the imitation, we manifest such a command of temper and spirit, as can only be the result of the greatest piety and virtue. This added to keeping the commandments must render men the blessed of the Father, and entitle them to the kingdom prepared for the wise, the honest, and the excellent.

But, alas! instead of giving such an account of Christianity, the cry of the doctors is, for the most part, Discard reason, and prostrate your understanding before the adorable mysteries. Instead of a Supreme Independent First Cause of all things to believe in and worship, they give Three true Gods in number, Three infinite independent Beings, to be called One, as agreeing in one common abstract essence, or species; as all mankind are one, in one common rational nature, or abstract idea of humanity. Amazing account! A triune no infidel or gentile of sense will ever worship.

Instead of fixing salvation or moral rectitude, and our preferring the will of God, as delineated in the words of the gospel, before all other considerations, we are told of an innocent, meritorious, propitiating blood, spilt by wicked hands, and so made

an acceptable sacrifice, to a Being who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity. This, we are assured, satisfies all the demands of the law. Here is infinite satisfaction, and most certainly, I add, a cool indifference as to personal rectitude. When such a faith or credulity becomes the principal pillar of trust and dependance, then mere reliance on such satisfaction to divine justice, may be a stupifying opiate, and make many remiss in the labours of a penitential piety, and that exact rectitude of mind and life, which even reason requires, to render us acceptable to the Deity. Many an appetite and passion are indulged under this subterfuge; and with little fervency or zeal for good works, men expect to partake of the heavenly joys, by trusting to the merits of their Saviour, in their last will and testament. Deplorable case! Alas! how has Christianity suffered by its doctors! The infidel laughs at it as thus preached. It becomes a by-word, and a hissing to them that pass by.

As to the library of my friends, the Ivonites, it was far from being a grand one, but I saw many curious books in it which had not come in my way before. From them I made several extracts, and to gratify my reader's curiosity a little, I will here favour him with one of them.

The first book I chanced to open in this library, was the second volume of Severin Bini's* edition of

* Severin Bini, or Binius, as he is commonly called, born in 1543, was a doctor of divinity at Cologne, in the circle of the Lower Rhine in Germany, and canon of that archiepiscopal cathedral. He published in that city, in the year 1606, an elegant edition of all the *Councils* in four very large volumes, folio, and by this work, made the editions or collections of James Merlin, Peter Crabb, and Lawrence Surius, of no value, but the second edition published by Binius in the year 1618, in nine volumes smaller folio, is far preferable to the first, and the Paris edition printed in 1638, in ten large volumes, folio, is further enlarged, more correct, and of consequence still better than the second edition of 1618. This is not however the best edition to buy, if you love to read that theological stuff called *Councils*. The Louvre edition of 1644, in thirty-seven volumes, folio, is what you should purchase; or, that of 1672, printed at Paris, by the Jesuits Labbé and Cossart, in eighteen large volumes in folio. I prefer this last, on account of the additions, correctness, and beauty of the impression. Pere Hardouin likewise printed a later edition of the *Councils*, with explications and free remarks, an extraordinary and curious work I have been told; but I could not even see it in France, as the parliament of Paris had ordered the work to be suppressed, on account of the remarks. Binius died in 1620, æt. 77.

the Councils printed at Paris, in 1630; and over-against a very remarkable passage from Cyril, p.

James Merlin, the first editor of the *Councils*, was a doctor of divinity, and chanoine of Notre-dame de Paris. Besides the *Councils*, in two large volumes folio; he published the works of Durand de St. Pourçain, in 1515; the works of Richard de St. Victor, in 1518; and the works of Peter de Blois, in 1519. His *Defence of Origen*, in 4to. a good thing; and *Six Homilies on Gabriel's being sent to the Virgin Mary*, in 8vo; which homilies are not worth half a farthing, are all that may be considered his. Merlin, born in 1472, died in 1541, æt. 69.

Peter Crabb, the second editor of the councils, born in 1470, was a Franciscan friar. He published two volumes of the *Councils*, in folio, at Cologne, in 1538; and a third volume in 1550.—He died in 1553, æt. 83.

Lawrence Surius, the third editor of the *Councils*, born in 1522; a monk of the Chartreux, published his edition of them, in four large volumes in folio, in 1560; and a few years after printed his *Lives of the Saints*, in six volumes. He wrote likewise a short *History of his own Time*; and *An Apology for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew*. He was the most outrageous, abusive bigot that ever wrote against the Protestants. The great men of his own church despised him, and Cardinal Perron, in particular, calls him *bête* and *l'ignorant*. He died in 1578, æt. 56.

Philip Labbé, the Jesuit, born in 1607; the fifth

548, I found several written leaves, bound up in the volume, and these leaves referred to by an asterisk.

editor, and next after Binius; lived only to publish 11 volumes of the *Councils*, the eleventh came out the year he died; the other seven were done by Cossart. Labbé was a man of learning, and besides his collection of *Councils*, wrote several other pieces. The best of them are *Bibliotheca Bibliothecarum*; *Concordia Cronologica*; *Bellarmini Philologica*; and the *Life of Galen*. He died in 1667, æt. 60.

Gabriel Cossart, the continuator, who published the other seven volumes in 1672, died at Paris, the 18th. of December, 1674, æt. 59.

Richard de St. Victor, whose works were published by Merlin, at Paris, in 1518, was a Scotchman, and prior of the abbey of St. Victor in Paris. He was the author of *Three Critical and Historical Dissertations on the Tabernacle; Two on the Temple; Three on the Harmony of the Chronology of the Kings of Judea and Israel: Commentaries on the Psalms, Canticles, the Epistles of St. Paul, and the Revelation;* as also of some Treatises in Divinity; and several Disquisitions relating to Spiritual Life. There have been four editions of these pieces, and the best of them is that printed at Rouen in 1650, in two volumes, by Father John de Toulouse, who wrote the life of Father Richard, and added it to his edition. The three other editions are those of Paris, in 1518; of Venice, in 1592, and of Co-

The passage I call remarkable, is part of a homily pronounced by the Alexandrian Patriarch before the

logne, in 1621. Richard de Victor has been highly commended by several celebrated writers, particularly by Henry de Grand, Trithemius, Bellarmine, and Sixte de Sienne. 'There are many curious and fine things in his writings, it must be allowed; but in general, he is too subtil, too diffuse, and too full of digressions. His commentaries, for the most part, are weak, and evince that he did not understand St. Paul. He died 10th March 1173, æt. 91; and, for the twelfth century, was an extraordinary man.

But who was St. Victor, to whom the abbey of Chanoines Reguliers in Paris, and the greater abbaye of Chanoines in Marseilles, are dedicated? He was a Frenchman, who fought under the Emperors Dioclesian and Maximilian with great applause, in the most honourable post; but in the year 302, suffered martyrdom for refusing to sacrifice to the idols. He was executed on the spot where the abbey of St. Victor in Marseilles now stands, and there they have his reliques, 'a la reserve du pié,' that is, except his foot, which lies in the Abbaye de St. Victor de Paris. William Grimaud, abbot of St. Victor de Marseille, on his being made Pope, under the title of Urban V. in 1362, took the foot of St. Victor from his abbey, when he left it, and made a present of it to John, Duke of Berry, one of the sons of John I. King of France, who was taken

council of Ephesus on St. John's day, in a church dedicated to his name. In rehearsing his discourse

prisoner by Edward the Black Prince, in the battle of Poitiers, Sept. 19, 1356; and this duke of Berry gave the inestimable foot to the monks of St. Victor in Paris. There it remains to this day; and though so small a part of the blessed Victor, sheds immense benefits on the pious Catholics who adore it. Happy Catholics!

As to Peter de Blois, he was archdeacon of Bath, in the reign of Henry the second, and died in London, in the year 1200, æt. 71. His works comprise one hundred and eighty-three letters on various subjects, twenty sermons, and seventeen tracts of several kinds, they were first printed at Mayence in 1500, then by Merlin at Paris, in 1519, as before mentioned; and afterwards, John Busée the jesuit, gave an edition of them in 1600, which is far preferable to that edited by Merlin. But the most valuable edition is that of Peter de Goussainville, printed at Paris, in 1667, in folio; to this edition is prefixed the life of Peter de Blois, and very learned remarks on his writings, and the subjects he wrote on, are added, by Goussainville. De Blois's works contain many excellent things, and his life is a curious piece. Some of his notions relating to the scriptures are very good, and he writes well against vice. He is a good author for the age he lived in. His letters are well worth reading, especially such of them as relate to his own time. King Henry II. ordered him to make a collection of them for his royal use.

to the Holy Fathers, the Saint cites *Heb.* ch. 1. v 6, and then addresses himself to the apostle.

Durand de St. Pourçain, bishop of Meaux, in 1326, died the 13th of September, 1333, in the 89th year of his age. His works are, *Liber de Origine jurisdictionum*, a learned piece; and *Commentaries on the Four Books of Sentences.* The book called the *Sentences*, was written by the famous Peter Lombard, bishop of Paris, who died in the year 1164. æt. 82. In the *Sentences*, one of the propositions argued on is this: Christus secundum quod est homo, non est aliquod. Some call these *Sentences* excellent, which is what I cannot think them; but in Durand's *Commentary* on them, there are several excellent things.

As to the jesuit, Jean Busée, who published the third edition of the works of Peter de Blois; he was the author of many books not worth mentioning, and died at Mayence, 30th of May, 1611, aged 64.

The learned Goussainville, who printed the last edition of De Blois, with notes, died in the year 1683, extremely poor and miserable. He likewise published the works of Pope Gregory, with many valuable remarks and notes. There are four editions of this pope's works; that by Tussiniani, bishop of Venice, by order of Pope Sixtus the Vth; the Paris edition of 1640; Goussainville's edition; and the Benedictine edition; but Goussainville's is, in my opinion, the most valuable.

The *Sermons* in the first and second editions of Peter

Ὅταν δὲ πάλιν εἰσαγάγῃ τὸν πρωτότοκον εἰς τὴν οἰκουμένην, λέγει, καὶ προσκυνησάτωσαν αὐτῷ πάντες Ἄγγελοι

de Blois' works are not his, but by Peter Comestor. De Blois' sermons are only to be found in Goussainville's edition of this archdeacon's works. Peter Comestor was a regular canon of St. Victor's in Paris, and died in the year 1198, æt. 65. Besides the sermons published by mistake as the work of De Blois, he wrote a large *Scholastic History*, which comprehends the sacred history from Genesis to the end of the Acts. This is reckoned a good thing, and has been abridged by one Hunter, an Englishman.

But as to *Councils*, we have the following account of the eighteen general ones in the Vatican library, and are told, that the several inscriptions affixed to them were made by pope Sixtus V.; the famous Felix Peretti, who was born the 13th of December, 1521, and died the 27th of August, 1590, in the 69th year of his age.

The first Council, which is that of Nice in 325. St. Sylvester being pope, and Constantine the great emperor, Jesus Christ the Son of God is declared consubstantial with his Father; the impiety of Arius is condemned; and the emperor, in obedience to a decree of the council, ordered all the books of the Arians to be burnt.

The second Council, which is that of Constantinople in 381. The holy Damascus being pope, and Theodo-

Θεοῦ. "When he bringeth in the first-begotten into the world, he saith, Let all the angels of God wor-

sius the elder emperor, the divinity of the Holy Ghost is defended against the impious Macedonius, and his false doctrine is anathematized.

The third Council, which is that of Ephesus in 431. St. Celestin being pope, and Theodosius the younger emperor; Nestorius, who divided Jesus Christ into two persons, is condemned, and the Holy Virgin is decreed to be the mother of God.

The fourth Council, which is that of Chalcedonia in 451. St. Leo being pope, and Marcian emperor, the unhappy Eutychius is anathematized, for maintaining that Jesus Christ had but one nature.

The fifth Council, which is the second of Constantinople in 553. Vigilius being pope, and Justinian emperor, the debates relating to the doctrine of Theodore, bishop of *Mopsueste*; *Ibas*, bishop of Edessa, and *Theodoret*, bishop of Cyr, are suppressed, and the errors of Origen are separated from the holy doctrine.

The sixth Council, which is the third of Constantinople in 680. St. Agatho being pope, and Constantine Pagonatus emperor, the heretics called Monothelites, who admitted but one will in Jesus Christ, are condemned.

The seventh Council, which is the second of Nice in 784. Adrian being pope, and Constantine, the son of Irene, being emperor, the impiety of the image-breakers

ship him." Μυσταγώγεσον Εὐαγγελιστὰ, εἰπὲ καὶ Νυν, ὦ Μακάριε Ἰωάννε, &c.—" O blessed John the Evan-

is condemned, and the worship of the holy images is established in the church.

The eighth Council, which is the fourth of Constantinople in 689. Adrian II. being pope, and Basil emperor. Ignatius, patriarch of Constantinople, is re-established in his see, and Photius, the usurper, is with ignominy driven away.

The ninth Council, which is the first of Lateran in 1122.

The tenth Council, which is the second of Lateran in 1169. The canons of these two councils are wanting, and they have no inscription in the Vatican.

The eleventh Council, which is the third of Lateran in 1179. Alexander III. being pope, and Frederick I. emperor; the errors of the Vandois are condemned.

The twelfth Council, which is the fourth of Lateran in 1215. Innocent III. being pope, and Frederick II. emperor; the false opinions of the abbot Joachim are condemned; the holy war, for the recovery of Jerusalem, is resolved, and the Croisades are appointed among Christians.

The thirteenth Council, which is the first of Lyons in 1245. Under the pontificate of Innocent IV., the emperor Frederick is declared an enemy to the church, and deprived of the empire; they deliberate on the recovery of the Holy Land; St. Lewis, King of France,

gelist, explain this mystery:" Who is the first-begotten, how came he into the world? Mysterium

is declared chief of that expedition. The cardinals are honoured with red hats.

The fourteenth Council, which is the second of Lyons in 1274. Gregory X., being sovereign pontiff, the Greeks are reunited to the church of Rome; St. Bonaventure does signal service to the church in this council; friar Jerome brings the king of the Tartars to the council, and that prince receives, in the most solemn manner, the blessed water of baptism.

The fifteenth Council, which is that of Vienne in 1311. Under the pontificate of Clement V., the Decretals, called the Clementines from the name of this pope, are received and published; the procession of the holy sacrament is instituted throughout Christendom; and professors of the oriental languages are established in the four most famous universities in Europe, for the propagation of the Christian faith in the Levant.

The sixteenth Council, which is that of Florence in 1439. The Greeks, the Armenians, and the Ethiopians, are reunited to the catholic church, under the pontificate of Eugene IV.

The seventeenth Council, which is the fifth of Lateran, began in the year 1517. They declared war against the Turks, who had seized the island of Cyprus, and possessed themselves of Egypt, on the death of the sultan: the emperor Maximilian, and Francis I., king

hoc aperi, effare etiam nunc, qui voces habes immortales. Resera nobis puteum vitæ. Da, ut nunc quoque de salutis fontibus hauriamus.

of France, are appointed generals of this war, under the popes Julius II. and Leo X.

The eighteenth Council, which is that of Trent, the last of the œcumenical or general councils; held from the year 1545 to the year 1563. Paul III. Julius III. and Pius V. reigning at Rome, the Lutherans and other heretics are condemned, and the ancient discipline of the church is re-established in her exact and regular practice.

These, reader, are the eighteen famous General Councils; and if you will turn to the third volume of a work, called *Notes relating to Men, and Things, and Books*, you will find my observations on them; my remarks on the popes, the princes, and the fathers, assembled; their unchristian immoralities, and sad acts against the laws of Christ, in order to establish for ever, that very senseless, and very wicked religion, called Popery; which is, a composition of sin and error so base and abominable, that we might expect such a thing from the devil; but it is impossible it could come from heavenly-inspired fathers. In that book you will find many thoughts on the religion delivered to the world by those Councils, and by them established, though it is in reality a disgrace to Christianity; a dishonour to the religion of nature; and a faction against the

This passage of Cyril I have heard several learned Roman Catholic gentlemen call a prayer,

common rights of mankind; which ought to be the just object of universal contempt and abhorrence; whether we consider it as a system of idolatry, impiety, and cruelty; or, as a political scheme, to destroy the liberties, and engross the properties of mankind. Of these things, particularly and largely, in the piece referred to.

Here I have only further to observe, that in the large collections of the *Councils*, it is not only the eighteen œcumenical the collectors have gathered, but so much of all the councils as they could find, their acts, letters, formularies of faith, and canons, from the first council at Jerusalem, in the year 49, to the last council in the eighteenth century; which was convoked by the archbishop of Ambrun against Jean de Soanem, bishop of Senez. These amount to above 1600 councils. Note, Reader, the condemnation and banishment of old John de Soanem, the most learned and excellent prelate in France, of his time, in the eightieth year of his age, by Firebrand Tartuff, archbishop of Ambrun, and his council, Sept. 21, 1727; was on account of the bishop's admirable pastoral instruction against the execrable constitution unigenitus, and the antichristian formulary of pope Alexander VII., and because he recommended the reading of Pere Quesnel's very pious and fine *Reflections Morales*.

Pasquier Quesnel, a famous Jansenist, and father of

and affirm it was a proof of the Father's invocation of saints, in the beginning of the fifth century; for St. Cyril succeeded his uncle Theophilus in the see of Alexandria, October 16, 412. But to this it may be answered,

First, That Binius, though a zealous pleader for the catholic cause, as the monks of Rome miscall it, was of another opinion, for he takes no notice of this passage in his notes, in calce part 3, *Concil. Ephesini*, tom. ii. p. 665, &c. and most certainly, he would not have failed to urge it, if he had considered it as a prayer, and believed it did prove the invocation of saints.

Secondly, Neither does Bellarmine, in his treatise *de Sanctorum Beatitudine*, Henricus Vicus *de Sanctorum Invocatione*, Gabriel Vasquez *de Adoratione*, or Gregorius de Valentia *de Oratione*, make use of this passage of Cyril, though they do, ex professo, and datâ operâ, diligently quote all the councils and fathers they can, to prove the invocation of saints.

Thirdly, As rhetorical apostrophes, or prosopopœiàs, are usual in all authors, sacred or civil, this

the oratory, was born in 1636, was the author of many books, some of them very good. He was severely persecuted for many years, and died at last in prison, if I mistake not, a sufferer for religion.

may be one in Cyril, and it seems very plain from the passage, that it was intended for no more. It appears to be a rhetorical figure, and not a prayer; such a figure as the Greek fathers were wont very frequently to use in their orations and poems.

Cyril intending, as appears by the sequel, to answer his own question with a passage in St. John's gospel, makes a long rhetorical apostrophe to the apostle, as if he were there present, then adds, Annon dicentem audimus, Οὐκοῦν ἀκούομεν λέγοντος? But do we not hear him saying? Or, as Binius has the reading, Οὐκοῦν ἀκούομεν λέγοντος, let us hear what St. John saith, audiamus itaque dicentem, as if they had heard John giving his answer, and then concludes with the first verse of the first chapter of his gospel, Ἐν Ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ Λόγος, &c. In the beginning was the word, &c.

It is therefore very plain, that this passage of Cyril is only a part of his homily or sermon, and that in a rhetorical manner, he quotes a text from a gospel written by John about three hundred and thirty years before, in answer to his own question, who the word was? For Cyril to pray to John to tell them what he had told them long before, were senseless and ridiculous; but to desire the apostle to do it in a rhetorical apostrophe, was allowable. It amounts to no more than the figurative expression

in our liturgy, Hear what comfortable words our Saviour saith. Hear what St. Paul saith.

But if Cyril did in this passage truly pray to St. John, that could be no argument for popish invocation of saints; for if an hundred fathers in the beginning of the fourth century, had preached up, and practised invocation of saints, yet that could not make it lawful and right, since we are taught by the scriptures to direct our prayers neither to saint nor angel, but to God only, and in the name and mediation of Jesus Christ only. We are not only positively ordered by the apostles to make all our addresses and prayers to God only, and by the mediation and intercession of Jesus Christ, but are told, that God is omniscient, and so able to hear all our prayers: all sufficient, and therefore able to supply all our necessities; and that his mercies in Jesus Christ are infinite. This makes our way sure in this particular.

On the contrary, the papists have no precept to pray to saints; nor any promise that they shall be heard; nor any practice of the primitive church, for three hundred years after Christ, to encourage them; and therefore, such popish invocation is a novel, groundless, and impious error.

We are told by St. Peter, that God had exalted the Lord Jesus Christ to be a Prince and Saviour,

that is, an intercessor.* By St. Paul, that Christ is able to save to the uttermost all that come to God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them;† that he is gone to heaven, for this very end, to appear in the presence of God for us;‡ that there is no other mediator betwixt God and men but the man Christ Jesus,§ that is, whose prerogative it is to intercede for sinners to the Divine Majesty; being an honour and dignity God hath exalted him unto, after his sufferings, and as a reward thereof: Thus are we informed by the divine oracles, and yet, notwithstanding this, to make prayers and supplications to the Virgin Mary, and a thousand other saints, for aid or help; and to have by their merit and intercession, the gifts and graces they pray for conferred upon them: this is a doctrine of such dangerous consequence, as it is a depriving of Christ Jesus of that grand dignity and prerogative he is now in heaven exalted to, as much as in men lies, that I should have admired how it ever came to be embraced by such as profess Christianity, had not the spirit of God foretold‖ that some should depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits, that is, seducing men, and doc-

* *Acts*, ch. v. v. 31. † *Hebrews*, ch. vii. v. 25. ‡ *Ib.* ch. ix. v. 24. § 1 *Tim.* ch. ii. v. 5. ‖ *Ib.* ch. iv. v. 4.

trines of devils, that is to say, doctrines concerning demons, or souls of famous men departed this life; which the heathens called demons; and to whom they gave the worship of prayer or invocation, as intercessors or inferior divinities. This prophecy hinders my wondering at the thing; but then I must call such modern invocation, gentilism Christianized, a deplorable corruption.

Ponder then, ye Catholics, in time, and think not to excuse yourselves by arguing from the command Christians have here on earth to require each others prayers to God for them: for, we have no command to supplicate any in heaven but only God.* We have no reasonable assurance that the saints in heaven do hear our prayers, and of consequence have not the same reasons to request their prayers to God for us that we have to request the prayers of saints on earth: nor is this all: our prayers to each other in this life are only Christian requests to recommend our conditions to God: offices only of kindness: no acts of religious worship.

When St. Paul was on earth, had any one on bended knees, with hands and eyes lifted up to heaven, in time of public prayer, and amidst the

* *Matt.* ch. vi. v. 8.

solemn prayers to God, beseeched him for aid and help, and for the conference of gifts and graces, he would have rent his clothes, and said, Why do ye these things? and can we suppose, that now in heaven, the apostle is less careful to preserve entire God's prerogative.

Beside, there is a great deal of difference betwixt St. Paul's saying, Brethren, pray for us, or our requesting the prayers of the faithful here on earth for us, and praying to saints in heaven, as practised in the Roman church. Our's, are only wishes and requests; their's, solemn prayers on bended knees, made in the places and proper seasons of divine worship, and joined with the prayers they make to God. They use the same postures and expressions of devotions they use to God himself. They pray to them for help and aid, and make them joint-petitioners with Christ; relying on their merits as the merits of Christ.

In sum, in the tabernacle of this world, we are to request the prayers of every good Christian for us: but in the tabernacle of heaven, we are to call on none but Him in whom we believe. As in the outward court of the Jewish tabernacle, every priest was permitted to officiate, to receive and present the devotions of the people to the divine majesty; but in the holy place, within the vail, none but the high-

priest was to do any office or service: even so in the tabernacle of this world, every Christian being a priest to God, has this honour conferred upon him; but in the holy of holies, in heaven, none but Christ, our high-priest, is to officiate. He only is there to appear in the presence of God for us. It is his prerogative alone to receive our prayers, and present them to the divine majesty. As none but the high-priest was to offer incense in the holy of holies, so none in heaven but Christ our high-priest is to offer our prayers to God his father. He alone is that angel to whom much incense was given, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints, upon the golden altar that was before the throne.* Which alludes to the altar that was before the mercy seat, on which the high-priest only was to offer incense.

But the catholic may say perhaps, that as on earth, men do not presently run to kings to present their requests, but obtain his favours by the mediation of courtiers and favourites; even so, it is fitting we have recourse to saints, who are favourites in heaven, that we may obtain access to God, and have our suits accepted of him. Thus have I heard some learned men of the church of Rome argue. They should consider, however, in the first place,

* *Revel.* ch. viii. v. 3.

that if an earthly prince had declared he would have no solicitor but his son, and that all favours and royal graces should come to his subjects through his hands, and by means of his mediation; such subjects could deserve no favour, if they make their application to other favourites, contrary to their prince's command. In the next place, if the solicitor, the son, was out of the question, and no such one had been declared by the king, yet as we petition earthly princes by such as enjoy their presence, because they cannot give audience to all their subjects, nor do they know the worthy; but God is omnipresent, his ears always open, and his head bowed down to the prayers of his people; is no respecter of persons, but gives a like access to the beggar as to the prince, and promises to cast out none that make their application to him; it follows of consequence, that we ought to address ourselves immediately to God, and ask from him. If an earthly prince should thus invite his subjects to petition him for the supply of their wants, I should account the man no better than a fool or a madman, who would apply himself to any of the king's favourites.

The conclusion is; O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come.* Since God, who

* *Psalm*, lxv. v. 2.

is infinite in mercy, omnipresent, and omnipotent in wisdom and action, admits every man to the throne of grace, bids him ask in the name of Jesus Christ, and promises, whatever we ask in his Son's name, he will do it. Since the practice of praying to saints is injurious to Christ, and doth manifestly rob him of his royal prerogative, which is to be the one, and only mediator betwixt God and man; for in this office, he hath no sharers or partners, according to the scripture account: As God is but one, and there is no other; so the mediator (by the appointment of God) is but one, and there is, there can be no other.* And since, exclusive of these unalterable things, the Roman doctors cannot be certain, that saints in heaven hear the requests of suppliants on earth, or know whether our prayers are fit to be accepted of God;† let us reject that

* Quid tam proprium Christi quam advocatum apud deum patrem adstare populorum. *Ambrose in Psal.* 39. Pro quo nullus interpellat sed ipse pro omnibus, hic unus verusque mediator est. *Aug. Cont. Parmen.* lib. ii. c. 8.

† The Roman doctors say, the saints know the transactions that are done here below, by revelation or intuition. To this I answer, if it is by revelation, that they know our requests and prayers to them, then it must be either from God or from angels; of which there

unlawful practice, the invocation of saints, and pray for pardon and grace, as the gospel directs, to God the judge of all, through Jesus Christ the mediator of the new covenant. This do, and thou shalt live.

N.B. Who was the author of these good remarks, these friars could not tell me: as they were in the book when they bought it. If I mistake not, they are an abstract from a letter of Bishop Barlow to Evelyn, with several additions. I have not Bishop

is not the least assurance or certainty to be any where found: but if we could be sure of it, then, in my opinion, we ought to pray to God or angels to make known our prayers to saints; which would be strange religion. If it be by intuition, as the greatest part of the doctors say, and that the saints see the requests in the divine essence, as men see things in a corporeal glass: then, (exclusive of answering that the scriptures say no such thing) the saints must see all things in the divine essence, or only such things as God is pleased to permit them to see: if all things, they would be omniscient: if only the things permitted to be seen, how is it possible for us to know whether God is pleased to permit them to see therein our prayers, or to know the requests we make to them, unless he had told us so. Let it be revelation or intuition, it is sad stuff.

Barlow's works by me: but I think I have seen something to this purpose, written by this prelate about one hundred years ago.

" Say why was man so eminently rais'd
Amid the vast creation: why ordain'd
Through life and death to dart his piercing eye,
With thoughts beyond the limits of his frame;
But that th' omnipotent might send him forth
In sight of mortal and immortal powers,
As on a boundless theatre, to run
The great career of justice; to exalt
His gen'rous aim to all diviner deeds;
To shake each partial purpose from his breast;
And thro' the mists of passion and of sense,
And thro' the tossing tide of chance and pain,
To hold his course unfault'ring, while the voice
Of truth and virtue, up the steep ascent
Of nature, calls him to his high reward,
Th' applauding smile of heav'n? Else wherefore burns
In mortal bosoms this unquenched hope,
That breathes from day to day sublimer things,
And mocks possession? Wherefore darts the mind
With such resistless ardor to embrace
Majestic forms; impatient to be free,
Spurning the gross controul of wilful might;
Proud of the strong contention of her toils;
Proud to be daring?"

The eighth of April, 1729, I bade the Ivonites

adieu, and by their directions, walked up a very steep and stony mountain, which took me two hours, and then arrived at what I had often seen before in this part of the world, a great lake, the water of which was black as ink to look at as it stood, though very bright in a cup, and must be owing, as I suppose, to its descending to the abyss: by the side of this water, under the shade of oak-trees, many hundred years old, we rode for an hour, on even ground, and then came to a descent so very dangerous and dark, through a wood on the mountain's side, that we could hardly creep down it on our feet, nor our horses keep their legs as we led them to the bottom. This declivity was more than a mile, and ended in a narrow lane between a range of precipices that almost met at top. This pass was knee-deep in water, from a spring in the bottom of the mountain we had come down, which ran through it, and so very stony, that it took us three hours to walk the horses to the end of it, though it was not more than two miles: but at last we came to a fine plain, over which we rode for an hour and a half, and arrived at a wood, which seemed very large, and stood between two very high and unpassable hills. In this forest was our way, and the road so dark, and obstructed by the branches of trees, that it was dismal and uneasy to go. On

however we went for a long time, and about the middle of it came to a circular opening of about four acres, in which four very narrow roads met; that we had travelled, another before us, and one on each hand. The way straight on we were cautioned by my friends not to go, as it was a terrible ride; but whether to turn to the right or left, we had forgot. I thought to the right; but my lad was positive, he remembered the direction was to take the left-hand road. This caused a stop for some time, and as I was a little fatigued, I thought it best while we paused to dine. O'FINN brought immediately some meat, bread, and a bottle of cyder, from his valise, and under a great oak I sat down, while our horses fed on the green. One hour we rested, and then went on again, to the left, as O'FINN advised. For several hours we rode, or rather our horses walked, till we got out of the wood, and then arrived at the bottom of a steep mountain; one side of which is in the northern extremity of Westmoreland, and the other in the north end of Stanemore-Richmondshire. This vast hill we ascended, and came down the other side of the fell into a plain, which extends south-east for near half a mile to the river Teese, that divides the north end of Stanemore from Bishoprick, or the county of Durham. Yorkshire here ends in an obtuse angle,

between two mountains, and the angle, for a quarter of a mile, is filled with that beautiful tall ever-green tree, the broad leaved alaternus, intermixed here and there in a charming manner, with the fir tree, the Norway spruce, and the balm of Gilead. It is as fine a grove as can in any part of the world be seen.

Just at the entrance of it, by the side of a plentiful spring, which runs into the Teese, there stood the prettiest little house I had ever beheld, and over it crept the pretty rock-rose, the cassine, the sea-green coromilla, and other ever-green shrubs. Before the house, was a large garden, seven or eight acres of land, under fruit-trees, and vegetables of every kind; very beautifully laid out, and watered in a charming manner by the stream that murmured a thousand ways from the spring by the house-door. I have not seen a sweeter thing. It appeared so beautiful and useful, so still and delightful a place, so judiciously cultivated, and happily disposed, that I could not help wishing to be acquainted with the owner of such a lodge.

As there was no other fence to this fine spot of ground but a ditch like a ha to keep cattle out, I leaped into the gardens, and roamed about for some time, to look at the curious things. I then went up to the house, in hopes of seeing a hu-

man creature either high or low. I knocked at the door, but no one could I find, though the mansion did not look like an uninhabited place. I then sauntered into the grove behind, and in a winding way of three hundred yards, that had been cut through the perennial wood, and was made between banks of springing flowers, beautiful exotics, and various aromatic shrubs, crept on till I arrived at a sleeping parlour, which stood in the middle of a circular acre of ground, and was surrounded and shaded with a beautiful grove; the larix, the phœnician cedar, and the upright savin. There was a little falling water near the door, that was pleasing to look at, and charmed the ear. Entering this room, I found the walls painted by some masterly hand, in baskets of flowers, and the finest rural scenes. Two handsome couches were on either side the chamber, and between these lits-de-repos was as curious a table for wood and workmanship as could be seen. Pretty stools stood near it, and a one arm-chair. It was a sweet silent place, and in every respect, far beyond the sleeping parlour in the gardens at Stow.*

On one of the couches, as it was then evening,

* Lord Cobham's, now Earl Temple's seat in Buckinghamshire, fifty-nine miles from London.

and I knew not what to do, I threw myself down, and very soon fell fast asleep. I lay the whole night without waking, and as soon as I could perceive any day, went to see what was become of O'FINN and the horses. The beasts I found feeding on very good grass in the green; and my lad still snoring under a great tree: but he was soon on his legs, and gave me the following account. . . .

About an hour after my departure from him, he saw a poor man pass over the plain, who had come down the mountain we descended, and was going to cross the Teese in a small skiff of his own, in order to go to his cottage on the other side in Bishoprick: that he lived by fishing and fowling, and sold what he got by land and water to the quality and gentlefolk, twenty miles round him. And on asking who lived in the house before us, on the skirts of the grove, he said, it belonged to a young lady of great fortune, Miss ANTONIA CRANMER, whose father died in the house I saw, and had been dead about a year; that she was the greatest beauty in the world, and only nineteen, and for one so young, wise to an astonishing degree: that she lived mostly at this seat, with her cousin, AGNES VANE, who was almost as handsome as she: that Miss CRANMER had no relish for the world, being used to still life, and seldom stirred from home but

to visit an old lady, her aunt, who lived in Cumberland: that she was at present there, about twenty miles off, and would soon return: that she kept four young gentlewomen, who had no fortunes, to attend her and Miss VANE; two old men servants, a gardener, and a cook; and two boys: that whenever she went from her house, she took her whole family with her, and left every place locked up as I saw. O'FINN's account surprised me. It set me a thinking if it was possible to get this charming girl. I paused with my finger in my mouth for a few minutes, and then bid him saddle the horses.

As soon as it was possible, I went over the river to the fisherman's house, determining to wait there, till I could see the beautiful ANTONIA, and her fair kinswoman, another AGNES DE CASTRO, to be sure. My curiosity could not pass two such glorious objects without any acquaintance with them.

The poor fisherman gave me a bed very readily for money, as he had one to spare for a traveller, and he provided for me every thing I could desire. He brought bread and ale from a village a few miles distant, and I had plenty of fish and wild-fowl for my table. Every afternoon I crossed the water, went to the sleeping parlour, and there waited for the charming ANTONIA. Twenty days I went backwards and forwards, but the beauties in that time

did not return. Still however I resolved to wait, and, to amuse myself till they came, went a little way off to see an extraordinary man.

While I resided in this cottage, CHRISTOPHER informed me, that about three miles from his habitation, there lived, in a wild and beautiful glen, a gentleman well worth my knowing, not only on account of his pretty lodge, and lone manner of spending his time, but as he was a very extraordinary man. This was enough to excite my curiosity, and on the first of May, as soon as it was light, I went to look for this solitary. I found him in a vale, romantically situated, indeed, amongst vast rocks, ill-shaped and rude, and surrounded with trees, as venerable as the forest of Fontainbleau. His little house stood on the margin of a fountain, and was encompassed with copses of different trees and greens. The pine, the oak, the ash, the chesnut tree, cypresses, and the acassia, diversified the ground, and the negligent rural air of the whole spot, had charms that could always please. Variety and agreeableness were every where to be seen. Here was an arbour of shrubs, with odoriferous flowers: and there, a copse of trees was crowned with the enamel of a meadow. There was a collection of the most beautiful vegetables in one part; and in another, an assembly of ever-greens, to form

a perpetual spring. PAN had an altar of green turf, under the shade of elms and limes: and a water-nymph stood by the spring of a murmuring stream. The whole was a fine imitation of nature; simple and rural to a charming degree.

Here lived DORICK WATSON, an English gentleman, who had been bred a catholic in France, and there married a sister of the famous Abbé le Blanc. But on returning to his own country, being inclined by good sense and curiosity, to see what the Protestants had to say in defence of their reformation, he read the best books he could get on the subject, and soon perceived, that Luther, Melancthon, Calvin, Zuinglius, Bucer, and other ministers of Christ, had said more against the Romish religion than the pretended catholics had been able to give a solid answer to. He saw, that barbarity, policy, and sophistry, were the main props of popery; and that, in doctrine, and practice, it was one of the greatest visible enemies that Christ has in the world. He found that even Bellarmine's notes of his church were so far from being a clear and necessary proof that the church of Rome is the body of Christ, or true church, that they proved it to be the Great Babylon, or that great enemy of God's church, which the apostles describe.

He saw, in the first place, that there has not

been, since the writing of the New Testament, any empire, but that of the church of Rome, so universal for one thousand two hundred and sixty years together, as to have all that dwell upon earth, peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues, to worship it; which is St John's description of the new power that prevailed on the inhabitants of the earth to receive his idolatrous constitutions, and yield obedience to his tyrannical authority. And all that dwell on the earth shall worship him*, except those who are enrolled in the registers, as heirs of eternal life, according to the promises of the mediator of acceptance and blessing. The waters which thou sawest, where the whore sitteth, are peoples, and multitudes, and nations, and tongues†. Bellarmine's Universality is then directly against him.

The Cardinal's second note, continued DORICK, is antiquity, and his third, a perpetual and uninterrupted duration. But on examination, I could find no ruling power, except Rome papal, so ancient, as to have the blood of prophets, and saints, and of all that were slain upon earth, of that kind for that space of time, to be found in it‡. And what Rule but papal Rome had ever so long a duration upon

* *Revel.* ch. xiii. v. 8. † *Ibid.* ch. xvii. v. 15.
‡ *Revel.* ch. xviii. v. 24.

seven hills, so as to answer the whole length of the time of the Saracen and Turkish empires.

The Cardinal's fourth note is amplitude, and it is most certain, that never had any other church such a multitude and variety of believers, as to have all nations drink of the wine of her fornication, and to gain a blasphemous power over all kindreds, and tongues, and nations.

The fifth note is the succession of its bishops; and the sixth, Agreement with the doctrine of the ancient church. Now it is most true, that none but Rome was ever so eminently conspicuous for so long a time for the succession of its bishops under one supreme patriarch, as to be the living image of all the civil dignities of the empire, where it was under one supreme church-head exercising all the power of the civil head: nor did ever any enemy of God's church act for so long a time like the red dragon in its bloody laws against the followers of the lamb: and yet so far agree with the primitive church in fundamental doctrines, as to answer the character of a false prophet with the horns of the lamb, that is, Christ, but speaking like the red dragon to his followers, as the church of Rome has done*.

* Reader, it is well worth your while to turn to the first volume of that admirable work, the *Salter's-Hall*

The seventh note of Bellarmine's holy Roman catholic church, is the Union of the members

Sermons against Popery, and there see how the Cardinal's notes of his church are considered by that learned and excellent man, Dr. Samuel Chandler. His consideration of the sixth note more immediately concerns me here, and therefore I give you an abstract of it.

The writings of the apostles are allowed even by our adversaries to be the oldest records of Christianity, and therefore to this ancient and infallible rule we ought to appeal, to determine the controversy between us and the papists, that is, to see how far this antiquity favours their doctrine and practices, or is in agreement with ours.

1. The protestants renounce the Pope, and acknowledge one law-giver, the Lord Jesus Christ, for these reasons, That the Pope is not mentioned in the New Testament; that Christ says, one is your master, even Christ; and St. Paul says, there is but one Lord, and one Faith: the whole family in heaven and earth is named of the Lord Jesus Christ.

2. Protestants do not pay any worship at all to saints and angels, but as St. Paul directs, consider Jesus Christ as their sole mediator and advocate; for there is but one God, and one mediator between God and man, the man Jesus Christ. They say, such veneration and prayer to saints and angels is superstition and will-worship, and only worship God with all their hearts and souls, with the most raised affections, and the highest degrees of

among themselves, and with the head. And sure it is, that no where else but in Rome papal, has there

love and fear, faith and confidence; for it is written, Thou shalt worship the Lord God, and him only shalt thou serve. And the angel in the Revelation said to John, who fell down at his feet to worship him, See thou do it not, for I am thy fellow-servant.

3. We affirm, that in the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, after consecration, there is nothing existent but bread and wine; for St. Paul says, 'Whosoever shall eat this bread and drink this cup,' and 'as often as you eat this bread and drink this cup.'

4. We affirm the eucharist is only a memorial of Christ's death; for Christ says, do this in remembrance of me; and St. Paul assures the Corinthians from Christ himself; *Cor.* ch xi. v. 24, that they were to receive the elements with this view only: and in his epistle to the Hebrews he tells us, that by one offering Christ hath for ever perfected those who are sanctified; and that because there is remission of sins under the new covenant, there is no more offering for sin; which proves, the eucharist is not a propitiatory sacrifice.

5. We renounce the doctrine of purgatory, and affirm that the future state is no state of probation; for at death, the dust shall return to the earth as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it. And St. Paul declares, that at the judgment-seat of Christ every one shall receive the things done in the body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.

been such an union of head and members for that length of time, as to apply the one mind of the ten

6. Protestants affirm, that the worship of God ought to be performed in a language which all men understand; and that they have a right to search the scriptures. For, if I speak with tongues, says the apostle, in such a language as those I speak to cannot understand, what shall I profit you? Let all things be done to edifying. And Christ bids us search the scriptures. And how could the word of Christ dwell richly in us in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms, hymns, and spiritual songs, if we had not the word of Christ, and the scriptures of truth to read and consult for ourselves.

These are the protestant doctrines, and we see they were taught by Christ and by his apostles. We have the sanction of the most venerable antiquity on our side, and this note of the true church of Christ belongeth to us in the highest perfection.

When the papists then scornfully say, Where was your church before Luther and Calvin? The answer is obvious: the doctrine of our church was in the writings of the inspired apostles, where the church of Rome is never to be found; the same that was taught by Christ himself, whom they have forsaken, and whose faith they have corrupted. As to our predecessors and professors, they were the persecuted disciples of the crucified Jesus, those martyrs and confessors, whose blood the church of

kings for their agreement together, to give their power, and strength, and their whole kingdoms to the beast.

The eighth note produced by Cardinal Bellarmine, is Sanctity; and WATSON saw it fairly proved by the protestant writers, that no church but Rome did ever appear so long together with such a medley of sancity, in some doctrines, and outward appearances of a strict holiness of life, joined with the most abominable doctrines, and practices, to qua-

Rome had cruelly spilt. This is the genuine antiquity the protestants have to boast of. Their doctrines are the word of Christ, and their fathers were put to death by papists for the testimony of Jesus.

But the papists on the contrary, exclusive of the example of the devil, who was a murderer from the beginning, and Antiochus Epiphanus, Nero, Domitian, and other monsters of mankind, who went before them in the measures of persecution, cruelty, and blood; and excepting the idolatrous nations of the earth, and the false prophets and deceivers among the Jews, by whose authority and example they may vindicate their own idolatries, they have no genuine antiquity to plead. Many of their doctrines were unknown to, or abhorred by the primitive church, and are mere novelties and innovations, that were originally introduced by superstition, and then maintained by cruelty and blood.

lify it for the horns of the lamb, and the speech of the dragon for the idolatrous and cruel commands of the image; or, for having the form of godliness in the latter times, and yet denying the power thereof.

In short, DORICK not only found, on a careful enquiry, that the system of the church of Rome was error and turpitude, abomination. gain, and cruelty, and her great design the very reverse of the gospel revelation, which came down from heaven to prepare men, by the practice of universal holiness and virtue, for eternal life; but likewise, that even her Cardinal's notes prove, this church cannot be, in any sense, the true church of Christ; and Bellarmine was perfectly infatuated to make choice of such things for the marks of his church, as make it the very picture of Babylon the Great. He resolved then to come out of Rome. He determined to forsake a church, which had altered the institutions of Christ, and is therefore guilty of heresy as well as schism.

This change in religion gave DORICK the highest satisfaction, as he told me, and it was doubled by his being able to convert his beloved ADELAIDE from popery to the church of Christ. But this joy had soon after some mitigation, by losing one of

the most agreeable women in the world: Death robbed him of his heart's fond idol, and by that stroke he was so wounded, that he could not heal himself for a long time. He became the real mourner. He kept the reasons of his anguish continually before him, and was more intent upon spending his spirits, than his sorrows. He grew fond of solitude and silence, that he might indulge his passion, and provoke the emotion of that grief—that was ready to devour him. In short, he retreated to the silent place I found him in, which was a part of his own estate, and turned hermit. He built the little villa I saw by the water-side, and formed the ground into the natural garden I beheld. Le Blanc mentions it in his letters, as an extraordinary thing, and very justly prefers it to the laboured and expensive Gardens at Chiswick, the work of the late Lord Burlington. Here WATSON laid in every thing he had a mind for, and filled his closet with books. He amused and kept himself healthy by working in his garden, and when he had done abroad, went in to read. His principal study was the contemplation of the best learning, which is the true Christian; and from that he went to know what the Greeks and Romans have resolved and taught. In some things, I found he was a learned agreeable

man, and wondered greatly at his whim in turning hermit. I said a great deal against it, as we sat over a bottle of claret; told him he might employ his time and talents more usefully in the world by mixing and conversing with his fellow-creatures, and by a mutual participation and conveyance of the common blessings of nature and providence; and as he was not yet forty, advised him to go over the Teese, and make his addresses to Miss CRANMER or Miss VANE, both of them being most glorious girls, as I was told, and capable of adding greatly to the delights of philosophy. You have not seen two finer creatures, soul and body, than they are, if I have been rightly informed; and I think, it would be a nobler and more religious act to get one of them with child, in the state of holy wedlock, than to write the best book that was ever printed. For my own part, I had rather marry, and double-rib one of these dear creatures, than die with the character of a father of the desarts. But in vain did I remonstrate to this anchoret. Contemplation was become his Venus, from the hour he lost his ADELAIDE; and he had lived so very happy in his lone state for seven years past, that he could not think of hazarding felicity by a change of life. He had all he desired. If at any time, any thing was

wanting, CHRISTOPHER the fisherman, who came to see him once or twice a week, very quickly got him whatever he required. This was WATSON's answer to my advice, and seeing it was to no purpose to say any more, I wished my hermit health, and bid him adieu.

END OF VOL. II.

T. WHITE, PRINTER,
18 GUN'S COURT, FLEET STREET.


00020363

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 02 April, 2016